April 23, 1932

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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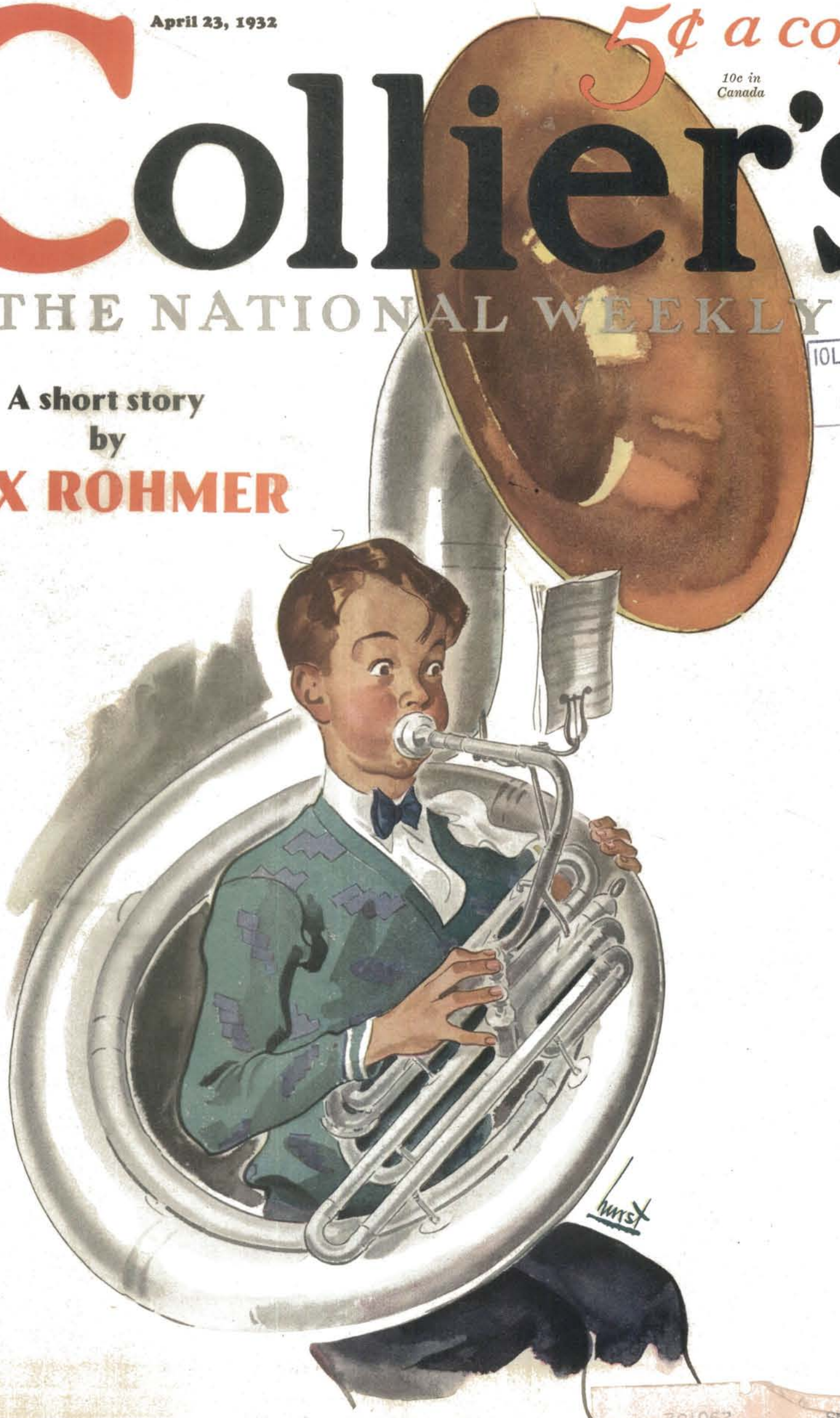
A short story by

SAX ROHMER



Walter Davenport - Charley Paddock -

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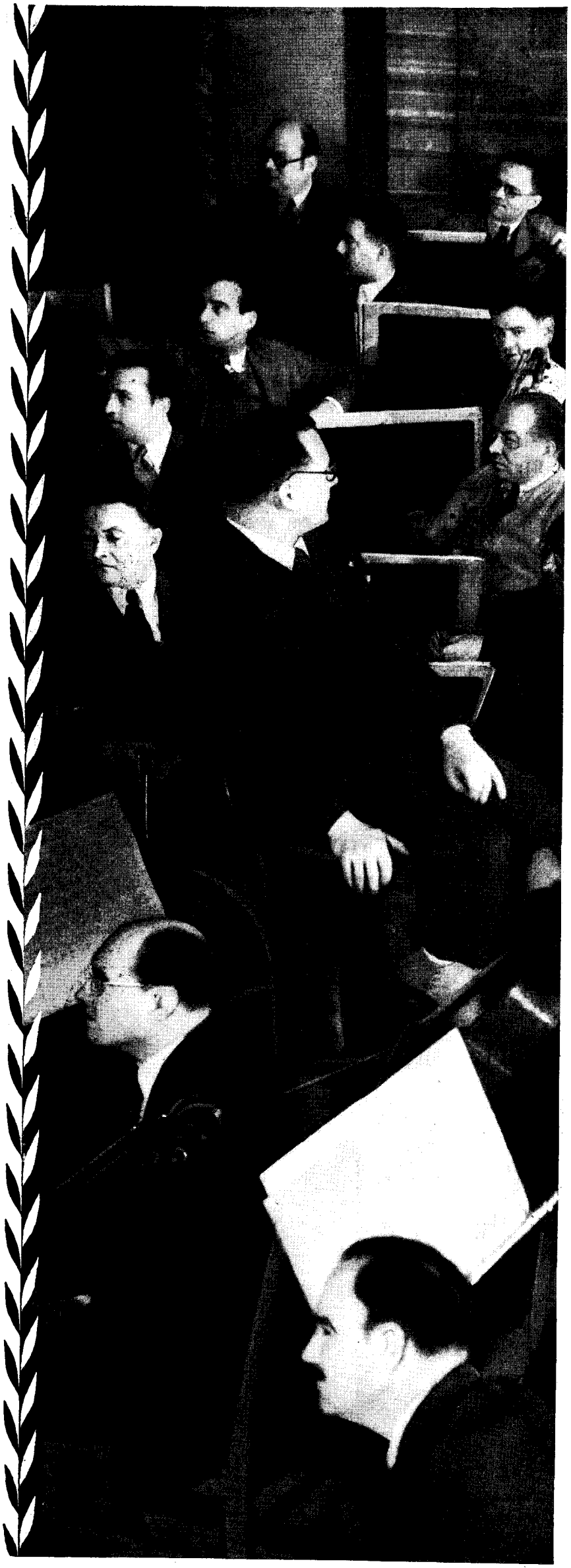

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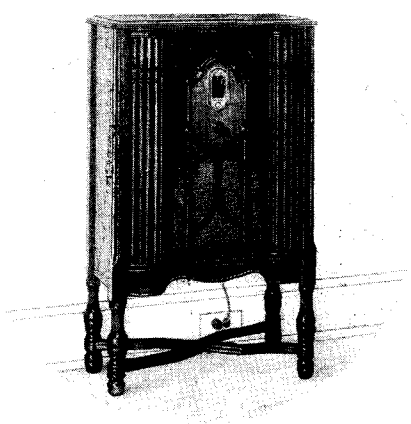

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

THIS WEEK

April 23, 1932

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TO DARE TO LIVE.

Next Week

WHEN Captain Ambrose Valentine was "at the age to think practi'lly all the time about the fair sex except on duty," adventure befell him on the streets of Wenmouth and left a permanent imprint on his mind. To this day the sight of a really fine head of hair tempers the trustfulness of his moist blue eyes and produces a coldness of manner wholly unusual in him. That's because he's unable to dismiss the sight without thinking of seven hundred and thirty-two dollars and "without wishing not to obtain an introduction even if freely offered."

Booth Tarkington has recorded the captain's last-minute escape from the net of "Perilous Strands"—an escape that would have been easy had he been able to make use of the honorable way out suggested by the steward. "The best way," said he, "it's for you to never mention to her or to her mother what's your right name or where you come from." What he actually did will delight you.

—

NOT long ago Mr. Garner was saying good-by to a group of friends at the door of his hotel in Washington. It was late at night and the party was feeling the strain of long hours of work. Into their midst wavered a reveler, trying unsuccessfully to handle an overload of alcohol. One of the lawmakers spoke harshly.

"Oh, let's be charitable," sighed Mr. Garner. "He too seems to be trying to balance a budget."

Mr. Davenport, after a diligent examination of the governmental machinery in Washington, is prepared to tell you what the government does with your money and how it could get along with less of it. His article is called "Spare the Axe and Spoil Everything."

FROM the Capital we take you to a prize ring. There's a battle going on between Tony Amato and Marty Ryan. But you can see there's something sour about it. Stella Ryan, listening to the radio from her narrow iron bed in the hospital, is worried. Marty is always slow at the start, but this time he doesn't seem to *want* to get going. Lukas of the Star says the fight is in the bag. And Marty, looking at the expressionless faces of the two gamblers at the ringside, feels hopeless.

Edward Shenton tells you about the battle "In His Heart."

—

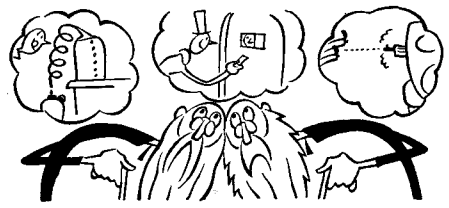
IT IS generally agreed that the Irish don't know when they're licked. Some account that a virtue, others a vice. But the fact is indisputable. Take Frank Murphy, for example. He has had a whole city on his hands—Detroit—and he has had to fight to keep its head and his own above water. Just how he succeeded is told by John B. Kennedy in "City of Hope."

—

W. E. WOODWARD gives you a close-up of Hollywood, which, it appears, is a "Nine-o'clock Town." The love stories, serials, articles and informed opinion will prove effective antidotes to all attacks of spring fever.

Any Week

"I SHALL vote wet if we ever get that referendum that Congress is afraid to grant," writes Miss Eugenia Loeser of Sioux City, Iowa, "but I refuse to drink bootleg liquor, hoping thereby to live long enough to hear the saps fifty years hence call these the good old days."



"AND please," insists Mr. D. H. Tuttle of Memphis, Tennessee, "put my name on your subscription list for life. I will leave a proviso in my will instructing my executors to inform you of my death, which, incidentally, will be materially hastened if you again permit my subscription to expire."

—

MR. LEONIDAS B. MADDERN of Tulsa, Oklahoma, reports that he is unable at this writing to give us the name of the next President of the United States. However, he is making progress. He assures us that he knows the names of two men who will not be elected. One is Leonidas B. Maddern and the other is the Honorable Cockleburr Bill Murray, sometimes called Alfalfa.

—

LITTLE gifts of information like that make the rocky editorial road much easier. For example, here is Mrs. Morris Wesser of Austin, Texas, telling us with a wealth of detail of the indignation of bankers over the present trend in banking legislation.

"You see," she explains, "if this sort of thing keeps up, the depositors will have something to say in the affairs of the banks in which they deposit their money and that, as you know, is downright red radicalism."

—

GOT to be on our guard against things like that. If we aren't, we are likely to find ourselves, as Mr. George W. McCurdy of Jacksonville, Florida, warns us, electing men to office who are sincere in their pre-election declarations that the will of the people is more important than the fortunes of their party.

—

DR. NORMAN H. LYNN of Spring Valley, Illinois, complains that we are "not warming up to the forthcoming political battles with your usual gusto."

For the doctor's and general information, we are just about to get pretty busy with this political situation. But somehow we've had a fearful time trying to locate someone or someone's program that would set us afire. Don't know how you feel, but we would be awfully glad to see a Washington, a Lincoln, a Cleveland or a Wilson somewhere in this parade of candidates. Or are we just a crank?

—

"THE matter with us," says Colonel Jed Carpenter O'Niell of Baltimore, "is we spend our time yawping for a leader who can restore prosperity and then vote for the man who agrees with us on prohibition."

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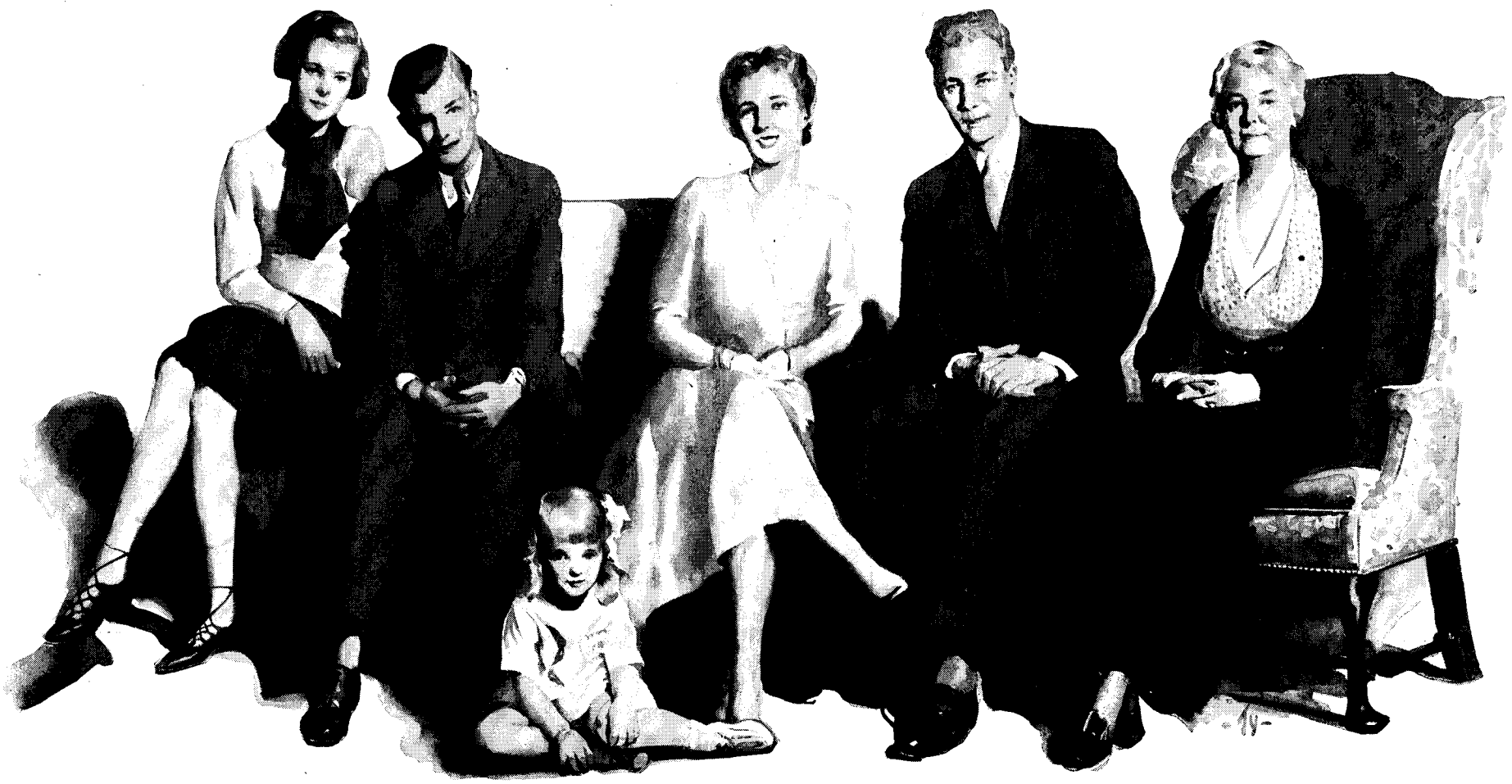

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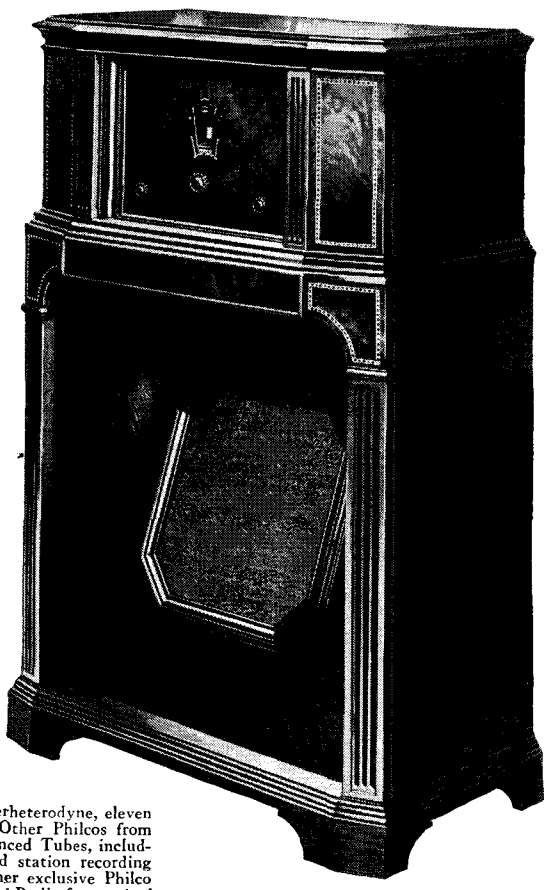

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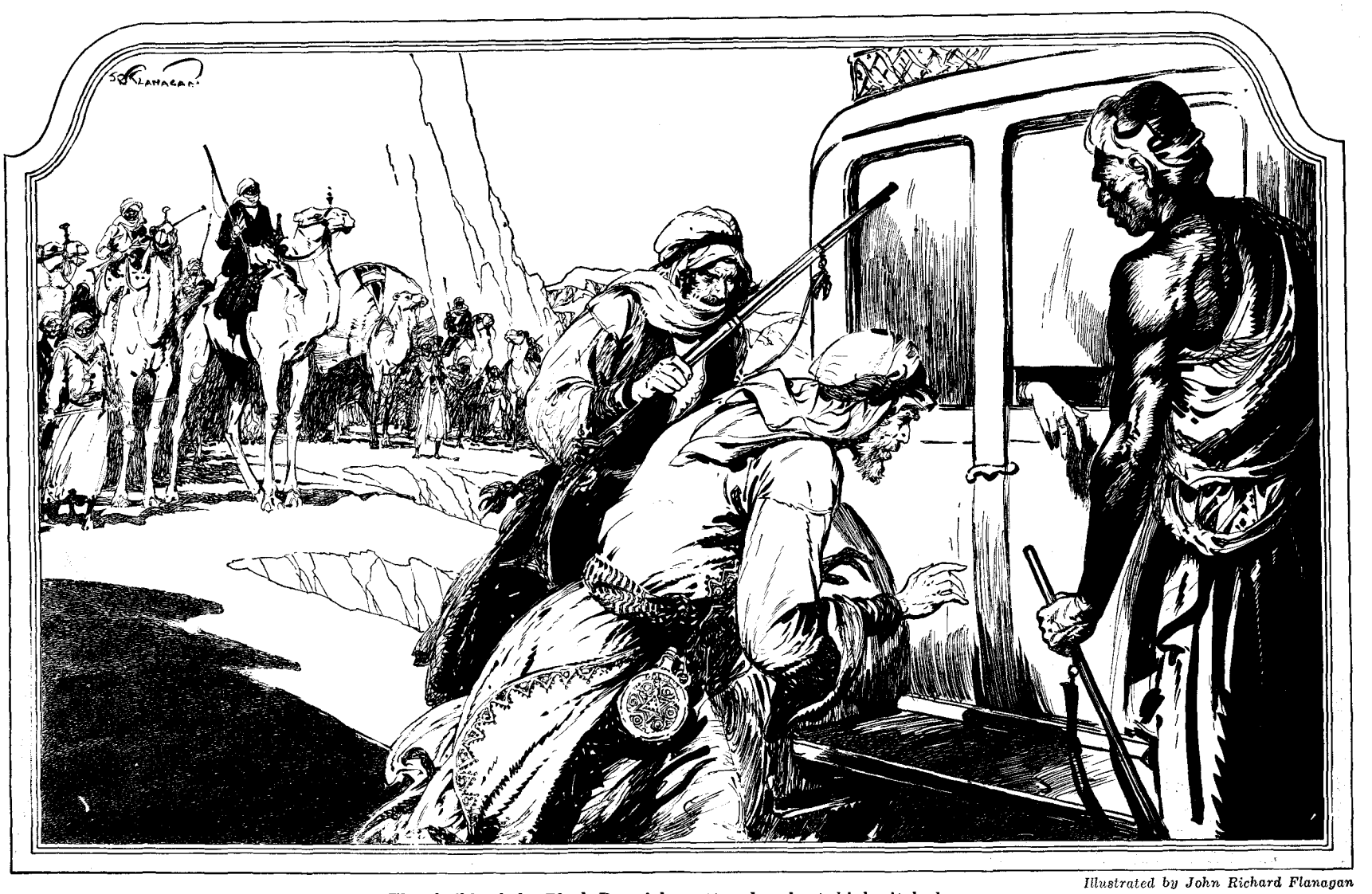

Illustrated by John Richard Flanagan

The sheikh of the Black Darwîshes uttered a short, high-pitched cry

Spirit of the Black Hawk

Behind the disappearance of Myria Nardova is a tale of mystery and beauty such as can adequately be told only—

By Sax Rohmer

THE well-known firm of Wardson, Ltd., owning a long chain of theaters in Australia, recently sued Myria Nardova, the Russian danseuse, for breach of contract, claiming damages to the tune of five thousand pounds. Many will recall the case. It was explained in court that Nardova was probably the greatest living exponent of her art, and that her contract carried a salary never hitherto offered to an individual performer.

Nardova sailed from England, in the R.M.S. Taj Mahal, bound for Australia via the Suez Canal. Wardson's opened a costly publicity campaign. The Taj Mahal was scheduled to call at Port Sudan, on the west coast of the Red Sea —and the dancer went ashore.

She never rejoined the Taj Mahal.

This, together with the fact that two months later Nardova turned up in Paris and merely cabled from there that "circumstances beyond her control" had compelled her to break Wardson's contract, constituted plaintiff's case. Nardova was represented but was not present.

In these circumstances, the firm of Wardson, Ltd., was granted the damages claimed, with costs.

The mystery of that lacuna between the time when the temperamental Myria Nardova went ashore at Port Sudan and the date on which she joined a ship inward bound for Marseilles has never, to this day, been cleared up. . . .

In the lounge of the Taj Mahal, the passengers were sipping coffee and liqueurs. Unmusical voices competed with the music of the liner's orchestra. Dinner was just over. Pastel-shaded creations designed in exclusive salons formed an agreeable contrast, under a suffused glow of indirect lighting, to the somber dinner kit of the men.

NARDOVA sat in an arched recess, with a group of admirers. She was exotically beautiful in a backless confection of apple-green. She had perfect shoulders—immortalized, if slightly misinterpreted, in a famous sculptor's well-known bust. The ship's commander had just left the party.

"The captain tells me the light we can see is at Damietta," said the dancer. "Does that mean that we shall reach Port Said in the morning?"

"Yes," replied an Australian acquaintance. "I expect we shall be slowing down soon. The last time I passed this way was during the war—in a transport, for Alexandria. Some of us went up to the native quarter there to see the Arab girls dance. It would have interested you, I think."

"Interested *me*?" Nardova exclaimed. "Think again! This wonderful Eastern dancing is a mere rumor. Artistically, it's about on a par with the wonderful Eastern cities—which are really just rubbish heaps."

Voice and accent proclaimed what everybody in the "show business" knew: that the only thing Russian about Myria Nardova was her name.

"You are less than just to the East, madame," said a darkly handsome member of the party. "Alexandria, for instance, was the supreme work of Alexander, builder of cities. The first lighthouse in the world existed there; and on its summit burned an everlasting fire—which endured for nearly sixteen hundred years."

"Something like the light on top of the London Coliseum?"

Nardova's courtiers smiled broadly at this sally of the famous artiste; and the Egyptian—known on the passenger list as Osman Mirghâni—smiled also, as one smiles at a petted child.

"Nevertheless, madame," he added, "when old Alexandria was sacked and destroyed by the Caliph Omar, the world lost much. Half a million books—many of them unique; four thousand palaces, and their priceless treasures. Today, Pompey's Pillar and the catacombs alone hold the secrets of the past."

Osman Mirghâni's manner, and his unmoved regard, made Nardova feel ill at ease. She resented this intensely. She glanced aside, crossing one silk-clad leg over the other.

"All the same," she declared petulantly, "they can't dance!"

"The basis of dancing, divine madame, is to you, as to us, a blending of history with human passion. To the ignorant, it may seem that some dances call only to man's crude desires. But to us the art of the great dancer tells strange tales—tales of worlds that are dead; of worlds of which no living man yet has knowledge. . . . In your art you are inspired. If you knew the source of that inspiration you would think more kindly of the East. . . ."

He stood up, kissed Nardova's hand, and left the party.

The dancer shuddered; and someone instantly draped a fur-trimmed wrap about her bare shoulders.

"Surely you're not cold, Myria?"

"No. But that man gives me the jim-jams!"

The ship's orchestra played the second part of Rimski-Korsakov's Scheherazade.

AS THE Taj Mahal slowly threaded her way past the Wingate and Sanganeb shoals toward that low range of buildings marking the harbor of Port Sudan, the liner's passengers grouped, watchful, on the promenade deck.

Nardova formed the center of a cote-

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rie of her admirers, dubbed by an American passenger who had somehow remained outside the radius of her ready smile "The Tiffany Blondes." A few yards farther forward, Osman Mirghâni leaned over the white-scrubbed teak rail, his cleanly proportioned figure giving distinction to a well-tailored suit of tussore silk. Suddenly he left the acquaintance with whom he had been carrying on a desultory conversation, and joined the group farther aft.

Watching his opportunity as the ship was swinging into the harbor basin and most of the "Tiffany Blondes" had crossed to the other side of the deck, the Egyptian laid a detaining hand on the arm of the dancer.

"Excuse me, Madame Nardova," he said. "But I leave you at this port, and may have no other opportunity to say good-by."

Nardova paused, glancing up at him with veiled eyes.

"I WISH you to know that I am one of the most sincere of your worshipers. Your contempt of my race does not make you less a great artist. It doesn't matter. In London I had the happiness to see you perform your justly celebrated Dance of the Black Hawk. I recognized inspiration. Accept my humble homage, madame."

Nardova's clear blue eyes grew hard, critical. She drew slightly away.

Osman Mirghâni instantly detected that faint movement of aversion. He appraised it at its true value . . . and was content.

"I have a request to make." He drew something from his coat pocket. "I make it humbly. It would add to my happiness if you would consent to wear this ring whenever you perform the Dance of the Black Hawk. Only one other woman has ever possessed a similar ring. There are but three in the world; and one of those three encircles the finger of one dead. Guard it, and for my sake—respect it."

Nardova, although still conscious of faint repulsion, found the ring in her extended palm. It was so hard to refuse. . . .

In the privacy of her stateroom she examined it.

On her slim finger the unexpected gift seemed a trifle massive, but the dancer's appraising eye warmed to its evident worth. She held it in the strong light that streamed into her cabin from a porthole, slowly turning it in the penetrating sunshine.

The ring consisted of an age-worn band of dull gold on the outer surface of which appeared a pair of serpents, tails intertwined. Firmly held in their extended mouths was a flawless square of rich lapis lazuli, bordered with small rubies. Tiny emeralds represented the serpents' eyes; and in the center of the flat, gloriously blue stone was cunningly inscribed the outline of a hawk in black. In the top left-hand corner she could just detect a tiny hieroglyph.

A worshiper of the bizarre, the ring fascinated Nardova. It was fit to rank with other rarities laid at her twinkling feet. She allowed herself the luxury of reflecting that only genius can unlock the cupboard of unusual gifts, and was glad that the hurried departure of the Egyptian had precluded complications. He was clearly a "mug" but he had served his turn. She left the ring on her finger.

The liner was already moored alongside the wharf. On the quay sweeping arms of hydraulic cranes were depositing slings of varied merchandise.

Natives clamored on the dock-side, offering wares or services; Sudanese, Arabs, Hindus, and even a gentle Singhalese—a gesticulating group of nondescript humanity.

"We must certainly go up to the town," Nardova pronounced. "I'm longing to buy one of those famous ivory necklaces."

Descending the gangway, the dancer, escorted by a trio of admirers, proceeded in a dusty car, recklessly handled by a native driver, toward the whitewashed houses of that queer township which crouches on the rim of the desert.

The only clue to the problem which later excited so much interest (and this clue a missing one) was a certain Arab boy who attached his small person to the party with that calm, rigid persistence characteristic of his class.

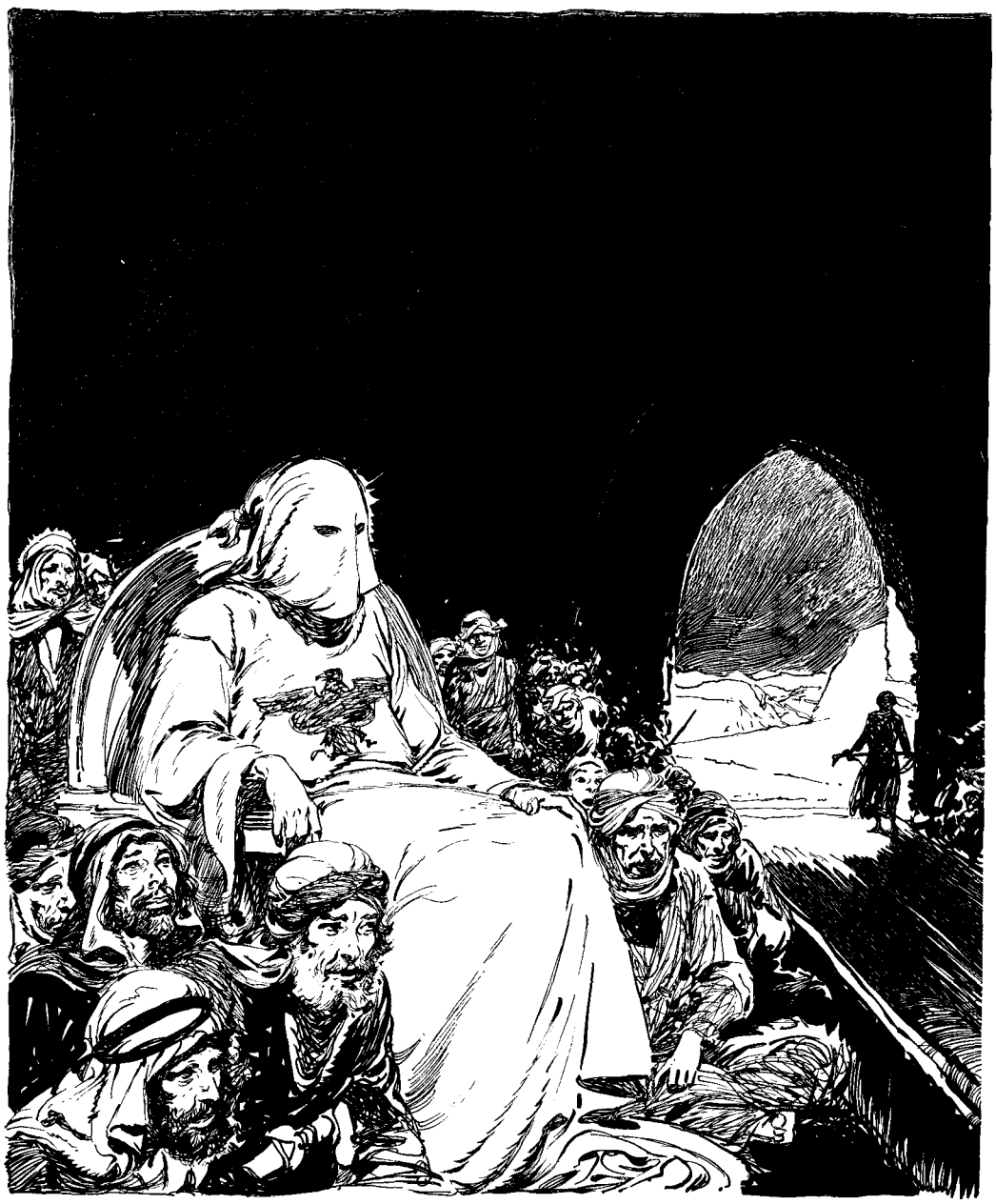
Throughout their brief tour of the native quarter, this smiling young Arab hung around the fringes of the group of Europeans, amusing them with quaint perversions of the English language. Vainly he tried to arouse interest in his stock of imitation amber necklaces, his several failures merely resulting in more expansive smiles. Again and again Nardova pronounced the word "ivory," but it seemed to convey nothing to the boy's mind.

Until suddenly—the party was seated on the veranda of the hotel—she saw that the boy, now standing on the pavement below, had discarded his rejected stock and was holding up a number of ivory necklaces suppliantly toward her.

"He's got them!" she exclaimed excitedly. "The little beast had them all along!"

She slipped away from the table and ran down the steps. The trio of "Tiffany Blondes" commented with amusement upon a vivid pantomime of bargaining, and tolerantly noted the swaying fortunes of a potential deal. They saw the young Arab vigorously shake his head with all the abandon of an Oriental vendor, pointing a slender finger toward an adjoining shop.

Nardova nodded, and followed the boy. A few paces took her out of sight of the party on the hotel veranda . . . and out of sight of the races known as White. . . .



NARDOVA'S blue eyes opened slowly. She struggled to escape from a nightmare world into which she had been plunged by a preparation of hashish—although of this fact she was unaware. Her dull gaze fell upon a huge limousine, its wheels fitted with caterpillar gear. Its dark enamel-work reflected the dancing flames of a camp fire.

Turning her head she saw the muffled figures of two Arabs crouching over the fire; the low tones of their conversation mingled with a sound of crackling wood. A pleasant, pungent smell of aromatic smoke was wafted across to her. Hemming them in, like a mighty immutable law, was that living silence which is the voice of the desert.

Farther away she could just distinguish the flicker of another fire, backed by two small tents pitched near the black outline of a second automobile.

A soft, discreet cough brought the frightened dancer, who had been resting on one elbow, sharply to her knees. She turned. A massive, black-robed Negro squatted three paces behind her.

"Who are you?" she asked—her voice little more than a whisper. "Why am I here?"

"I am Hamid, lady, and the servant of my master. It is by his commands that you are here, lady."

The girl scanned his black features closely—eagerly. She was ill, she thought; some sudden sickness had gripped her. This was all untrue—untrue as those other phantasms from which she had seemed to awaken. . . .

"Where are you taking me?" she murmured weakly.

"Toward the Mountain That is Holy we hasten at the Master's bidding, White Lady of the Black Hawk."

And now Nardova realized that his rapt gaze was fixed upon the lapis lazuli ring which she wore. "Who is the Master?" she whispered.

"The Master is the Servant, O Lady," came the bewildering reply—and Hamid, pointing to the ring, performed the customary Arab salutation.

"Fear nothing with me, lady," he continued. "Hamid has hunted the ibex in the mountains and watched the waters of the Tsana. At Khartoum Hamid is known, and in the war ranks of the great King George. For eight years Hamid was soldier, with rifle and machine gun. Also butler in Port Said with very noble English people and understands their ways."

He rose, bowed and left her, shortly to return with an ancient silver receptacle filled with fragrant coffee, and wooden platters laden with tinned asparagus, cheese made from the milk of goats and biscuits.

Nardova assessed her chances of escape—of rescue. They were nil. Fatalism goes into the make-up of every artist; and Myria Nardova was an artist. Hysteria came; but she conquered it in the silence of the tent allotted to her.

Day after day the two cars lumbered on their way across a seemingly limitless desert. Nardova, having realized that apparently she had nothing to fear from those who traveled with her, became almost resigned to the monotonous heat of the day for the sake of the beauty of those purple, star-studded nights, when tents would be erected and the fires of her escort flicker faintly under the light of the moon. There was no great discomfort; and, once fully recovered from the effects of the drug, her natural courage and high animal spirits returned. Even warm baths were available at certain camping places, thanks to a portable outfit included in her tent equipment. And she became her own laundress. Fear and anger gave place to a burning curiosity.

SHE early discovered that the second automobile was manned by eight Arabs and was in reality a cunningly disguised armored car from whose masked interior two machine guns could sweep the horizon at a few seconds' notice.

Hamid was the only person with whom she was able to converse, since the other members of the retinue kept strictly to their own company, and indeed scarcely vouchsafed a glance in her direction. From their general behavior and the brisk, organized manner in which they carried out their various tasks, Nardova deduced that they also had been army-trained. Something queer there was about Hamid, in voice and bearing; but her ignorance of

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A white, slender body sprang lightly from a mound of feathers —the ivory body of a goddess

the East gave her no clue to the mystery of his peculiar position in relation to herself. This she was to learn later.

There were times, however, when the uncertainty of her fate at the end of this long journey awakened her, trembling, in the night—to dreadful speculations which she dared not contemplate. Again and again she questioned Hamid; but on this subject Hamid was mute.

It was near sunset of the day on which she had her first glimpse of a vast range of snow mountains, for which they were apparently making, that the smooth routine of the journey was interrupted. Nardova was half asleep in her corner when the car came to an abrupt halt. Hamid shouted rapid instructions. The second car ranged up into a position a little ahead and to the left. With mechanical precision the glass windows dropped into sockets and steel shutters, permitting the use of the machine guns, sprang up and replaced them.

"What is it?" Nardova asked sharply. "What's the matter?"

Hamid pointed to what looked like moving specks in the distance.

"The Black Darwishes, lady! But have no fear. . . ."

More readily said than done. The girl's heart beat madly as she watched the swift approach of the desert bandits. The speed of their camels amazed her. And when that wild horde gathered around the silent cars and fired rifle shots into the air, she shrank back in terror. The sheikh fearlessly rode his camel in between the two cars and cried out something which Nardova did not understand. Hamid opened the door and stepped out to meet the eagle-eyed old man. One of the drivers covered Hamid's movements with a light machine gun.

A brief conversation took place. Then the sheikh tapped the head of his camel sharply with a short cane which he carried and the beautiful beast dropped to its knees. The sheikh dismounted, and Hamid returned to the car.

"Show them the *ring*, lady!" he whispered.

At his word, the driver manipulated a steel shutter so that a space was made. Nardova extended her slim white hand, the delicate skin unblemished by sunburn, since she had protected her arms and shoulders throughout the voyage and the desert journey.

The sheikh of the Black Darwîshes uttered a short, high-pitched cry. His followers dismounted and pressed forward, so that presently they surrounded that slender arm protruding from the car window.

As one man, they prostrated themselves on the sand. Excited murmuring gave place to deathly silence. This in turn was broken by a weird chant led by the sheikh. All took it up—including Hamid.

IT WAS awesome—unearthly; but it ended at last. The sheikh rose from his knees and cried some rapid command. In a moment the wild riders had remounted and their camels were afoot again. The cars moved off to a salvo from the antique rifles of the men of the desert. . . .

Two days later, the edge of the sands was reached. The desert broke like a dry ocean about the foothills of that towering range of mountains long seen from afar. The caterpillar gear was detached and the cars progressed rapidly on their pneumatic tires. An ascending road grew steeper, and ever more difficult to negotiate, until shortly before sunset they reached the shelter of a wooded ravine, through which ran a trickling rivulet.

A cluster of small, round, grass-thatched huts, or *tukuts*, nestled under high kosso trees, and a number of men left their shelter and raced toward the cars. Nardova had barely time to note the sepia-black Semitic features and kinky hair of the strangers before Hamid had drawn down the blinds.

Heavily veiled, the dancer was borne still farther upward in a litter with draped sides carried upon the shoulders of constantly changing relays of bearers.

Through an opening in the curtains, Nardova saw vast, decaying outer walls of some remote city enclosing several miles of fertile land from whose rich soil sprang long grasses and a profusion of trees. A huge building of crumbling black granite, which dominated the place, occupied an eerie site on a ledge of one of the highest mountains of the range, gazing, ruinous, across blurred lands more than ten thousand feet below, to the distant, shimmering desert.

Streams of crystal-clear water irrigated the meadows. The notes of many birds came from the shelter of fig trees; and bees flashed golden in the light of the setting sun as they returned to their hives of rolled bark suspended from the acacias.

In an apartment which overhung the precipice, Nardova's litter was set down. She swept the curtains aside and looked out. This was the mysterious destination to which she had been brought, hazardously, from the Red Sea. The mystery of her abduction was about to be cleared up. Whatever the truth should prove to be, she was ready for it.

THREE tall men with shaven heads, men who wore plain blue robes, confronted Hamid, who was engaged in voluble conversation with them. Nardova was intrigued—vaguely disappointed. Surely, they were *priests* of some kind? Then—a new terror, one not hitherto experienced, began to pour ice into her veins. For the passion of some primitive lover she was prepared. She knew how to handle men—even half-civilized men. But these shaven priests!

Abruptly, Hamid turned to her.

"Lady," he said, "those who guard the shrine of the Black Hawk have agreed—"

"Agreed to *what?*"

"In three more nights, lady, the moon is full. Men from the mountains come here, as their fathers came, worshiping the Black Hawk. It is Night of the Awakening. My master knows well that lady can dance lightly as bird flies from tree to tree. Master says, each year Black Hawk must awake—or what will all those people say? Lady who danced before has passed away. She not like you, lady, so beautiful or so wonderful. But these people know nothing. Great mystery must keep on. Offerings very rich and prosperous—"

"I don't know—what you mean. . . ."

"So easy, lady. You must dance Awakening of the Black Hawk. Then I take you safely back to Port Sudan. No harm, lady—no trouble. These fat priests ask you to remove garments so that they may judge of form. Oh! it is nothing, lady! They are unhappy in deficient manhood, lady, the same as poor Hamid. Then, the temple barber—"

"No!" cried Nardova. "No! My hair—"

"Must be made black, lady, like the wings of the hawk. But—it can be washed out. . . ."

FOR many hours of the next day and of the day that followed, Nardova —her audience a group of blue-robed priests—rehearsed the dance celebrated throughout Europe.

She had approved the exquisitely fashioned dress that she must wear on the night of the full moon. Thousands upon thousands of jet-black feathers had been laboriously attached to a soft skin lining, the strange costume being surmounted by a skillfully wrought head of a black hawk. Wings that spread easily and naturally when she raised her arms, and marvelously jointed toes terminating in amber claws, completed the symbolic bird.

At first she had experienced some difficulty in manipulating the wings and in seeing through two tiny woven eyelets hidden by the mask of the bird's

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Fighting Blood

Old Bob LaFollette, defeated in his ambition to become an actor, made history in this country and left it a legacy of much legislation and two sons. Both the laws and the sons are doing nicely. One of the latter is governor of Wisconsin, the other is United States senator. Now they, in their turn, are ready (and willing) to start making a little history of their own. Collier's sent Mr. Davenport out to look over this Wisconsin dynasty. Here's the story

By Walter Davenport

Philip and Bob LaFollette are part of their aggressive father's legacy to the state of Wisconsin

THERE are not so many people in Wisconsin now who regret that John Edward McCullough said No to Robert Marion LaFollette. Times, morals, fears and values have changed a lot. But back in the nineties, with Bob LaFollette withering the forests and causing steel rails to curl with the heat of his tirade, the state was teeming with respectable conservatives who were trying hard to draw a little solace from the fact that Mr. McCullough, who had died in a Philadelphia madhouse, was more than slightly insane when he had argued Bob away from the stage, telling him that he would be not only a spectacular failure in the Shakespearean drama but a ludicrous one. A madman's advice to a madman, they cried, and God save the state. If Bob LaFollette had only been swallowed up by the theater!

But today the old-timers, those who voted for Bob and those who would not, tell you with the gloom of old men that nobody knows nor can anybody surmise what the country might have come to had Mr. McCullough said Yes and accepted the furiously plunging young man, who was built like a short-coupled bull, into his troupe of barnstormers.

Of course it is wholly possible that even had there been no Bob LaFollette our Federal scheme would by now include an Interstate Commerce Commission, a Tariff Commission, the popular election of United States senators, a Department of Labor, Parcel Post, the Seamen's Act, a Federal Trade Commission and similar bids at upward and onward legislation. Much of such liberalizing law had been offered Congress (and had suffered rejection) long before LaFollette entered the public scene.

But it was Bob LaFollette's bellowing advocacy and his head-on offensive, his awful sincerity, that did so much to put them over earlier than they would have appeared in "due course." And not, either, that he was the author of them all. He merely adopted them singly and in groups, retrieving them from the dusty corners into which they had been kicked and adding them to his train. His own inventive liberalism gave birth to some, and to others he added modernity; but most of the time he did the ball-carrying and the line-plunging. And his attack was All-America stuff.

Mr. McCullough, who was famous in his day with Booth, Barrett, Lawrence and Forrest, was a standard Shakespearean actor who had posted a permanent wager of a hundred dollars that he was the best Othello on the stage and had arrived in Madison to prove it. A delegation of students from the university met him at the station and a speech of welcome was made by the chairman of the undergraduate greeters—Robert M. LaFollette. The speech was so long that Mr. McCullough stalked out on the speaker but promised to listen to some more of it at his hotel that evening after the performance, thinking probably to hurry to his room after the show and lock himself in.

Now Bob LaFollette was already famous in Madison. Nobody there had the slightest doubt that he was destined for celebrity. He was not only the university's most persistent orator but its best one. Of amazing versatility, he could fit his Thespian genius to any occasion. He was an adept at the jew's-harp and ocarina. He recited Irish, Jewish, Scandinavian, French, Negro and German dialect stories and poems without the slightest confusion of patois. He was a soft-shoe dancer of state-wide repute, being warmly popular for his rendition of Suwanee River (adagio) while whistling his own accompaniment. These in his lighter moments.

His inner heart worshiped Shakespeare and it so happened that his play preference was McCullough's, except that his rôle ambition was Iago. The old-timers, particularly a lacy old lady who still regrets that Bob did not take to the boards because she "could never understand politics of any sort," tell me that the young man knew every word of Othello and would declaim therefrom at any moment and at any length if given an iota of encouragement.

So that evening Bob presented himself to Mr. McCullough. He bore what was very likely good news for the great man. Instead of finishing that address of welcome he would recite Iago. With the candor that was one of his boldest characteristics he told Mr. McCullough that he hoped, when he had finished, to be accepted into the company where he would be a far more perfidious and therefore attractive Iago than the one who now did the part.

Young Mr. LaFollette did Iago until Mr. McCullough called a halt. The rendition, he agreed, was grateful to the ear. The lad had fire, passion, cunning. Furthermore his voice had command, sonorousness, timbre, emotion. But Mr. McCullough stopped the audition with a famous gesture—a broad, effacing sweep of his outspread hand as though bidding the world to have done with its gyrations—and expecting obedience.

A Few Inches from Fame

We may only guess at his words, but he told young Mr. LaFollette to go back to his books of torts, equity and precedent; to stick to the law. As Iago the lad would do well as an off-stage voice; but with that stature—never. Too short of limb and torso. The public expected Iago to be a fitting opponent for Othello when the Moor should at last know his lieutenant's duplicity. By the eternal, my boy, would you make burlesque of Othello? Would you have the house in convulsions of laughter when finally a great Othello—great of stature and presence—comes to grips with Iago? No, Iago must be tall, even imposing, not five feet six. And so on.

Convinced, chagrined, begloomed, LaFollette made one last appeal for the tragedian's consideration. But Mr. McCullough knew his trade.

"Why," demanded he of the lad, "do you insist? Have I not told you? Now do you want my advice? Well, take it: Limit your acting to the amateur stage. Take your voice, your fire, your insistence and go into politics. There, if you will pardon a blunt man, what you look like does not count. Go into politics. You will lead even the great."

And Bob LaFollette, the torch-bearer, the rugged zealot, the radical crusader and founder of a dynasty, did what the Wisconsin ancients consider more remarkable than his political record: He took the advice of a stranger, a wandering player. He abandoned his ambition for the footlights and went into politics. For which you may thank heaven or curse fate, according to your lights. But you can see for yourself what might have been. Or what might not. Had he been a few inches taller, would the name of LaFollette have been more potent today in Wisconsin than—say—Swenson, O'Donnell or Pfau? Would the United States Senate ever have known the name? Would a boyish-looking idealist named Philip Fox LaFollette have been Wisconsin's governor today? Anyway you can have plenty of fun speculating on it. And common

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justice should compel you to agree that proper credit has been withheld overlong from Mr. McCullough.

The young LaFollette returned bitterly to his law. Only occasionally thereafter was his name on the programs of amateur dramatics.

With what amounts to a savage roar he went into politics and, single-handed, elected himself district attorney of Dane County (Madison). From that he built an ideal into a kingdom. He literally wrested his state from the railroads that were throttling it, and returned it to the people. He became governor by sheer persistence and by a skillful manipulation of the machinery of his political opponents transferred Wisconsin from their pockets to his own, the chief difference being that he declined to turn control into financial profit. He died poor. The family is still poor.

Ready-Made Careers

So indelibly did he burn his personality into the state, so overwhelming was his control even in death, that his eldest son, who had no desire for public life but hoped rather to become a banker, was all but hurled into his father's vacant seat in the Senate, and his other son was elected governor the moment he was old enough. Whatever their own talents may be (and both are adequately equipped), they could have won with fewer. They were to embark upon ready-made careers. Their father's glory was bright enough for all three. Whether either of the sons could or would have founded the dynasty had he been the father is neither here nor there. Whether either will contribute to his state and country anything approximating old Bob's legacy seems doubtful. The background of both Phil and Bob is their father; both may fail to bloom hugely in that awful shadow. And small wonder.

Even the story of Wisconsin's royal family must be lopsided. Both sons are yet young; neither has had time to demonstrate the father's aggressiveness and singleness of purpose. They carry on. He created. Even should either rise to the Presidency (in Wisconsin they assure you that Phil is bound to), the spirit of old Bob will envelop him and his feet will be planted upon the stout old platforms of his father. Some of the planks holystoned and shellacked, perhaps, but the same old timber. It took a man to mount old Bob's platform—and stay there. And with the same materials he built the house of LaFollette. Whatever comes out of it must bear his imprint.

With old Bob, politics served the ends of his idealism. As a politician he had nothing to learn from the Penroses, the Aldriches, the Cannons, the Hannas or the Platts. Nor did his Wisconsin machine, the Madison Ring of today, lack a cog, rivet or cam of the wide, high and heavy crushers operated by Tammany, the Ohio Gang, the Solid South and the political combines of Texas, California and Pennsylvania. Bob's was no voice crying in the wilderness; it was a Joshua's. And walls came tumbling down. He was one of the narrowest bigots in American political life, but his bigotry was entirely political. Religion bothered him so little that he left it to posterity to wrangle over the identity of his church affiliations, when and if any. He was all but humorless, saying that humor weakened a cause and obscured purpose. Like his youngest son, Phil, he read much, but, unlike the present governor, his taste was limited. He preferred to rummage through his own mind.

He was a senior in the university when he gave the first sign of what was to come. Already he was known as a dissenter. Although he was the outstanding debater among the undergraduates, he was not chosen to represent the university in the intercollegiate oratory contest, a less gifted lad having been selected by the student committee charged with such responsibility. Student LaFollette was not only disappointed but rebelliously enraged. Of his own accord and with handbills run off by his own hand at the shop of a sympathetic printer he called a mass meeting. A nice crowd responded, out of curiosity rather than approval. Bob addressed them. Before he had finished he had them on their feet, cheering him and jeering "the machine." Just before he adjourned the meeting they voted unanimously that he, the people's choice, should journey to Chicago to represent them with oratory. And the committee and its hand-picked spellbinder retired in disorder under the popular storm. In such circumstances there was nothing for Bob to do but go down and win. And he won. There was simply nothing to it. His theme was "Shall the People Rule?" He thought they should.

When in 1880 old Bob was admitted to the Wisconsin bar the country offered a perfect stage for his act. Not since, and perhaps never before in America, had the masses a smaller voice in what was still called a democracy. Wisconsin was rather typical of all the states. There the railroads ruled. The Granger revolt which blossomed in the early seventies had been quelled, its leaders either bought off or killed off and the transportation regulatory laws which the Grangers had read into the state law had been repealed.

The real control of the state rested with the railroad lobby, which nominated and elected its employees to the legislature and bought up those it hadn't given birth to. It exacted despairing obedience from the farmers by arbitrary freight-rate rulings and insured compliance from the legislators and department heads by judicious if not liberal money doles, franking privileges and free passes. A legislator could get numerous passes during a year and sell them at attractive prices, all of which added considerably to the law-maker's income in those simple days. The railroads made their dividends on their hugely watered stocks from the helpless freight-shippers. And there was no danger of competition as long as a railroad or a combination of railroads dictated franchise grants.

Old Bob Goes to Congress

As district attorney of Dane County there was very little the young LaFollette could do about it except to defy the state's boss—Mr. E. W. Keyes—and defy so resoundingly that the farmers began to prick up their ears, thinking they heard a joyous noise. Naturally Mr. Keyes, a Republican, was annoyed by the irregular LaFollette, who nominally was also a Republican. Mr. Keyes expressed it as his opinion that while LaFollette was on the Republican ticket he was not as good a Republican as most Democrats. All of which failed to bother this Madison dervish who, while not prosecuting with noisy vigor, bearing down heaviest upon those who enjoyed the protection of Mr. Keyes, was making very un-Republican, anti-railroad speeches and asking for a job where he might try out a few ideas he had in mind.

So Mr. Keyes sent him to Congress where his voice might be drowned out and where he could do no damage. But soon thereafter, and with startling stupidity, Mr. Keyes and his obedient regulars addressed themselves to something more delicate than big business. Things like this are hard to explain;

but even great men like Mr. Keyes are prone to mislay their intelligence on occasion. Anyway, he caused the passage of a law designed to regulate the parochial schools of the state—a sort of Ku Klux law aimed at the Pope. Whereat the German, Irish and other Catholics in Wisconsin, hitherto chronic Republicans, abandoned the party for the time being and elected the whole Democratic ticket with the exception of one lone congressman, who came from a remote reach of the state where the constituency wouldn't believe what it read in the papers even if it bothered to read them. That lone congressman was not Robert M. LaFollette. He was retired to private life along with the other Republicans.

But this child of an indulgent fate returned to Madison and a political situation made to order for a first-class, triple-threat man. A ghastly mess was being turned up by the gloating Democrats and it looked as though they were going to ruin the public and private life of the richest Republican in the state—Philetus Sawyer, United States senator. It may be going a bit out of our way but the situation is worth a few words.

The Birth of the Insurgents

For twenty years or so it had been the practice of the Republican state treasurers to lend state moneys to private individuals and faithful corporations and retain the interest thereon unto themselves—$25,000 to $30,000. However, the treasurers themselves got very little of the cash; most of it went to their bondsmen. And Senator Sawyer had been a willing and even satisfied bondsman.

The new Democratic attorney-general proposed to get this money back, to sue the bondsmen as well as the treasurers. And Senator Sawyer, learning that he was to appear before Judge Robert G. Siebecker in Madison, cannily sought to retain as his counsel Judge Siebecker's brother-in-law—Robert Marion LaFollette. Let's dispense with details. The senator appoints a rendezvous for himself and the former congressman, who might thus be weaned away from his outlawries and made, with a nice retainer, a proper Republican. The conference lasts about fifteen minutes and out of it bolts Mr. LaFollette, shouting to heaven that Senator Sawyer had outrageously tried to bribe him.

He shouted so loud and so long that the hopeful farmers rallied to him. And there, to put it briefly, the LaFollette party was born. It called itself the Insurgents. The old guard, huddling behind the shocked and protesting Sawyer, called them Half-breeds—and worse. Anyway, Bob LaFollette was their prophet. And thus was launched the large political career of the founder of the Wisconsin dynasty of LaFollettes.

Wisconsin began to hear of heresies which, combined, became known across the country as the Wisconsin Idea. Gone forever was Thespian LaFollette with his recitations, his jew's-harp, his adagio feet, his yearning toward Iago. And into being came Battle Bob. He came preaching a political religion that caused the respectable people of the day to shudder as the Honorable Hamilton Fish quakes today at the name and tenets of Joseph Stalin. They talked of trying him for treason. They labeled him anarchist, Benedict Arnold, nihilist, Son of Satan. Grotesque yarns won circulation. LaFollette was the master of a cult of devil worshipers. He was in correspondence with Russian regicides, who were to be imported for a price to do in Presidents and senators. He planned to lead dynamiters to Washington and there destroy the Capitol

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The Gracious Lady

By Arthur Somers Roche

The Story Thus Far:

MARRIED to brutal Sam Clayborne, Rita Clayborne is in love with Dean Resolve. She dares not divorce Clayborne, for she knows that Dean's father, old Sturgis Resolve, owes him a million dollars—and she knows Sam Clayborne. . . .

Jinny Carpenter, Rita's dearest friend, comes to the rescue. She is loyal to Rita, but in love with Dean—secretly. She "invests" a million dollars in Sturgis Resolve's real estate firm! . . . The Resolves safe, financially, Rita secures her divorce.

Clayborne is backing a racketeer—Swede Larkin. Among Swede's confrères is Giuseppe Martello, Dean's boyhood friend. Giuseppe knows of the Clayborne-Resolve situation. He warns Swede that Clayborne may make trouble when Rita returns from Reno. "He'll have to do his own dirty work," growls Swede.

Rita comes back to New York. Dean meets her at the station. They plan to be married at once. At the minister's home they learn the news: Clayborne, with a gun in his hand, has been shot to death at the station!

Under suspicion, Dean tells the police the whole truth and is released. He feels sure, now, that one of Larkin's men killed Clayborne, to get him out of the way, thinking Dean would be blamed.

Rita goes away for a few days, refusing to let Dean know where she is. Therefore he is terribly hurt when he comes face to face with her in a restaurant where he has taken Jinny to a party.

Rita, her heart-breaking decision made, tells Dean she will not marry him. She implies that her reason is that she wants Clayborne's millions. He left them to her on the one condition that she would not marry Dean Resolve. Dean, sick with disillusionment, believes her.

XI

"WON'T you come in?" Jinny asked as the taxi stopped before her home.

Brusque refusal trembled on Dean's lips. Months ago, when bankruptcy threatened the progress of his affair with Rita, Jinny had stepped into the breach, had forced upon him—despite his unwillingness—a fortune. In the various misadventures that had since befallen Rita and himself, Jinny had been always at hand, ready to shelter Rita and to comfort Dean. Friendship such as Jinny had shown was rare in Dean's life, was rare in anyone's life.

But it was a friendship that had begun to irk Dean's pride. Jinny gave everything. What did he give? What, for that matter, did Rita give? Jinny had given money—a fortune. She had given hospitality; she had permitted her own name to be touched by the tentacles of gossip. In dubious return for these things, she had been permitted to worry, to console. . . . A lot of good her friendship for Rita and Dean had done her!

He pressed her hand quickly.

"Thanks, old girl, but you're tired and—I'm not good company."

"Why not let me be the judge of both of those matters?" she lightly countered. "Do I look so played out?"

"You always look fresh as the morning," he smiled.

"And you're always good company, Dean," she laughed. "Come in."

There was a hint of insistence in her manner, and he eyed her curiously.

"Thinking I'll do something rash?" he asked.

SHE moved her slim shoulders faintly.

"One drink is rashness for certain moods," she said.

"You mean for certain *men*," he accused her bitterly.

"Well, suppose that's what I do mean?" She met his angry gaze bravely.

"I've drunk before, Jinny," he reminded her.

"And to what good?" she asked. "You—you're not the type to drink anything, Dean. You know that."

"Do I? I can't seem to remember anyone else's daring to tell—" He paused abruptly, flushing, as recollection of that first meeting—was it only a few years ago?—with Rita came back to him. He seemed to hear that liquid voice of hers asking if he *must* take a highball. He himself putting the glass down and saying, with a gravity that amazed himself, that she would never hear again of Dean Resolve's drinking too much.

And Rita never had. Extraordinary thing, drink. One began drinking for mere amusement, found that one had acquired a habit, tried to stop, found it difficult, and suddenly, because calm brown eyes held a veiled request, one quit for years. And then, because the brown eyes had become indifferent, one reached for bottle and glass. . . .

"One of the rights of friendship is to tell unpleasant truths," said Jinny.

He felt suddenly enraged at her.

"One must be certain of one's ground to venture so," he stated.

"Of one's own ground, Dean," she told him. "A real friendship isn't concerned—so much—with a return of liking. It's concerned only with—well, with helping—"

Her voice died away in a queer embarrassment. Dean was instantly regretful of his own anger.

"Jinny, dear. You've been such a trump—"

"I know. But I presume," she accused herself. "I—I guess I'm pretty fresh."

"Because you don't want me to make an idiot of myself? I call it being pretty swell, Jinny. Why, Jinny, you could never presume, could never venture too far. It's only that—well, I'm pretty blue, Jinny."

"But you mustn't be," she ordered. "You spoke of faith. You said that when faith was dead—but it can't be dead, Dean. After all, when a woman gives as much assurance of love as Rita has given you—"

"Please," he protested. "Let's not—let's not talk about her."

She moved in the taxi seat, and he opened the door and preceded her from the machine.

"You'll not come in?" she asked.

He experienced a sudden change of mind, a change due not so much to desire to remain with Jinny as not to be left alone. Taxis and limousines rolled down the street, pulled up before dwellings. Laughing couples entered or left the machines. Pedestrians strolled past on the sidewalks.

But Dean Resolve felt that if Jinny left him he would be terribly alone. Not a nervous man, victim of none of the phobias that modern living has spread so freely among all classes, he nevertheless felt now a sudden terror of the streets, of the strangers that thronged them, of the whole great city. He had been under a greater strain than he had imagined, and the effects were suddenly felt.

"May I?" he asked.

He paid the taximan and followed her into her home. In the comfortable living-room, Jinny ensconced herself upon a divan. The blue eyes that fixed themselves upon him had lost the expression of pain that had been in them earlier.

"Talk," she said.

HE STARED at her uncomprehending.

"I'll listen to anything, Dean," she said gently. "And—you can't carry it around with you, Dean. You must get rid of it—the feeling of misery."

"And you think I'm going to dump it in your lap like a child with a worn-out toy?"

"Like a child with a burden of unhappiness, Dean," she corrected.

She was strangely mature now. That hint of future motherliness in her slender figure was in her eyes now, in the expression of her mouth. Somehow Dean suddenly visualized her with children clinging to her knees. . . . Lovely, understanding, generous Jinny! He thought of Rita's words; Rita had told him that Jinny loved him, Dean Resolve. Well, if ever there was a time in which to read a girl's feelings, this was the time. A trace of the cruelty inherent in all of

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us, a cruelty born of conceit, made him wonder if Rita had been right, made him—almost—wish she were.

Then, as Jinny leaned back in the divan, as she curled one slim leg under her, he became convinced that Rita had been completely mistaken. Women who loved looked gently, and with understanding, at the object of their affections, but not with the dispassionateness with which Jinny now regarded him.

He despised himself for having been able to bring into his thoughts curiosity—at this time—about any other woman. No matter what Rita had done, she was his Gracious Lady, his best-beloved. And Jinny was too devoted a friend, too lovely and charming a soul, for him to cheapen her, even in his thoughts, by speculation about her. One didn't ask *why* so loyal a friend showed friendship; one merely accepted it as a gift from the gods, and tried to show appreciation.

"But there isn't any burden that I can pass on, Jinny," he laughed. "After all, if we're hurt, physically, the doctor can bandage us, give us medicine. But when we're hurt inside—that's not capable of outside cure."

"Maybe not." Jinny was not convinced. "But aren't you leaping at conclusions, Dean? I mean, if a person has been lovely all through one's acquaintance, if every act has been fine and—noble—is it fair, is it *sane*, to doubt because of one word?"

"One word?" Bitterness returned to Resolve in a rush. "There was more than one word, Jinny. Oh, she made it—clear. And—let's not talk about it, Jinny. I find that—well, I just can't, that's all. I think I'll go," he finished abruptly.

HE ROSE, and Jinny made no effort to detain him. She walked with him to the door, and only as his hand was on the latch did she speak.

"Call Rita up," she said. "You have moods, Dean. Everyone has them. Perhaps Rita— Good night, old boy."

He leaned over and kissed her. The action was quite involuntary, inspired by no rush of passion, no consciousness of her sweet nearness. He kissed her as he might have kissed his mother, a sister if he had one. And the lips that met his were cool, fragrant, unruffled by the touch of his mouth. She didn't start or color or in the faintest way show consciousness of the fact that the caress was unusual. There was no gleam in the depths of her blue eyes, and her bosom's breathing increased no trace.

"Good night, old girl," he said. "And thanks, dear."

But when he had closed the door behind him, lights showed in the depths of her eyes; color stained her cheeks and throat, and the lips that had been cool to his kiss became feverishly warm.

"Jinny Carpenter," she said to herself unsteadily, "it takes very little to turn a decent person into a swine. You watch your step, Miss Carpenter, and let that boy alone."

Resolutely she composed herself, and by the time she turned out her light, her breathing was composed again.

And by that time, half an hour later, Dean Resolve had found the sort of speakeasy that commended itself to him. He wanted no place where his friends might be encountered. He didn't want people looking at him, and pitying him, and perhaps trying to make him cease drinking.

He wanted, with all the fervency of a man who doesn't care to do things by halves, to lose himself in intoxication. He was the type that, sailing a yacht, could lose gracefully, but would risk his life to win a first place. When he played bridge, he played with a feverish intensity. The stakes were nothing, but victory was all. In the years when he pulled Resolve and Company out of the mire, he had worked as few young men of his years and previous training had ever worked. And when he drank, as the world had once known, he drank two-fistedly, boisterously, gayly, and—tremendously.

YET, in those early days of drinking, he had never deliberately become intoxicated. As a matter of fact, few people had ever seen him crudely drunk. He carried liquor amazingly; its only apparent effect was that he became gayer, more reckless.

But now he wanted soddenness, forgetfulness. More than that, he would have welcomed a fight, and two drunken men at the bar, angered when he refused to drink with them, stepped outside at the sudden wild glare in his eyes.

He ordered Scotch, and took the first two glasses neat. Then, as the liquor renewed the fires of his earlier drinks, he settled back in a chair, diluted his liquor with mineral water, and prepared for a debauch such as he had never experienced before.

He finished half a bottle, and the liquor, instead of firing his brain, had the opposite effect. He began to think more clearly, to see things in a less cloudy daze.

Rita, instead of being a woman who acted from motives of sordid greed, became again the lovely thing he had adored so long. Rita was sane, Rita was fine. Sane, fine people didn't do sordid things. Oh, they might be mean under provocation, under impulse, but never deliberately. Whereas Rita had shown a side to her nature tonight that could have no real existence.

What was it Jinny had said? That he had moods, that everyone had them, that even Rita might have been the victim of one. Must he, who loved his Gracious Lady, be less generous in his estimate of her than Jinny Carpenter, who merely liked Rita as one woman may like another? If Jinny's mere liking made her faith endure, what sort of person was he, whose love gave faith no bolstering?

He pushed the bottle from him, rose with a steadiness that commanded the bartender's respect, paid his check, and left. The air outside blew pleasantly against his flushed face.

THERE, thank God, that impulse was over! He had practically promised Jinny that he wouldn't drink, and had gone deliberately from her with every intention of getting drunk. Well, thank Heaven, a long line of four-bottle ancestors had given him a clear head. At least, though he had drunk, he had not been overcome. Somehow he knew that liquor was no more for him, that no stress, no tribulation, would ever make him run to it for consolation again. He would bear, forevermore, what burdens were imposed upon him, with what courage he possessed, and would seek no alcoholic strength to aid in carrying them.

Through the late night he walked, aimless, uncaring whither his restless feet took him. Life was an extraordinary thing, wasn't it? We lived in little cells of bone, in which we were

(Continued on page 51)

"Why, you silly little thing, if I go away you can get him, and—why, my departure practically gives him to you"

Illustrated by John H. Crosman

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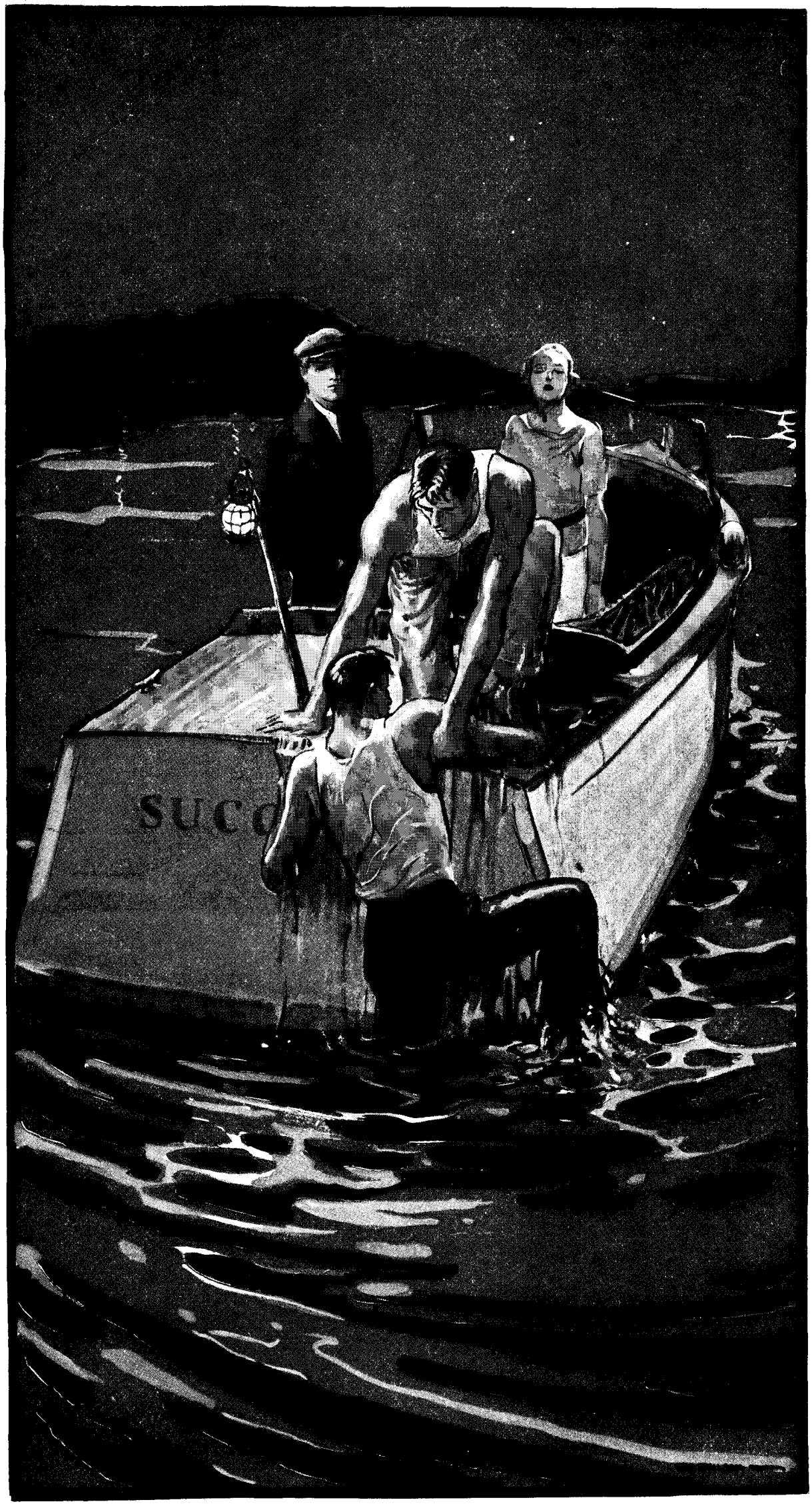

Illustrated by Jay Hyde Barnum

Joe swung himself aboard and reached for Bing's arms and pulled him up over the stern

Not the same

With so many books on how to pick your mate, it's a mercy that lovers don't believe all they read

THE trouble with marriage," said Sylvia, out of a clear sky, "is that there's too much sentiment mixed up with it."

Her uncle looked at her over the top of his newspaper. She was sitting at the other end of the porch with a book in her lap. As her guardian, he felt obliged to make some comment. "Too much sentiment, eh?" He considered the idea. "I always thought people complained because there wasn't enough."

"That's old-fashioned now," she said kindly. She was twenty, and from time to time she saw that it was her duty to instruct her guardian in the latest advances of science.

"I dare say," he agreed hastily. "I only made the remark. Never having been married myself, I couldn't speak with any authority."

"Too much sentiment before, I mean," she amended. "A girl takes the most important step in her life at a moment when she's befogged with sentiment, when she's blind to everything but the most superficial qualities of the man she marries."

Sylvia, her uncle noticed, was looking particularly deep. A line of thought began between her eyebrows and disappeared into the wilderness of her hair. He put down his paper. "What's that you're reading?" he asked.

Sylvia held up the book. "It's called Choosing a Lifemate, by Roxana Dewberry Galloway. People don't realize that what they should seek is an ideal partner in the great business of Life. Just when a girl should be clear-headed, she isn't. Naturally," Sylvia went on, "no good can come from such a system as that. No wonder there's so much unhappiness."

"Is there a lot of it?"

"Oh, yes, it's terrible."

Her uncle clipped the end of a cigar and fell in with her mood. "I suppose there is, but what can you do about it? I mean, it's such a popular institution that—"

"'Several remedies suggest themselves to the thoughtful mind,'" Sylvia read, opening the book. "'Among others, we may mention trial marriages—'" She paused to consider. "I don't think I'd like that so much."

"Risky."

"DOCTOR GALLOWAY says it's unscientific. It's the trial-and-error method. She says we ought to return to the system by which the lifemate was selected by older and more responsible people, such as parents or guardians." She went on reading: "'The criticism leveled at the old-fashioned marriage by arrangement had its basis in an irrational romanticism.'"

Her uncle laughed.

"What's funny?"

"Nothing," he said. "Go on. I'm listening."

"You never take me seriously," she complained, closing the volume.

"What do you want me to do, pick out a husband for you?"

"Oh, no. Doctor Galloway says that the real trouble with the old system was that the parent or guardian was often incapable of forming a reasonable judgment. The decision should be made by a competent person."

"What does that make me?"

"She means a trained psychologist," Sylvia explained.

"That lets me out, then," he decided.

Her curiosity got the better of her. "Suppose you had to, whom would you select?"

He snorted. "You wouldn't pay any attention if I told you."

"Well, who?"

"Joe Wolcott, of course."

"I knew you'd say that."

"Well, what's the matter with him?"

She pushed back her hair impatiently. "But don't you see? That's the whole trouble. Noth-

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in the Moonlight

By Paul Jones

ing's the matter with him—from the sentimental point of view. I thought of Joe myself."

"I imagined you had. You've seen a lot of him. I thought it was all set but the date. He has enough money and he's a good egg."

"He seems to be," said Sylvia darkly, "but his real character may be altogether different. I'm not going to let sentiment run away with me."

"Trust your womanly instinct for that."

"For instance, what will he be like twenty years from now?" she wondered. "You see, Uncle Bing, marriage isn't as simple as you seem to think."

"I've had a lot of trouble avoiding it," he observed. "Always seemed to me to be the simplest thing in the world, if you wanted to do it."

"Modern people," she informed him, "think about these things more."

He was forty-one. "Of course. I keep forgetting I'm a Civil War veteran. Go ahead. Tell me about modern life."

"I don't see why a woman can't have two husbands, or three, or four," she said.

"Not enough men to go round."

"I mean, one solid and sensible, and one romantic, and one to make a lot of money, and another to write poetry."

"Perfectly feasible," he declared.

"How so?"

"LOTS of women have six and seven husbands."

"In succession, yes. I mean at the same time."

Her uncle looked at her. "Who's the other fellow you're thinking of, besides Joe?"

"No one special."

"Leroy Mansell?"

"Certainly not."

"I thought you'd been seeing a lot of him. If you want to marry a Boy Scout, go ahead."

"What's the matter with a Boy Scout?"

"Nothing," he said, reaching for his newspaper. "Nothing at all. Quite the contrary, up to the age of eighteen. At twenty-eight, they're a little tiresome."

"Just because he knows what he wants to do and has his life all planned out? You'd never have to worry about Leroy. You know just what he'll be like at forty-eight."

"Absolutely. You also know what parsnips will taste like twenty years from now."

"You couldn't say that about Joe," she pointed out.

"You certainly couldn't. Joe's a good egg."

"But what will he be twenty years from now? That's what I have to think about."

"Well, the only thing I can suggest," said her uncle, "is to marry him and find out." He took up his paper again, as she got up and went inside. "And burn that book," he called after her. "If you ever followed the races you'd know that the form players take the worst beating in the end."

That afternoon he saw Joe Wolcott in the locker-room of the club. He looked bitter. "I took an early train out from town to get in a little golf with Sylvia, and she turned up with that guy Mansell. What do you think of that?"

"I'll go round with you," said Bing.

"No, thanks. I don't care anything about the golf part of it. All I wanted was a chance to talk to her for an hour or so. That bird Mansell's on his vacation and I'm afraid he'll beat my time."

"How do things stand now?" The uncle and guardian fished a bottle out of his locker.

"I can't persuade her to say anything definite. She has me under observation," Joe explained gloomily. "I've done all I can. She suggested I wasn't working hard enough, and I got promoted. I've only had twelve drinks in the last eighty-four days—an average of only one every seven days, and I've been reading up on psychology just to be able to make conversation. Why don't you assert your authority?"

"My what?"

"LOOK here," said Joe, "something's got to happen soon. I'm getting worried. With the dope she's been getting out of these books, she's liable to do anything—even marry Leroy."

"She wouldn't do that."

"Go ahead and laugh. But if you wake up some day and find him in your family, don't say I didn't warn you. He's just the kind that might sweep her off her feet. He lives purposefully."

"I can't stand him."

"Neither can I, but what's that got to do with it? You ought to drop a hint or two."

"Not I," said Bing hastily. "It's the worst thing I could do. I've got another idea."

"Shoot," said Joe. "And pass me that bottle."

Bing slid it along the bench in front of the lockers. "Watch yourself. What's that going to do to your average?"

"It'll be only thirteen in eighty-four days," Joe computed, "and that's still an all-time record."

Bing removed the bottle. "You'd better not," he decided. "I've got an idea."

"So you said. What is it?"

"Well, I was reading a story the other day about a fellow in the same situation you're in. You know what he did? He took the girl out in his car and fixed it so she thought they ran out of gas. The result was they had to spend all night on a country road. In the morning, when she realized what a gentleman he was, he proposed and they got married."

"A very pretty tale. And then what?"

"Don't be dumb, Joe. You'll excuse me if I take another drink. I'm not in training."

"Help yourself," said Joe morosely.

"HERE'S the picture. You and Sylvia go for a drive on the shore road. On the way home, take the unimproved road back of the state reservation. If you measure your gas right, you ought to run dry on that stretch beyond the old powder factory. That's too far to walk home, and nobody in his right senses ever takes it, since they built the concrete highway ten miles over. So you'll have to wait all night. In the morning, wedding bells should ring out. It will give you a chance to show the true nobility of your character."

Joe was silent. "You think that would work?" he said at last.

"It does in every story I ever read."

"All right. I'll try it."

"O. K." They shook hands solemnly.

Two days later Sylvia and Joe went for a ride. They left at nine o'clock in the evening, and at eleven the next morning they had not returned.

Her uncle, walking up and down his porch, reviewed his strategy and found no flaw in it. An uncle whose unmarried niece stays out all night should not sing; far less should a guardian skip and prance. Nevertheless, Bing did so. At the sound of wheels in the driveway, he went to greet the runaways.

"Well, well, well," he beamed.

Joe was attempting to help Sylvia out of his roadster.

"I can get out myself," she said haughtily.

"Sylvia?"

"What is it?"

"Can I see you tonight?"

"No."

"I can explain—"

"I have an engagement to go out in Leroy's boat," she said distantly. "I don't expect to be back until midnight."

"When can I see you, then?"

"I don't know, and I don't care," Sylvia replied. With these words, she rushed into the house and slammed the door after her.

"What's all this?" Bing asked.

Joe got into his car and pressed the starter. "If you ever have any more ideas, Bing, keep them to yourself. I advise you to keep out of my way for the next week. I am in no mood for trifling, and we have been friends a long time." He disappeared with a gnashing of gears.

BING went thoughtfully inside. After a time Sylvia came down. She had changed to pajamas, and ordered a hearty breakfast.

"Now, then, Sylvia, explain yourself."

"What is there to explain?"

"After all," said her guardian, "a girl does not stay out all night and then refuse to explain."

"Doesn't she?"

"No. What happened?"

"I stayed out all night with Joe Wolcott. We ran out of gas. In the morning a farmer brought us some gas. We then found that two tires were flat. After we had the tires fixed, we came home. I am now eating breakfast and would appreciate a little peace and quiet," she ended pointedly.

"No doubt," said Bing. "But what will people say?"

"About what?" she inquired, transferring two more eggs to her plate.

"Well, I mean—that is—"

"Pooh!" she said decidedly.

"Sylvia!"

"Pooh, pooh!"

"After all, your reputation might be compromised."

"I am not compromised, and people can talk all they please. Nobody," she informed him, "is compromised any more. You must have been reading a book on how to be an uncle. I wouldn't marry Joe even if I were!"

"What's the matter with Joe?"

"Everything!"

"A fine upstanding young fellow," said Bing solemnly. "Sober and industrious, well thought of in the community. Plays a nice game of golf."

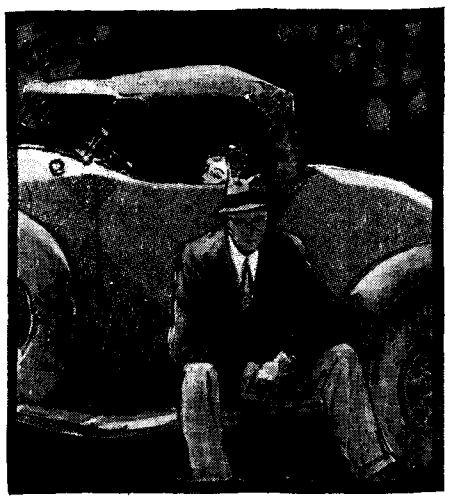
"I don't think I'll marry anybody. Unless it's Leroy Mansell."

"That egg?"

"That egg, as you call him, wouldn't be fool enough to run out of gas on a country road at one o'clock in the morning. I suppose you think it's very romantic, but it's a very bad sign, psychologically. It shows practically no foresight."

"It might happen to anyone."

"Not anyone that I'm going to marry," she declared. "It would have been different if he had had one of those reserve cans. But no, he didn't. Foresight and providence are practically



It didn't seem to be the right time to propose just then

lacking altogether. So we had to sit there all night. At least, he did. I slept as well as I could."

"Look here, Sylvia, I knew the younger generation was hard-boiled, but you—"

"And that wasn't all," she broke in. "At five in the morning a farmer brought us some gas. Then Joe discovered that a front tire was flat. When we looked at the spare, that was flat too. And when I looked in the tool box, there was nothing there except an old sweater and an empty ginger-ale bottle."

"Somebody must have stolen his tool kit."

"Perhaps. It seems more likely that the last time he had to fix a tire he drove off and left the tools in the road. Carelessness. Waste. Improvidence. The very worst qualities a husband could have."

"Listen, that's liable to happen to anyone. Joe's an ace. You ought to make allowances for him."

Sylvia got up suddenly. "I've made all the allowances I can," she stated. "And to think that if he'd proposed before that happened—" At this point, she burst into tears and went out of the room.

HER uncle would have followed her upstairs, except that an imperious double knock resounded on the front door. It was Leroy Mansell.

Leroy always made Bing feel decrepit. His teeth glistened, his skin gleamed with the aura of perfect health, his hair curled in crisp waves. He shook hands with a lingering pressure, and said "Howdy!"

"Hello, Mansell," said Bing, disengaging his hand. "Come sit on the porch. Sylvia will be down in a moment."

"We're going out in my motorboat," Leroy explained, declining a cigar. "So she doesn't expect me for another two hours. I thought we might get in some golf beforehand."

Bing rang for the houseman, and gave him the message. Meanwhile Leroy produced a small red book from his inside pocket, and made a notation, looking at his watch as he did so. "I always keep a schedule of my day," he explained. "Right down to the minute. Budget your time as you do your money. That's one of the secrets of success."

"Very interesting. Must keep you busy, though."

"It's worth it. At the end of a month, or a year, or ten years, I can tell exactly how I've spent my time. For instance, when I left my hotel this morning, I put down the time—9:32." He began reading from his book. "Roadwork until 10:06. Drove to yacht basin,

(Continued on page 34)

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You'll Know the Answer

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Denver Lindley

Illustrated by C. C. Beall

Dr. Thorven had operated for the last time

DR. THORVEN would not have admitted it to himself, but he resented the brisk efficiency with which the nurse helped him take off his mask and gloves and operating gown. She seemed to have no realization that with these brief, unfeeling motions she transformed him from the demigod of the operating-theater into an ugly, stubby little man with deep pockets under his eyes and with only his brusqueness of manner to stand guard over the uncertainties of his heart.

In the white glare of the operating-room Dr. Thorven forgot himself, his ugliness, his uncertainties. He was completely absorbed in action: all that remained were the sharpness of his sight and the delicacy and precision of his fingers. The noiseless clock on the wall ceased to register time: its slowly moving hands were only a sign—like the patient's pulse—an item in his minutely planned procedure. Time itself was wiped out; and Dr. Thorven was happy.

Afterward when the patient thanked him, as often happened, for saving his life or his sight or his sanity, Dr. Thorven was brusque, impatient. And in his heart there was a little feeling of guilt, of receiving something that was not his due. It was as though he had acted a part on the stage and when the performance was over the audience, instead of clapping their hands, had proclaimed him their savior. This acclamation embarrassed Dr. Thorven, but in the drama of the operating-theater he found the joy of complete and satisfying activity.

And so the ritual of return to the everyday world was always marked by a feeling of depression. Today it brought him unusual bitterness. Dr. Thorven had operated for the last time.

NONE of his associates knew of this resolve. After weeks of deliberation, he had come to a decision only the night before. He had acted upon it at once. His letter of resignation would be ready for his signature when he got home.

He had outlined it that morning to his secretary—gruffly, in telegraphic style. He had given his reason for resigning from the staff of the hospital in one word—*arteriosclerosis*. But as he had said it he had a vivid picture of the pinkish gray mass of the human brain and he saw the pulse of its finely branching arteries. A year or two more of this strain—maybe only a few months—and one of those vessels in *his* brain would burst. Luckily he had diagnosed the condition in time. Retiring now, he could look forward to ten, fifteen, perhaps twenty years more of life. He would write; he would compose a great work on the surgery of the brain.

Dr. Thorven smiled wryly. That was self-delusion. He could add little to the sum of surgical knowledge even in his own field. The operative procedure he had evolved was already known and widely followed. His value lay in the delicacy and precision of his touch. His hands were his gift to the world—these short, scarred, antiseptic-reddened hands which he was washing for the last time in the familiar white basin in the anteroom.

Dr. Struthers, the anesthetist, came in and busied himself at the basin next to Thorven's. His round, boyish face wore an expression of hero-worship.

"There's going to be a strike around here," he said. "What chance has an ambitious young anesthetist to do his stuff? You're too fast."

Thorven smiled and studied the young man's broad shoulders as he bent over the basin. Thorven would have liked to look like that or to have a son that looked like that. Struthers, he suddenly realized, was as close to him as anyone in the world. And yet he had found no way of expressing his affection except by being a stern and exacting mentor.

"I give you a tip," he said to Struthers now. "Soon you are through with anesthesia. Soon you operate."

Struthers laughed, a little nervously. "I hope you're right," he said. "It's about time they gave me a chance. And there's one job I'd like to do right now. You haven't seen the statue they put up in Baker Square, have you? Well, you ought to go take a look at it. You'd think these sculptors would cut up a stiff or two and find out something about anatomy. But no. It's not the fashion now, I suppose. Anyhow the chap who made this thing has a fellow in it with a trapezius that looks like a mountain range. I'd like to excise it for him and make him look human. Really you should see the thing. It's not far out of your way when you're going home. Go over and look at it some day."

Thorven nodded at the young man and put on his coat. Some day—Struthers didn't know that this was the last time he'd be taking that walk home. And he'd not see much of Struthers from now on. He'd miss him. He'd miss his eager, voluble conversation. And he'd miss his other associates—even his enemies on the staff. The mood of depression, which Struthers' presence had temporarily dispelled, returned and deepened. What would he do from now on? There were plenty of things, he told himself firmly. And he'd begin by going over to take a look at that statue. When a man had hardening of the arteries, he decided, it wasn't reasonable to expect him to feel his best.

BAKER SQUARE was empty and cheerless in the late afternoon light. Crumpled cement bags lay on the grass near the base of the statue. The wind lifted and stirred them idly.

Dr. Thorven did not notice these general aspects of the scene. His eyes focussed immediately upon the back of the statue where bunches of muscle stood out in rugged and unnatural relief. With short, defiant steps he approached the figure, then snorted and turned away. At the edge of the square he paused and looked back. For the first time he saw the statue as a whole.

It was the figure of a naked man, struggling to thrust back a boulder. The stone, roughly indicated, was larger than the man and seemed about to crush him. The man's torso was twisted at the waist, his head was thrown back and the tendons of his neck stood out like whipcords in the agony of his effort.

Thorven stared at the figure. Slowly his eyes lost their dull look. There was something stimulating and exciting about that upflung head. Thorven moved to the opposite side of the square, to a position from which he could see the face. He had expected to witness suffering there; the expression that met his eyes startled him. It was a gallant, unconquerable look in which there was a kind of desperate joy. All those who had attempted hopeless and impossible tasks seemed to have left the stamp of their courage upon the face of that naked man.

Thorven felt his throat tighten. He coughed and walked round the statue. His eye dwelt briefly on the straining muscles. "I'll talk to Struthers in the morning," he thought. "He's got to get over medical school. It's time he saw muscles in *action*."

He turned his back on that superb, undaunted figure and walked up the street—a stubby little man in a bowler hat and an overcoat that was too long for him.

HIS secretary opened the door. "The letter of resignation is on your desk," he said.

Thorven looked at him for a moment in bewilderment. Then he snapped: "Tear it up, I've changed my mind."

He cut short his secretary's protest with a growl and walked into the study. There he selected a cigar, lighted it and sank into an easy-chair. His mood of depression was gone. He hadn't felt better in years. The cigar rolled comfortably between his lips. With an appreciative eye he watched the smoke sway and spiral toward the ceiling. Foolish of him to think that he could quit, that he *must* quit. It was simple enough to disregard his own diagnosis. This realization brought him a feeling of warmth and anticipation, as though from the ashes within him a new spark had burst into flame. Deliberately he reviewed the events of the day, searching for the reason that had made him change his mind. The cigar burned to a stump, and still he searched. But it was no use: he could not find the answer.

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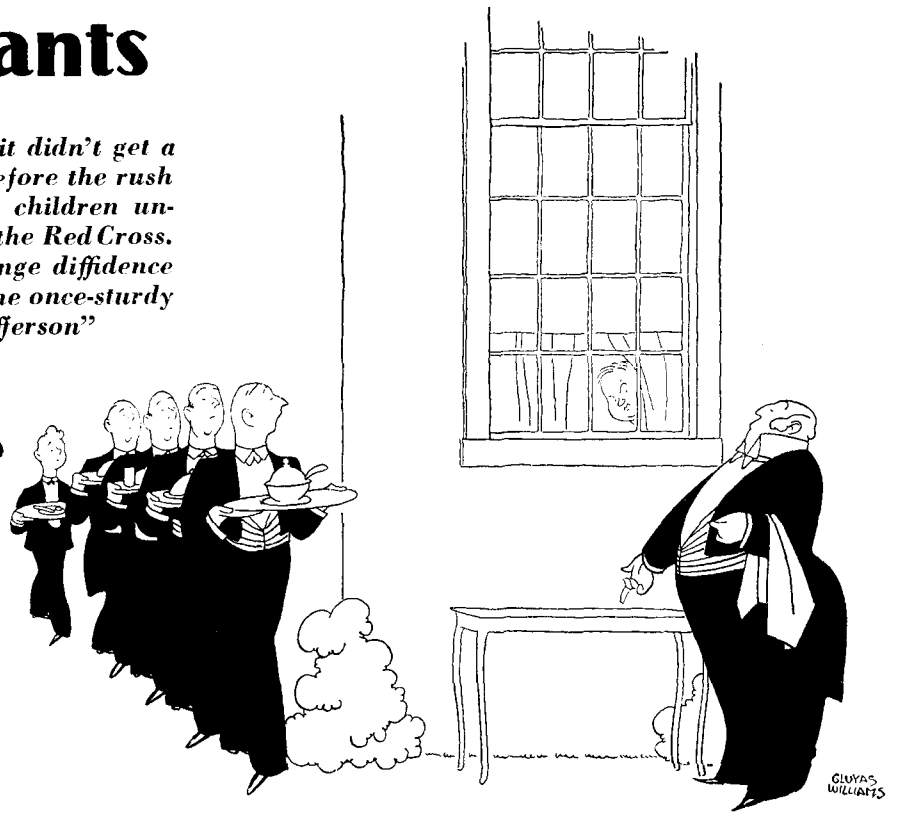
The Job Nobody Wants

"The Democratic party isn't what it was in the good old days of Bryan. In that virile time men weren't ashamed to declare themselves as Presidential candidates; in fact, the whole trouble was to keep 'em from declarin'. Any time the office set out to seek the man it didn't get a foot from the door before the rush trampled women an' children underfoot an' called out the Red Cross. Now, however, a strange diffidence has settled down on the once-sturdy disciples of Jefferson"

Uncle Henry



The White House servants had to put his food outside on the lawn

"WELL, sir," genially inquired Uncle Henry, "what do you think of the New Hoover?"

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Mr. Stubbs. "Is there *another* one?"

"Don't you ever read the newspapers?" Uncle Henry gestured his impatience. "Of course there's another one. Hoover the Strong, Hoover the Fearless, Hoover the Hard, Hoover the Man of Action. Why, you can't pick up an issue of any Republican daily without findin' whole columns devoted to enthusiastic consideration of the New Hoover that now ramps up an' down the White House corridors, whettin' his teeth on the andirons an' bitin' great chunks out of the woodwork.

"Never get the idea that it's a repaint or a re-fill, 'Lonzo. Nothin' like that at all. At every point it's original construction. The old Hoover has disappeared as completely as though he'd never been, an' in his place is a Masterful Personality calculated to attract the vote of every thinkin' man, woman an' child in the United States.

"No longer do we see hardened politicians crowdin' around the President's desk, pushin' him in the face an' sternly pointin' to the dotted line. Only the other day Uncle Joe Grundy came out of the White House wearin' a coal scuttle cocked over one ear. An' haven't you noticed the nice manner in which Congress is behavin'? The wasters up on the hill know that the New Hoover will tear 'em limb from limb if they don't do the right thing.

"Some sort of a metamorphosis has taken place in Herbert. When he went into the White House back there in 1928, he was as wild and shy as any fawn, actually fearful of the slightest human contact. Only a little elf, that's what he was, knowin' nothin' of the world of men an' carin' less. The finny denizens of the forest pools, the birds that sang in the tree tops, the bunnies an' the bright-eyed squirrels, those were the companions that he loved an' in whose society he felt at home. Why, the White House servants had to put his food outside the window on the lawn, an' even then he would wait until after dark before he came an' got it.

"How could he be expected to deal effectively with slumps, depressions, tariffs, panics an' unemployment when he didn't even know there *were* such things? Jes' a pixie, a regular fairy fay, a dreamer of dreams, with no larger purpose in life than to wander the hills an' dales an' sylvan dells, gatherin' wild facts that he dried in the sun, tied up in muslin bags an' then packed away in the cellar to play with durin' the long winter evenin's.

"But now we've got the New Hoover, forged in the fires of criticism an' hammered into shape on the anvil of Bitter Experience. Gone forever is the forest sprite, the elfin wanderer of woodland aisles, an' in its place we have the Man Who Has Learned How, the Man Who Can't be Fooled, the Man of Relentless Purpose, corrugated as to brow, with the eye of an eagle an' a chin that sticks out so far you could serve a buffet supper on it.

Just a Typographical Error

"Hard, 'Lonzo, but also human. Very, very human. Every day he scans the papers to see if there isn't some heroic boy he can invite for a week-end an', no matter how important the Cabinet meetin', he'll leave it at the sound of childish laughter outside, lovin' nothin' so much as to play leap frog an' mumblety-peg with the little ones. An' you saw, of course, where he did all his Christmas shoppin' at the five- an' ten-cent stores, fairly revelin' in that close, intimate contact with the Plain People.

Illustrated by Gluyas Williams

The old Hoover has disappeared, and in his place is a Masterful Personality

"Between you an' me, these lightnin' changes in our Chief Executives are gettin' to be a little bit monotonous, not to say irritatin'. A political party spends months pickin' the proper Presidential candidate, an' durin' the campaign a thousand orators assure us he has courage, decision, intellectual grasp, practical experience, judgment, poise, adaptability, diplomacy an' every other quality that will enable him to take instant an' expert hold of the country's problems.

"An' then what happens? Along about the third year we're told it was all a typographical error, an' the poor President's troubles are ascribed to the fact he was as innocent as a babe in arms when he went into the White House, holdin' to a belief in Santa Claus that made him easy prey of evil, designin' men, an' so ignorant of every fact of life that he didn't even know about the bees an' the pollen.

"But now, they chortle, he's changed, an' we're asked to reelect this New Man for another four years. Maybe it's all right, 'Lonzo, but I'm certainly gettin' tired of havin' the White House looked on as a mere trainin' school to teach the occupant that there's no truth in all this talk about the stork an' the doctor's little black bag. There ought to be somebody in the United States who wouldn't take three years to find what it was all about."

"You needn't be worryin'," declared Mr. Stubbs. "Hoover isn't goin' to be reëlected."

"I don't know about that," replied Uncle Henry. "The Democratic party isn't what it was in the good old days of Bryan. In that virile time men weren't ashamed to declare themselves as Presidential candidates; in fact, the whole trouble was to keep 'em from declarin'. Any time the office set out to seek the man it didn't get a foot from the front door before there was a rush that trampled women an' children underfoot an' called out the entire Red Cross.

"Now, however, a strange diffidence has settled down on the once sturdy disciples of Jefferson. Take the case of Franklin Roosevelt, for instance. He's willin' to accept the nomination as a matter of public duty, but under no circumstances can he take time away from his present task to make a campaign. If he's named they'll have to shake him by the shoulder an' throw cold water in his face in order to get his mind off his job as governor of New York.

Shunning the Spotlight

"Then there's Al Smith. As the titillant head of the party, he will not refuse the nomination if it comes to him, but with all his heart Alfred hopes that the bitter draught will not be put to his lips. Public life is really distasteful to him, an' what he would really like is to be left alone in his library, surrounded by his books an' a few good etchin's, with a friend droppin' in every now an' then to talk philosophy an' art.

"As for Newton Baker, he's a Cincinnatus who's goin' to be found at his sprinklin' pot. Newt has a little garden behind his Cleveland home, an' while his conscience would not permit him to return a refusal if drafted, his real happiness lies in goin' out of a mornin' to pick a mess of gladioli for breakfast.

"Up to date, Governor Ritchie is the only man who's had the courage to come right out in the open, but while a fine, upstandin' man, Albert doesn't seem able to get untracked. He's runnin', an' runnin' hard; but, alas, he's still on the startin' line. Of course, the wets are all behind him, but not quite far enough, 'Lonzo. Not quite far enough."

"What do you think of Garner?" asked Mr. Stubbs. "That Texas man who's Speaker of the House."

"Splendid," declared Uncle Henry. "Perfectly splendid, but I'm afraid people are inclined to figure he'd operate on the principle of Hearst come, Hearst served."

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Song of the Sea

The story of a ship that was saved by a voice—another adventure in the epic of Captain Prideau

By S. B. H. Hurst

HE HAD sung his way across the seven seas, back and forth, many times; but he had never been paid a penny for his singing. He had, with his voice, inspired men to great deeds, to work and to save ships; he had, with that voice, put extra courage into brave men's souls; he had roused their weary, starved, frozen bodies to new heights of effort; all this he had done when his own body ached with toil, when his stomach ached, at times, for food; done this against a stage setting which would have terrified a paid singer—his voice borne across mile-long waves that threatened death to him before he could sing his next note. A chantey man on a sailing ship; on many sailing ships. And his pay was three pounds a month because he was an able seaman.

He was not paid to sing chanteys. He was proud that he could sing; proud when the mate shouted against the gale, when the fore-sheet tugged against all hands like a mad thing and all hands needed the magic of his voice to tame the foresail; proud when the mate shouted: "Give us a song, Jones!"

And proudly Jones responded:

"Oh, don't ye see that black cloud arising over yonder?"

Then all hands in the chorus:

"Away, haul away! Haul away, Joe!"

And so on through that stern one-pull chantey, when a crew in unison could gain a few feet on the sheet.

There were no steam winches on clipper ships in those days. It was bitter cold when the Kenyon, a fine barque, made the English Channel, bound home. Bitter cold when, at daylight—about eight in the morning—the lookout hailed old Captain Prideau:

"Land ho, sir!"

And the old man responded:

"Where away?"

"A point on the port bow, sir!"

"All right," shouted the captain.

Then he turned to the mate, standing at his side on the poop, and said with pardonable pride:

"A nice landfall, mister!"

"Very fine, sir," rejoined the mate.

For the Kenyon had not sighted land for one hundred and seventy days.

SLOWLY the bleak, snow-bound coast of Cornwall lifted above the horizon. If it had been night the Lizard lights—the most romantic lights in all the world—would have been visible. Two bright, white lights, visible nigh to thirty miles. But it was day. A gray, snow-and-wind-promising day, as yet with only a four-knot breeze, and the outward-bound ships were coming down-Channel with the same beam wind that was taking the Kenyon up.

"A clear sky, mister," said the captain. "If the sun—what there is of it—goes down clear it means a head wind. You know the old rhyme:

"If the sun goes down behind a bank
A westering wind you'll have on your flank!
If the sun goes down as clear as a bell
An easterly wind as sure as hell."

"Yes, sir," said the mate. "And Falmouth is no nice place to try to beat into!"

"Not as you might say," grinned the old man.

"We may get in before . . . but how can we? We're heading east a half north . . . not a degree better can we do. . . . And we have to head due north to get around into Falmouth harbor," said the mate.

"Give the men some grog . . . tell the steward," said Prideau as he went below. "And extra hash for dinner. We are in for some weather. I have been here before. Born on the Scilly Islands—off there where Lizard light is . . . and for fifty years I have come home this way. Grog ho! I believe in it—upon decent occasion!"

IT WAS eight bells, four in the afternoon, and the watch coming on deck asked questions:

"How does it look?"

"Almost a flat calm, with all hell coming—look at them greasy clouds, like an upset pan, dead ahead!"

"Head wind, eh. . . . No moon. . . . Dark as the inside of the Earl of Hell's riding boots!"

"And cold, bloody cold as charity."

"Well, we got a decent ship, and a decent skipper. Me guts is still tingling from that South Hamerican whisky they calls Pisco. My, wot a bleeding kick it 'as!"

"Old Man's awl right, but we're in for mucky weather. Oh, hell, but there won't be no work 'cept necessary work. All hands standing by, an' the watch on deck trying to sleep standing up!"

"Where are you trying to get to?" he shouted to the man at the wheel

In this wise the Kenyon changed watches. It was dark, and the side lights were hung out. Gray, dead dark of a cold winter in the first dogwatch. Dark before five o'clock.

And no wind. The milling tides and currents of all the thousands of years of history that baffled and wrecked the dragon ships of cursing Vikings, that wrung the souls of the trading and mining Phœnicians—these had the Kenyon at their careless mercies, for the wind had dropped to a flat calm, and she did not have steerage way.

Then it began to snow. And the gallant Lizard lights, which have welcomed home more sailors than all the rest of the world's lights, could be seen no longer.

"We'll hang on to all the sails as long as we can," Captain Prideau told the mate. "If we should get a slant we'd have to drive her to get in. Lord, it can't be more than twenty-five miles, and here are we hung up—waiting for a blow I can smell coming dead from the east'ard. After one hundred and seventy days out of sight of land—Lloyd's will have posted us *overdue!*—then to slip into this mess, right in sight of the land. Lord, I can almost smell the dinner Mrs. Prideau is cooking on Tresco—did I mention I was born there—one of the Scilly Islands? . . . Of course. Yes, a hard coast for any ship. There is an old saying, you know, that for every man who dies a natural death there, every Scilly man, that is, the sea takes nine. Lord, for a slant of wind to take us into Falmouth. Then I'd leave you there in charge, mister, while I slip down the coast and visit the missis. I haven't seen her in two years."

THE old Kenyon rolled slightly in an uneasy way, as if she knew bad weather was coming and dreaded it.

Prideau walked across the poop, muttering to himself. Then he turned abruptly and shouted to the mate:

"Mister, it's no use hoping for luck—I can smell weather! Get her shortened down to the upper topsails, reef the foresail and take the mainsail off her. All hands. And give the men another drink!"

"Aye, aye, sir! . . . Clew the royals up!" the mate's voice lifted in the quiet. The men responded with the alacrity of sailors when land is near. They went to work gleefully, muttering commendation of the captain.

"Good sense, getting the rags off her afore the wind comes."

"It's coming out ahead, too!"

The royals and topgallant sails were clewed up—the Kenyon carried single topgallant sails—and the men went aloft to furl them. Prideau, watching, saw the leaches of the upper topsails shaking violently in the wind, then the lower topsails and mainsail became almost aback.

"Where are you trying to get to?" he shouted to the man at the wheel.

"Wheel is hard up, sir," answered the man. "Wind suddenly shifted ahead!"

"Damn!" exclaimed Prideau with the fervency of a man who seldom swore.

He went aft to the compass. The Kenyon was heading due south, sailing as close to the wind as possible. An east wind, good for neither man nor beast, right in the teeth of the old barque, blowing directly from the direction she wished to go.

The mate ran aft, cursing. "You damned Jonah!" he shouted at the man at the wheel, voicing that ancient and monotonous superstition, so thoroughly believed in by old sailors, that whenever the wind heads a ship the man at the

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wheel, who is responsible, is a Jonah!

Prideau, that old philosopher, laughed.

"Never mind, mister," he told the mate. "We have all been Jonahs in our time. Hurry and get the mainsail off her."

THE wind began to whine and the snow, which had been falling with the gentleness of snow in a picture, began to drift along the rising wind with a hissing as it drifted.

"Hurry the men along, mister," shouted Prideau. "It's coming!" It did come! Not with tropical suddenness but with a growling, steady, determined, crushing force. It came out of the northeast, down from the Pole through Greenland, to shift, as always, when it hit the Channel to the deadly east—to tie up shipping, to ravage the coast, to cast ships ashore, and to grip the throats of the homeward-bounders, and hurl them away from the homes they sought.

And it talked as it came—not the unintelligible gibberish of the typhoon of the China Seas, not the ravings of the cyclone of India, but a talking men of the sea believed they understood: a hoarsely laughing, raging voice of a drunken god of the old days—the cruel laughter of a Thor or Woden gloating his way to a killing. As Captain Prideau reminded the mate: "The old wind gods, with troops of the souls of dead sailors riding down the wind. . . . Yelling like something that music chap Wagner wrote about."

They took the upper topsails off her, and she rode, close hauled, heading south, away from where she wished to go. And the sea rose with the wind. Cape Ushant was dead ahead, but a long way, as miles go.

"We'll wear ship before the sea gets up, and while we have room," said Prideau. "Must watch out for ships. With this wind the homeward-bounders will drift together like a school of fish with the outward-bounders, a fair wind back of them, coming through like harpoons! Wear ship, mister, and head north. It won't be much of a job if we do it now!"

IT wasn't so much of a job for smart sailors, considered solely from the standpoint of seamanship, but it was an uncomfortable business from the standpoint of *sight*. The snow was so thick that they could hardly see the length of their own ship. To lend more weight of man-power to the Kenyon, Captain Prideau himself took the archaic foghorn on the poop, and the weird wail of it did its best to warn other ships. Through the snow, like discarnate spirits, the voices of these other ships were blown bleakly along the wind. It was nerve-racking work for them all.

They got her about, and she headed about due north, on the starboard tack. Captain Prideau, thinking about those ancient tides and currents, began to wonder where he was. The night passed in this wise, and the gray and icy morning saw little better visibility. There was nothing in sight, but the sounds of ships feeling their way made a chorus of danger.

"Keep the lead going, mister," Prideau told the mate.

This was no swift-sounding machine. It was an old deep-sea lead, with a long lead line, and it required many men to heave it—one to cast it from the bow, with a "Watch there! Watch!" another in the main chains with more line, another aft, and so on. And they got twenty-five fathoms, with the signs of a sandy bottom clinging to the tallow on the lead when it came up again—a method of finding the depth of water so old that history did not begin until long after it was invented.

"That sand don't help much," growled Prideau. "It's like that from the Lizard up to the Goodwins!"

Illustrated by Courtney Allen

The men responded with the alacrity of sailors when land is near

He turned away, leaning on the rail watching interminable snowflakes. How many billions of flakes? A hard life. Why not quit it? Settle down ashore, as he had promised the missis. He saw in fancy winter sunlight on old brick walls, warming to the heart. But here—was there any sunlight in all the world? A nasty leering in the voice of the wind. Late afternoon. Darkness and cold and wind due east.

"Keep all hands handy," he told the mate. "I know something of the tides and currents around here, but not enough. My father, my grandfather, and his daddy, and his, and so on back, knew them. And we've been heading about due home—by that I mean the Scilly Islands—for hours. I don't intend to go about unless I have to. What's the use of heading for the French coast—taking chances there? No—let her go as she lays, and keep handy!"

"Well, sir, we can't make Falmouth," answered the mate. "If we could get in some place, and wait there, safe, until the wind shifts and comes fair—it would be fine!"

"I think so, too," answered Prideau.

The sea had risen—that sharp, choppy, dangerous sea of the English Channel. Every few seconds a wave hit the barque on the weather bow and broke in thunder on her deck. A livid green deluge.

The snow clung to spars and rigging, until the Kenyon, as the night closed down upon her, looked like a ghost ship trying to beat her way out of hell.

That night went down in marine history as one of the worst the wind-swept Channel ever knew. Wrecks lay broken along both shores, from Dungeness to Cornwall, not to mention the Goodwin Sands; from Cape Gris Nez to Ushant—and the cries and groans of dying sailors went upward to an unresponsive heaven. A bitter cold wind.

TOWARD eight bells, eight o'clock, Prideau began to worry. His innate, inherited sense hinted at where he was, told him of his vessel's danger, while, as yet, no aid to navigation said a word. He had all hands handy, most of them trying futilely to keep a lookout—trying to pierce with freezing eyes the blankly moving wall of snow. And he was most liberal with the grog.

"I can smell the land," he muttered anxiously. "Can't some of you young men see anything? No use looking for lights."

The wind howled a mocking answer. The old barque shivered. She tried to work her way as her rudder asked her to, under two lower topsails—for they had furled the foresail at dusk.

"Can't see a thing, sir!" answered the young men.

"I can smell the land," said the captain again. "And the wind ain't blowing straight from it, either."

"Had we better wear ship, sir?" asked the mate anxiously.

"And be like a blind man trying to walk through a wall, mister," answered the captain. "We can't wear her now—and if we could, how much better off would we be, bucking across Channel again in this hell of wind and snow, like trying to cross a street crowded with men and carriages with your eyes shut? No, we can't wear. But—get a hawser aft from the forecastle head. Unshackle the cable from the port anchor. Hitch the hawser to that anchor—and lead the other end of the hawser aft here through the hawse pipe and get it around the main-deck capstan. You have no doubt read of 'club-hauling' in the steamship book?"

The mate gasped.

"I never saw it done, sir!"

"Neither did I, in fifty years at sea. Which is why I am still alive, maybe—and you too! But it has been done, as a last resort, by worse sailors than us! And it's our last resort now. We can't wear, can we? We can't put the ship about by ordinary means, can we? We're close to the land, and that land is rocks and a dead-lee shore! This snow and wind, and the tides and currents making a fool of my navigation! I hope we may get clear, but it don't look like it—so we may have to club-haul, like I said, as a last resort. That being so, get ready for the job, mister!"

"Aye, aye, sir," answered the perturbed mate.

He took all hands and the carpenter. They unshackled the chain cable off the port anchor and bent the heaviest hawser they had in its place. Then they led that hawser aft along the outside of the Kenyon, and inboard through the quarter hawse pipe, and so, to the capstan on the main deck.

The sailors said little as they worked in the cold, with the seas washing over them, but they more than realized their danger and they dreaded this need of club-hauling as they individually might have dreaded a major operation to be performed with a blunt pocket knife and without an anesthetic.

(Continued on page 53)

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The Swing's the Thing

Once more the chronic golf addicts—all of us—are fussing and fidgeting. Just another ancient spring custom, and Doctor Rice has been called in again to prescribe the remedy—a little white pill attended to with careful thought and concentration

By Grantland Rice

Illustrated by Carl Mueller

THE annual spring class in slicing, hooking, topping, shanking, flubbing, lurching and looking-up will now gather at the first tee. They are looking forward to a summer of out-of-bounds, poking around in the rough for lost golf balls, heel prints in the sand, swamps, ponds and thickets as they peer with longing at the smooth, emerald fairways and the carpet-like greens.

This class comprises about ninety per cent of all who play golf. Many of these have been playing golf for twenty years and have yet to break 100. Many others have never broken 90, and the par of the average course is around 72. Others have gotten stuck in the 80's, and have stayed stuck there for ten or fifteen years with almost no improvement to show in spite of all the deep thought, worry and nerve-wrecking hours they have spent on the old game year after year.

Why do most of them miss so many shots? Why can't they improve and find a game they can depend on? A short while ago Bobby Jones was playing in a four-ball match with a duffer who was having a terrible day, ranging anywhere from 8's to 10's. "How long have you been playing golf?" his partner finally asked.

"Twelve years," the duffer said.

"I can't believe that," his partner answered. "No one could get that bad in twelve years." And that is about the way any number of golf games appear.

What is the spring class of two or three millions going to do about it? What steps are they going to take for at least some improvement?

I still believe no general improvement can be made until the average golfer completely changes his mental attitude toward the game. Golf is not a game demanding speed, strength, unusual stamina or agility. It calls for more relaxed effort than any other game, and yet it gets less. As Alex Morrison once said, you can hand a man a walking stick or a broom and he will hold it casually. Hand him a golf club and his grip, wrist and forearm immediately stiffen.

The mechanical execution of a pretty good golf swing, not a great one, isn't hard to learn. You can prove this by observing the practice swings of those who look like good golfers until they address the ball. Then their swings change completely from a smooth, flowing motion to a combination of a jerk and a lunge.

For another example, most of the leading stars and best instructors will tell you that, from the physical side, it is necessary to start the club back smoothly with the left hand and left arm, to let the left side pivot or turn through the back-swing, and to cock the wrists before the down-swing starts. That isn't hard to remember and it requires no great athletic skill or any ability as a contortionist to master these fundamentals. In fact, it is quite easy for anyone, for a child of ten or a veteran of sixty or seventy. Yet ninety per cent of all who play rarely carry out any of these fundamentals. Why? I can give you several reasons.

A five-stage study in perfect-swing form. Wrists are cocked at top of back-swing and remain so until just before impact

Why Shots Go Wrong

1. As they address the ball they are thinking largely of where it will land.
2. They are thinking in terms of the down-swing, not the back-swing.
3. They see bunkers to the right and woods to the left, and the idea of steering the ball is immediately the main thought.
4. With most of these players effect gets all their attention, not cause.
5. Their grip tightens, their wrists, shoulders and bodies stiffen.
6. Their entire mental attitude is one of tenseness, leaving no chance for flexibility and freedom of mind or body.

Now what can be done about it? A good deal, if the average golfer will only remove himself from the attitude of the bird charmed by a snake.

This isn't as simple as it seems. It can happen to the best. Bobby Jones in his last round of the British Open at Hoylake had the championship apparently packed away. He hit two fine shots to within thirty yards of the green at one of the final holes. Here was a good chance for a birdie 4 or a sure 5. But he chipped short, then chipped past the cup, ran his approach putt eighteen inches from the cup—and then missed the putt with a ghastly 7 exploding in his face. In the grind and strain of the long battle against a big field his amazing concentration had slipped for just a moment or two and his margin was wiped away. He had taken five strokes to get down from just off the green, without going into a trap.

I have seen any number of crack professionals and star amateurs lose their entire concentration at critical moments in attempts to steer the ball. Yet I believe it is possible to lay out a course of study and concentration for the average player to take up that will lower his score beyond any question.

1. He should begin by making a studied effort toward relaxation as he comes to the first tee. He can do this in one or two practice swings, gripping the club lightly and swinging smoothly.
2. He then should make up his mind not to hit a shot until he has concentrated upon the idea of swinging smoothly, without hurrying. He can't take this for granted. He must focus this idea in his mind.
3. The next step in concentration is to see that he starts this smooth swing with his left hand in control, letting his left side turn freely.
4. The final point in the back-swing is to be sure the left wrist is cocked at the top of the swing.

Stay Back of Your Stroke

Summing up, the golfer must think more in terms of his back-swing than his down-swing. While the big idea is to hit the ball, one must first get in position to accomplish this act. The vast majority of golfers think only of the down-swing—the hitting sector—and in thinking ahead of the stroke they are never in position to swing or hit from the top.

In this connection I recall a certain incident that will demonstrate the principle involved. Two golfers, playing with a well-known professional, both missed their tee shots on the eighth hole. Both had taken the club back too quickly and had hurried the down-swing. The professional called their attention to the fault. They thanked him. The pro then turned to me with this remark—"Watch—they'll forget it by the next tee."

They did. They missed three more tee shots. "Now wait a minute," the pro finally said. "I told you what the trouble was four holes back. Just swing smoothly this time." From that point on, neither had any trouble.

It should be borne in mind that no golf swing is automatic. It must be directed by certain necessary but simple mental operations that in no way call for any master mind.

There will be little improvement in the average player's golf until he gives more attention to mental control. Practice does no good unless it is backed up by concentration on the fundamentals.

Above all, there should be greater flexibility, less tension, greater smoothness and less conscious effort. You'll find it surprising how far one can hit a ball with a simple, easy swing.

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The Unguarded Queen

By Arthur Train

The Story Thus Far:

BROUGHT up in this country after the death of her parents, Helen Stevens, the American tennis champion, visits Illyria at the invitation of her grandfather, King Stephan Stephanovitch. Helen's father, the Crown Prince Dushan, had renounced his right to the throne to marry her mother, an American. King Stephan, because of failing health, plans to abdicate in her favor. He does this in order to keep the scoundrel Milan, present Crown Prince, and son of his second wife, from coming to the throne.

John Brent, who was diplomatic attaché in Illyria, is now representing the Consolidated Petroleum Corporation of New York, hoping to secure the leases to the Tokar oil field. He arrives in Zeta on the day of Helen's public betrothal to Prince Marko, a distant cousin. Brent had met Helen on the boat to Italy and had fallen in love with her.

Brent hunts up Sloat, another "C. P. C." official, and discovers that he has been quietly financing a revolution to make Marko king, so that Marko, in payment, will let the oil field go for almost nothing.

The next day all Illyria is in a turmoil. The King is dying. Milan, Marko and General Michael Kosovo—working for Helen—are all trying to establish their right to the throne. Kosovo must fight against terrible odds because the King's ukase of abdication in Helen's favor has been stolen. Italy is helping Milan.

Brent, helping Kosovo, is inevitably drawn into the intrigues. He decides to move from his hotel. As he prepares to leave, Sloat comes stumbling toward him gibbering. Brent runs down the corridor to find Prince Marko lying dead on the floor in Sloat's room.

IX

THE hilt of a dagger protruding from the throat gave the body the appearance of being pinned to the floor. Half nauseated, Brent leaned back against the jamb of the door. It was one thing to see hundreds of men dead, upon the battlefield—quite another to find a corpse grinning at you from the floor of the bedroom of a hotel where you had gone to get some shirts and collars.

A single electric light had been turned on beside the door; otherwise the room was in darkness. A panama hat, evidently Sloat's, lay bottom side up a few inches from the threshold. Brent tiptoed gingerly around the slowly widening vermilion pool and turned the handle of the door leading into the apartment of the Marchesa Garadesca-Bellini. It was locked. Then he tried the one leading into his own room. It opened easily. Stepping quickly inside, he turned on the light. It was exactly as he had left it.

Once more he stepped around the corpse and out into the corridor. Sloat was still standing at the other end near the landing, with one hand supporting himself against the wall and with the other wiping his face with a handkerchief. Brent walked toward him, trying as he did so the handle of the marchesa's outside door. It, too, was locked. As he reached the landing he heard footsteps coming up the stairs and found himself confronted by Drintyre and a squad of soldiers.

"We thought you might need a little help," said the major. "Night life in Zeta isn't always healthy. What's struck your friend Sloat?"

"Look for yourself," answered Brent.

ALTHOUGH Drintyre attempted to appear calm, his ordinarily ruddy color paled at the bloody tableau.

"Poor devil," he muttered. "A nasty way to die. Score up one for Uncle Milan." Then, turning to the corporal in command, he ordered: "Arrest that man and bring him here."

With a soldier supporting him on either side, Sloat was dragged into Brent's room and lowered into a chair.

"Oh, my God!" he whimpered helplessly. "Oh, my God!"

Drintyre went downstairs to the office and directed that all guests leave the hotel at once.

A thorough search of the oil man's apartment disclosed in the bottom of the wardrobe a steel casket, or dispatch box, secured by a complicated lock to which Sloat, who appeared dazed, readily furnished the key.

"No one can be of much help here except the undertaker," said Drintyre. "Better collect your underclothes, Colonel. Sergeant, take this man to the guardhouse and lock him up."

"Oh my God!" sobbed Sloat for the last time, as he was led away.

Brent packed his valise and together he and Drintyre returned to the War Office. The steel dispatch box was crammed with papers, the one on top proving to be a copy of the cablegram Brent had sent that morning. There were packages of receipts for money, together with a typewritten document in a sealed envelope, under the terms of which Prince Marko Stephanovitch, in return for one million dinars, agreed to convey all rights to certain oil fields lying near the city of Tokar to a corporation thereafter to be formed with a capital of 100,000 shares of no par value, of which Ezra Sloat was to receive 51,000 and Prince Marko was to retain 49,000 shares.

"The general will be interested to see this," said Drintyre. "He never could understand what that fellow was up to. Lucky for Sloat we found this thing. It's a pretty good alibi. He certainly wouldn't have wanted to kill any goose that was going to lay such a golden egg for him. However, we'll let him cool his heels for a few days in the lockup until we can see how things are going to break."

"If you don't mind, old man," said Brent, "I think I'll call it a day. I've got to send another cable and—I'm awfully sleepy.

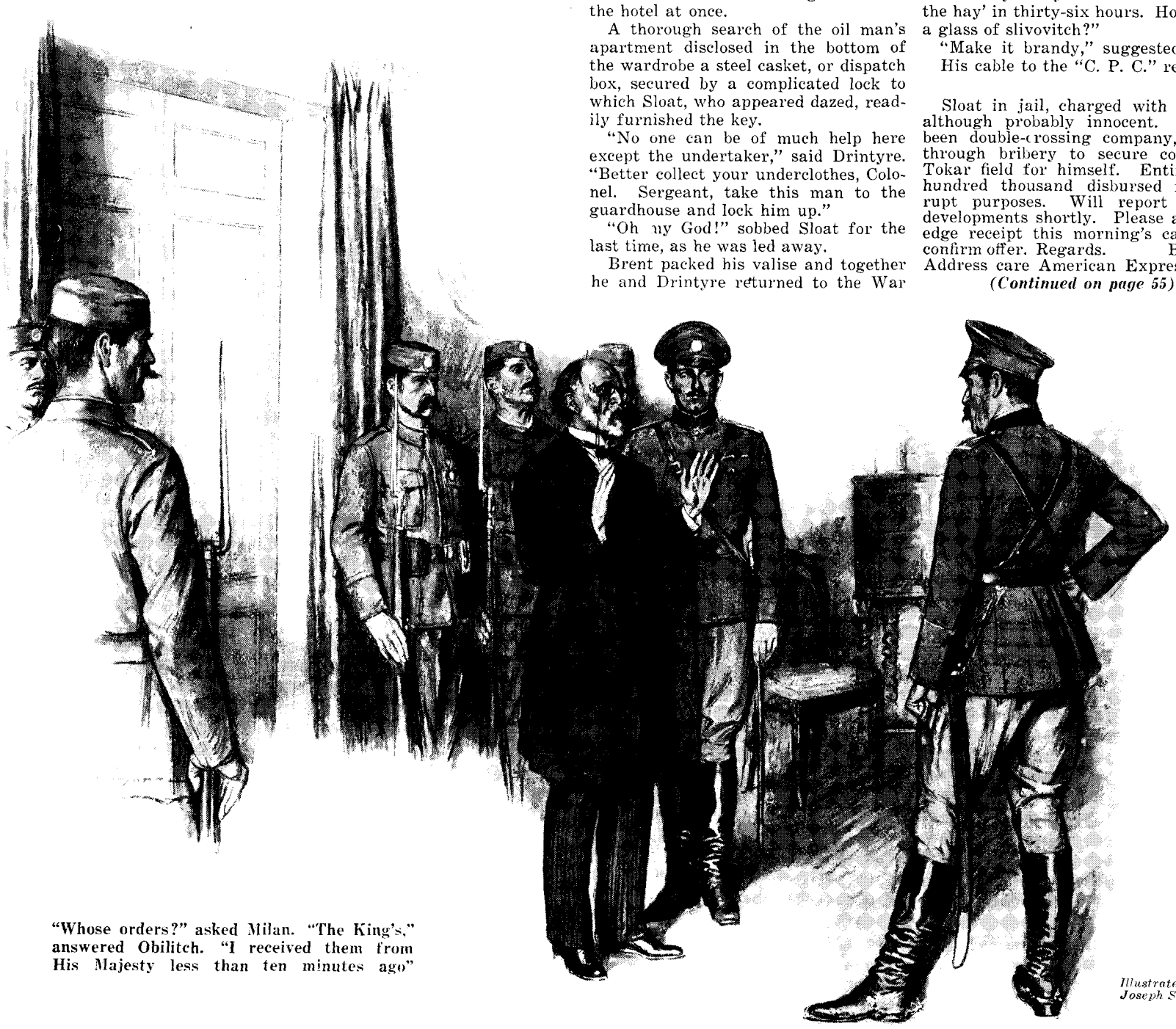
"I'll bet you're not half as sleepy as I am," retorted Drintyre. "I haven't—how do you say it in American?—'hit the hay' in thirty-six hours. How about a glass of slivovitch?"

"Make it brandy," suggested Brent.

His cable to the "C. P. C." read:

Sloat in jail, charged with murder, although probably innocent. He has been double-crossing company, hoping through bribery to secure concession Tokar field for himself. Entire three hundred thousand disbursed for corrupt purposes. Will report further developments shortly. Please acknowledge receipt this morning's cable and confirm offer. Regards. BRENT.
Address care American Express, Zeta.

(Continued on page 55)



"Whose orders?" asked Milan. "The King's," answered Obilitch. "I received them from His Majesty less than ten minutes ago"

Illustrated by Joseph Simont

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Ben Eastman, Stanford's sensational runner, who, experts predict, will be one of the great stars of the coming Olympics

Wide World

In Ben Eastman's high school a diploma was not awarded until the student had qualified in physical education. So, grudgingly, Ben took up track. Then the fun began —and the rest of his history to date reads like a Frank Merriwell yarn

NO TRACK athlete since Paavo Nurmi of Finland reached his prime has produced such sensational records in a single season as Benjamin Bangs Eastman of Leland Stanford Junior University. This long-legged, tow-headed youngster, who will not celebrate his twenty-first birthday until July 9, 1932, did what no other Western trackman has ever accomplished when he captured the half-mile in the annual Intercollegiate American Amateur Athletic Association championships. The brilliant achievement came after a series of hard heats at both the quarter- and half-mile distances and on top of a heartbreaking 440-yard final which he ran within a fifth of a second of the world's record.

A few weeks before this he had been officially clocked in 47⅖ seconds for the quarter around a two-turn track, which equaled the record established by Ted Meredith 'way back in 1916. He made this mark and others almost as phenomenal with the greatest of ease and proved himself to be in a class by himself as a middle-distance runner.

Ben Eastman today ranks as number one man on the American Olympic Prospective team, yet before his singular '31 season he was unknown off the Stanford campus, and only a few of his freshmen team-mates, including his older brother Sam, considered him a world-beater and even they would not have dared to predict that during his sophomore year he would win international athletic recognition.

Ben didn't look the part and he doesn't yet. Standing 6 feet 1½ inches and weighing 153 pounds, he seems to be all legs and arms. Off a track he is painfully shy and so awkward that he is continually falling all over himself. He wears glasses even when running and has more the appearance of a student who loves solitude than the sophisticated son of a wealthy father.

Track would never have known Ben Eastman if physical education had not been a requirement for graduation at Burlingame High School, in San Mateo County, California. Ben and his brother Sam had been dodging compulsory exercise with extraordinary success. Their hobby had been camping in the high Sierras. The long hikes and an abundance of sunshine and fresh air had given them strong, lithe bodies, and they were quite sure that they did not need any prescribed daily dozen to make them healthier than they already were. But they did want their diplomas, and in the last half of their senior year they grudgingly surrendered. It was then they found out that track work might be substituted, and so they took a chance.

Refreshingly Amateur

To their own surprise and the high school coaches' amazement they both discovered that they had a natural gift for running. Ben was the better of the two and forgot himself so far as to win the Peninsula Athletic League 440-yard championship as well as the North Coast Section of the California state meet. In the California Interscholastic championships, however, he could do no better than eighth and his fastest time of the year was 52 seconds.

Since there are probably five hundred boys entering college each fall who can run a quarter-mile that fast, ambitious alumni did not pester him with invitations to attend their respective institutions. In fact, Ben and Sam were not "rushed" at all in the familiar sense of the term, and though both had now acquired a taste for track, they were not expecting to get anything out of the game. Their attitude has not since changed, and after all the sordid commercialism which seems to be continually creeping into college competition, their genuine love of athletics for its sake alone and their strict adherence to the amateur code is delightfully refreshing.

Their attitude is undoubtedly a reflection of the splendid spirit of their father, Sam P. Eastman, president of the Atlas Diesel Engine Company and the Southern Pacific Golden Gate Ferries Corporation of San Francisco, an ardent California alumnus and follower of athletics who has never attempted to dictate to his sons, but has allowed them to feel that they were on their own. So when Ben and Sam chose Stanford, their father congratulated them on their independence.

The real reason Ben wanted to attend Stanford University was to come under the coaching influence of Robert L. (Dink) Templeton, one of the most remarkable personalities in American track athletics. The Templeton name is a tradition at Stanford. Dink and his older brother "Ric" during their undergraduate days were known as "come-through" athletes. Their fighting spirit communicated itself to their team-mates and to all Stanford men.

Upon graduation Dink Templeton consented to become track coach (the youngest at any major university in the country), and with little ready material at hand he started right out to develop winning teams for Stanford. California, the ancient and traditional rival, has never beaten a Templeton-coached squad, while the Trojans of Southern California have only managed to get about an even break.

Creator of Champions

Dink Templeton has not only produced great dual-meet teams but has captured the Eastern Intercollegiate championship three times and has developed several world champions during his comparatively short coaching career, including Glenn (Tiny) Hartranft, Eric Krenz, Harlow Rothert, and Bobby Jones, weightmen; Bob King, 1928 Olympic high-jump champion; Bob Harlow, javelin thrower; Ross Nichols and Swede Liestner, hurdlers; Bud Spencer, Johnny Morrison and Ted Miller, quarter-milers, and Dick Hyland and Hector Dyer, sprinters. All of these athletes have been sensations in Intercollegiate or Olympic competition.

A coach of this type is naturally an optimist who believes that "his boys" can do the impossible. However, when Templeton told me in the middle of the '31 season that he had clocked a young hopeful named Ben Eastman in 47⅗ seconds in the 440 yards and 1 minute 52⅖ seconds in the half-mile, on the same afternoon, I was convinced that Dink's optimism for once had taken him too far. Then when I saw Eastman run the first time I was more convinced than ever that Templeton was overrating his latest protégé.

Eastman faced a fast little boy from the Los Angeles Athletic Club on this occasion—Riley Williamson, coached by Boyd Comstock, who is himself a remarkable trainer. Williamson, following instructions, attempted to race Eastman "into the ground" in the first 300 yards and almost succeeded. The time was 49 seconds, which is good but not sensational.

In the annual Southern California-Stanford meet Ben ran a competitive half-mile for the first time in his life

(Continued on page 49)

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This snapshot from the shadow side shows why everyone likes pictures made on Verichrome. Verichrome sees into the shadows. Gets the detail in both sunlight and shade at snapshot speeds. In sun or shade, on dull days or bright, you will get clear, crisp pictures when you use Kodak VERICHROME Film.

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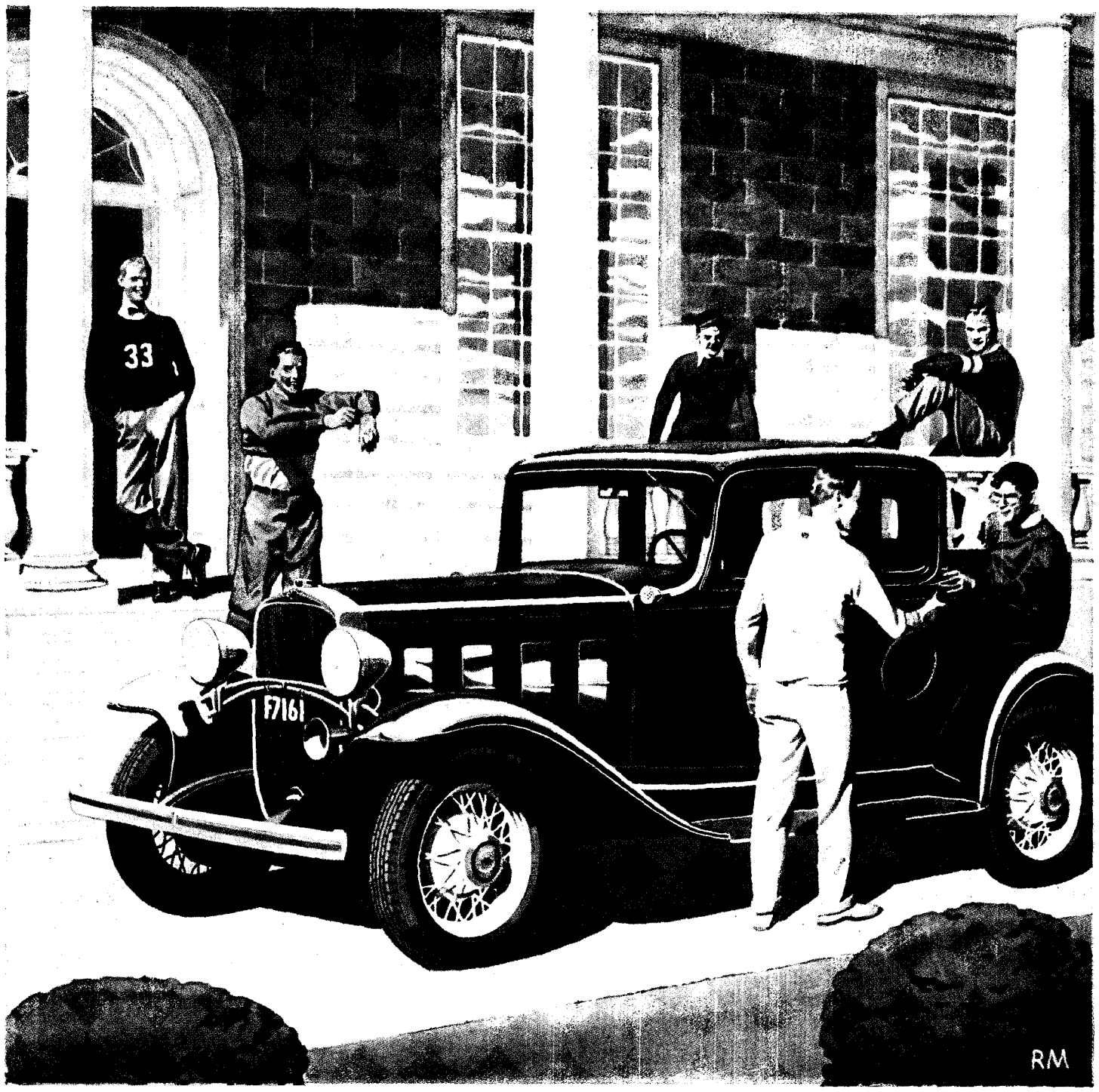

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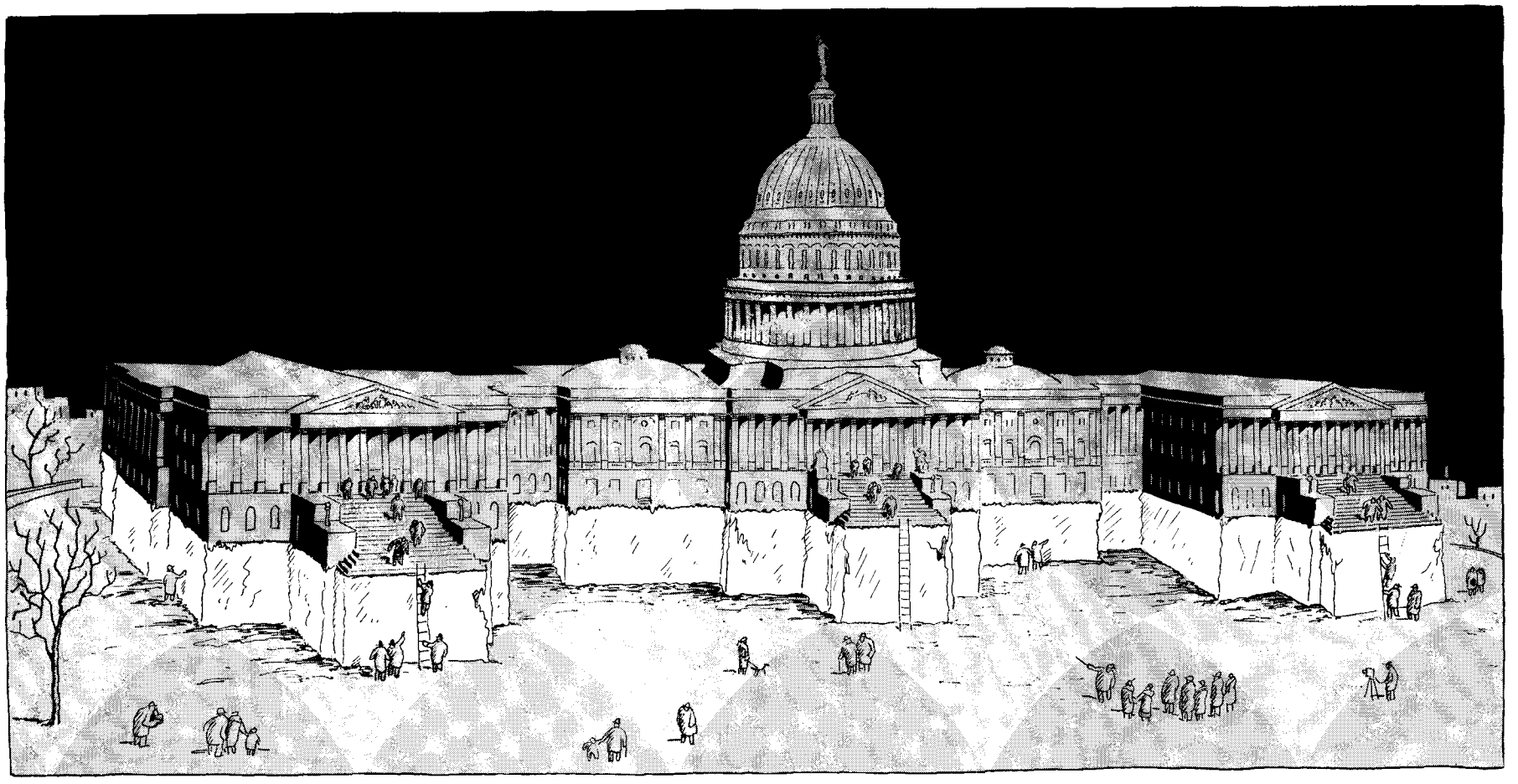


The expansive force of freezing water would lift the Capitol

Water, Water, Nearly Everywhere

And that's extremely fortunate for all of us. For, if you weigh 150 pounds, 113 of them are water and you are losing this moisture constantly, night and day. If it's not replaced you're simply out of luck. Water, you'll agree, is pretty important. But only in the deserts is it really appreciated. Here Mr. Courtney gives you the story together with the expert testimony of Dr. Shantz, President of the University of Arizona, about water. He's for it

By W. B. Courtney

ONE day last summer the entire populations of a handful of Spanish villages trekked into Madrid, with their children and worldly goods piled high in bullock carts, and threw themselves upon the charity of the government. They had abandoned their homes, they explained, because a prolonged drought made further life in them impossible. In our own country there are pathetic areas—one, notably, in the eastern part of the state of Washington—where the desert has crept back into town streets, perhaps because a river changed its course a little, perhaps because an age-old spring went dry. Attentive readers of American history are aware that California might by now have grown out of political and social short pants but for the barrier of waterless deserts which retarded her development at least two decades. More pioneers through the Far West were killed by thirst than by Indians.

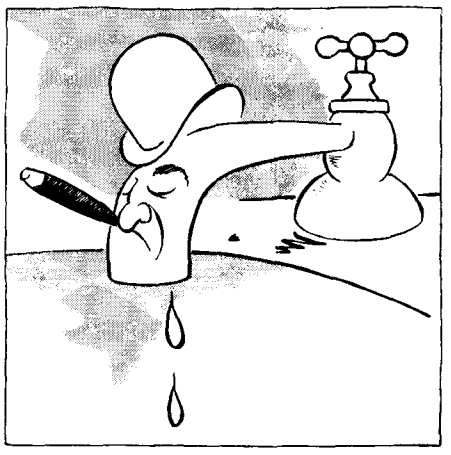
Albert L. Fall, ex-senator from New Mexico, is infamous in the public mind because of oil; comparatively few people know it was water that first set his feet on the road to the penitentiary. Throughout New Mexico, where most of the inhabitants are of Mexican blood, a man who owns land with a water hole is called a "Don"—a man of importance. It was customary for every Don to permit less fortunate neighbors to use his water hole, which might be the only one within hundreds of square miles in that arid land. Fall, sole dispenser of Federal patronage in the state, won the support of the Dons by making this one's son a secretary in Washington, that one's daughter a postmistress at home. Thereafter, if all the poor neighbors didn't "vote right," their cattle—and themselves for that matter—could die of thirst!

The recent drought years, affecting whole continents, have directed widespread notice to such isolated dramas and influences, and to the powers of water both for good and for evil. Water is the thing most familiar to us from infancy, but we have always taken it for granted. By dint of last summer's propaganda, with restrictions on hose-cocks and closed swimming pools, we have learned to appreciate water for what it is: one of the most important factors in life on earth.

What Water Means to You

In search of a story about water, I went to Tucson, the most beautiful desert city that has been built in the world since the great days of Egypt. Arizona, more than any other state, owes all that she is or ever will be to water; and the president of her university, Dr. Homer L. Shantz, is exceedingly well qualified to tell you what water is, where it comes from, and what it means to you and your wife and little Frieda and the pet Airedale.

Doctor Shantz was brought up in Colorado and went to college in Nebraska, on the borderland of acute water problems. As an expert in the Bureau of Plant Industry in Washington he studied many phases of water from American deserts to African. We



A leaking faucet can do as much as a crooked politician to keep your taxes high

sat in his office on a midsummer day. Outdoors the sun was blazing in the Arizona sky, cloudless, as usual; up north, under that sort of scorching, every garden thing would wilt. But here, on what Lorado Taft, the eminent American sculptor, has called the loveliest college campus in the United States, the luxurious plantings of mountain and desert flora, of evergreens and palms, seemed thriving and fresh. Under our window two students were digging a pipe trench. They were naked, save for khaki shorts, and their backs glistened like buttered toast. They had been there all day, the doctor told me. Up north they would have been victims of sunstroke. What made these differences? What made the sun deadly in one place, tonic in another? "Water!" smiled Dr. Shantz.

A Prime Necessity of Life

"You can't draw a single breath without water," he went on, "nor digest a bite of food. Only by dissolving in water is either air or food able to enter our internal organs to sustain our lives. If the food supplies of the world were suddenly cut off today, a month hence most of us would still be staggering around, thinner, perhaps, but not too uncomfortable. And we'd most likely be able eventually to find in the laboratories of chemists some sort of substitute for our normal food. If the water supply of the world were to end next Monday, by the following Saturday afternoon there wouldn't be a living soul on the face of the earth. There is no substitute for water.

"What is water? Well, among other things, it is the greatest sculptor ever known. It has rounded off the hills, etched the mountain peaks, cleft the valleys and flattened the plains. The Grand Canyon of Arizona, Mount Everest and the gorge of the Yangtze are only three among thousands of the monuments it has set up. Like all genuine artists, it is never satisfied with its work. It is always tearing down, rebuilding. It washes away, through the Mississippi River, six billion cubic feet of solid matter every year. It rubs ten feet from the rocky lip of Niagara each

(Continued on page 40)

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Dread and Taxes

And how Michigan's dry Senator Vandenberg satisfies the wets

By Clinton W. Gilbert

Harry Haenigsen

Congress is panic-stricken over the necessity of raising more money

CONGRESS, as I write this, is hysterical over the question of levying taxes to meet the huge national deficit. And it will continue to be so as the tax bill makes its slow way through the House and the Senate. It will take the latter body several weeks to prepare its tax bill, which may differ from the House bill, and several weeks more to debate it before it comes to a vote. And during those weeks Congress will make the most craven exhibition of itself in its whole history.

Members of both Houses will wake up in cold sweats with the nightmares they will have over what their constituents will do to them, when they come up for reëlection in November, for laying heavier taxes upon the country. The House at this moment is in such a panic as I have never seen. So far as I can remember, Congress has not had to increase taxes, except in war-time when anything may be done in the interest of the general defense. For the past dozen years the pleasant duty of Congress has been to reduce taxes.

Before the war the citizens of this country hardly knew that they paid anything for the support of the Federal government, which lived like some fantastic air plant, drawing sustenance from no one knew where. So Congress is now like the man who has abused his health with impunity for years and is suddenly condemned by his physician to face a capital operation.

The panic in Congress is nominally over the sales tax, which is the form of money-raising that the House Ways and Means Committee, after long deliberation, decided to recommend. But really it is not the sales tax which affrights Congress; it is any tax which the voters have to pay. And as no tax has been devised which does not come out of the voters' pockets, Congress was bound to be scared out of its wits no matter what tax was proposed.

It is objected that a large part of the burden of the sales tax will fall upon that part of the community that is least able to pay. And this is true. But the only alternative to a general sales tax seriously proposed was a limited sales tax, applying to automobiles, radios, musical instruments, phonographs, electric light and power, gas, gasoline, a tax on telegrams, telephone and radio messages, tobacco, admissions to theaters, together with a stamp tax on checks and an increase of fifty per cent in the postage rates on letters. So this tax was bound to hit every one in the country in one way or another.

This plan would have taken the same amount of money from the public and would have scared Congress just as much as a general sales tax would. Besides, its incidence upon certain industries would have been so heavy as to be practically ruinous to them. The House Ways and Means Committee started out opposed to a general sales tax and only turned to it reluctantly when it found that the special taxes proposed would be ruinous and because it was convinced that Congress would reject some of them, as for example the automobile tax.

There are only four courses open to Congress: the general sales tax, the special sales taxes just mentioned, most of them sales taxes at a much higher rate than the 2.25 per cent proposed in the general sales tax; and two others, taxing estates of decedents at a rate undreamed of in this country, together with enormous increases in the income-tax rates, or muddling along without balancing the budget and trusting to borrowing.

The taxing of wealth, as it is called, is probably carried as far in the House bill as it is practical to carry it. Income taxes in that bill are raised pretty nearly to war levels. The reason for the Federal deficit is in the decline in individual and corporate income. So not much additional revenue is to be had from this source. A bill to raise $700,000,000 or so annually out of the estates of decedents would be rejected by the conservative sentiment of both parties and would shock a country accustomed to regard the right to private property from one generation to another as fundamental.

As for borrowing instead of taxing, the leaders of both parties are committed to the principle of balancing the budget as a necessary first step to restoring prosperity. Anyway, borrowing on such a scale as would be necessary is preposterous. The government will have to borrow four billion dollars or more in any event. Further borrowing would exhaust the capital available for business, weaken the credit of the government and delay business recovery.

So the next two or three months will try the temper of the country as no other similar period in its history. In the tax bill the country faces realities for the first time since the depression began. The fears and passions that it arouses will promote radicalism and inflationism in the West. We may see a new Populist party when the campaign line-up takes place this summer. Alfalfa Bill Murray is already in the field.

Masterful Hair-Splitting

Senator Vandenberg has a letter which he sends to all inquirers as to his views on prohibition reform; and he receives many, for his state, Michigan, has gone wet overnight. Three or four Republican members of Congress who are still dry are growing thin and pale with worry over the communications they are getting from the organized wets, who are among the most influential persons in their districts. Senator Vandenberg is a dry. His letter is a masterpiece. He was not an editor for nothing. He can divide a hair "'twixt south and southwest side" with the best of them. I wish I could quote it in full but space is not available. It shows exactly how a senator may be dry and at the same time still perfectly satisfactory to the wets. The letter shows that a Senate or House that is dry may resubmit the Eighteenth Amendment to the country just as well as one that is wet. He begins:

"I am a strict Constitutionalist. I believe that *all* of the Constitution is binding upon *all* citizens. This includes, of course, the Eighteenth Amendment. I favor strict law enforcement under it. I shall continue to vote for all necessary appropriations to this end. I am opposed to nullification in any form. Therefore I shall vote against nullification by any legislative device or otherwise. I am opposed to state nullification of the Eighteenth Amendment. I am opposed to any so-called 'referendum' on the Eighteenth Amendment by extra-Constitutional means. It arrived by Constitutional process. The only way it can be changed, if ever, is by the same Constitutional process."

That is firm ground, rooted in the Constitution, on which the Michigan senator stands. But "I recognize the right of the so-called wet to proceed under Article Five of the Constitution" follows. Further, "I take the Constitutional position, regardless of my own attitude toward prohibition itself, that when the so-called wets present their substitute for the Eighteenth Amendment they have a right to the submission of their substitute to the states by the methods prescribed in Article Five." The strict Constitutionalist must vote with the so-called wets. But why?

"I take the same position in this regard that was taken by Senator Sheppard, author of the Eighteenth Amendment, when he was pleading for original submission on July 30, 1917, and said: 'The member of Congress who will not vote for the submission of a Constitutional amendment usurps the function of the states and violates the very essence of their sovereignty. . . . Were I opposed on principle to national prohibition, I would vote to submit the amendment to the states in order that the people might exercise one of their fundamental rights.' It would be unwise, inconsistent and unsound to deny the validity of this rule at *any* time, when the problem does not involve the original structure of the government.

"I take the same position that was taken by Bishop Cannon before the Senate Judiciary Committee on April 16, 1914, when he was arguing for the original submission of the Eighteenth Amendment. I take the same position respecting *this method* of resubmission that was taken by Dr. Clarence True Wilson, head of the Methodist Temperance Board, in a published interview on December 3, 1930. I take the same position taken by Judge Kenyon, eminent moralist, in his appendix to the so-called Wickersham Report. Specific quotations, as indicated, will be gladly furnished if desired."

In voting to resubmit the Eighteenth Amendment this strict Constitutionalist stands with Senator Sheppard, Bishop Cannon and Dr. Clarence True Wilson. What more could any dry demand of him than that? The arguments used to justify wet congressmen in submitting the Eighteenth Amendment now serve to justify dry members in submitting a repeal of it.

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Some models are terribly dumb

"WE WERE talking about his beard when he stepped into the room. I'm afraid he overheard us. Anyway an awkward silence followed." This, briefly, was the story told us by a young woman a few days ago. The yarn intrigued us, so we decided to re-enact the scene before the camera and present it to our audience. But it was a really harrowing experience. Just try and get a good photograph of an embarrassed silence! So we decided to show you the picture in the making—and here it is. It rather amuses us now—although we certainly went through agonies trying to get the photograph as originally planned.

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*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Spirit of the Black Hawk

Continued from page 9

head. But perseverance had conquered. And on the night of the full moon she became aware of a sort of exaltation.

From the shadowed heights of a lofty bamboo cage whose pliant, curving meshes met immediately above her, she stared down through the eyelets of the headdress upon a scene more strange than any she had witnessed. An hour had elapsed since she had ascended the tapering ladder. The priests had removed this ladder, after draping folds of some dull black material about the cage, behind which she was now hidden.

The round, shaven head of one of these priests appeared from time to time at an opening in the dome of the roof. She could see that he held some instrument of ivory in his hand, which he directed at short intervals toward the moon, as if to gauge the lunar transit. Slightly drawing aside the black canopy, Nardova watched, spellbound.

THROUGH a perfumed haze arising from aromatic gums whose spiral smoke ascended from glowing braziers, the dancer could just distinguish a densely packed mass of devotees, crouching in somber garments. Bordering the silent throng like a hem of blue, she saw the robes of the priests. Forming a semicircular line, they faced the huge cage.

A low chanting began, led by the priests—the same that she had heard in the desert. Louder it grew, louder and more deep-throated. Mingling with it now was the sound of the *a'ood*, and an insistent, modulated throb.

Suddenly, the low voice of Hamid reached her quite distinctly.

"The Call is coming, lady! Have no fear. Remember at the right moment to cut the thongs." (She carried a sharp knife in her hidden right hand.) "Hamid hurries to the cedar tree and will be waiting. Have no fear. . . ."

The weird chanting died away. The *a'oods* grew silent. Only the drums throbbed dimly. A loud bird-call, resembling the note of a hornbill greatly amplified, sounded eerily. Nardova grasped the line down which she had to drop.

The multitude was deathly silent.

One loud note of a gong reverberated in booming echoes from wall to wall of the ancient building. Unseen hands whipped away the dark covering. And a knife-edged shaft of moonlight shot down upon her from above.

Every head was bowed to the temple floor . . . upon which Nardova dropped lightly, still enclosed by the wide meshes of the cage. Gleaming teeth and flashing eyes flecked the dense, black mass, like combers on a moonlit sea. A figure wearing a white robe, on the breast of which appeared the Black Hawk emblem, occupied a raised dais in the midst of the throng. A drawn hood obscured his features.

Nardova fluttered silky wings and executed a pirouette. A subdued wail of reed instruments declared itself. The drums awoke in muted throbbing. . . .

That wild, caressing music intruded just the professional element required to attune the dancer to her task. A lifetime of training came to her aid. This packed temple was no more than a crowded "house"; the exaltation of the true artist lifted her above common earth. Nardova would dance . . . as only Nardova *could* dance.

Her agile body swaying, her little, hidden feet flickering in the intricate measures of that pantomime which told of the birth, life and death of the sacred hawk, the breathing of her singular audience came to her as a sustained sigh above the reeds and the drums. She held them slaves, helpless slaves, spellbound by her art. She was excelling herself. She sang softly, as she danced—her own music, written for her by a famous Frenchman, "The Dance of the Black Hawk." It was, as many had said, inspiration; beauty bordering on tears.

As the end of the tragic story drew near, the music grew slower—slower; the drum throbs died away.

Nardova beat her ruffled wings against the bars and sank, a quivering mass of feathers, to the floor. . . .

The heavy breathing of that concourse was like the murmur of an incoming tide. Then, led by the priests, came the chant which was Nardova's final cue— "Release the Spirit." It was taken up until it boomed, awesome, from wall to wall of the building.

A clear stone path bisected the packed mass of humanity. It led to the temple doors. Four priests advanced and threw the great cage open. The cymbaline note of the gong split the silence, as Nardova threw off her headpiece and cut the fastenings which attached the hawk dress. . . .

A white, slender body sprang lightly from a mound of feathers—the ivory body of a goddess if ever men had beheld one. Those champagne curls, dear to two continents, were now ebony black. Their blackness accentuated the delicacy of that peerless skin. Nardova, dusky-locked, but fair as a hashish houri, sped, a living flame, along the stone aisle. A cry like a groan greeted her passing. Men looked—and groveled. No man touched her.

Later, many days later—she recalled meeting the gaze of piercing eyes looking out from the shadow of a white cowl. Their fixed regard stirred memories. . . .

And, when the hillmen gather, high up in the Symien Mountains, inside those protecting stockades which enclose the rude grass and mud huts, the tale is told of how the White Spirit of the Black Hawk appeared to mortal eyes when the moon was at its full—the teller little knowing that he speaks of a nearly flawless performance by the greatest *ballerina* in Europe!

BUT one night, shortly after an Australian court had awarded damages and costs to Wardson's, Osman Mirghâni, smoking an after-dinner cigarette, stood on the balcony of his Cairo villa. He smiled meditatively, looking across a moonlit prospect in the direction of those distant mountains of Ethiopia.

Through the open windows, overhung with purple flowers, a woman came out and joined him.

Under the moon, her hair shone like silver, although really it was delicately golden. She wore a pale green frock which exposed her perfect shoulders, and with sensitive, artistic fingers she was caressing a string of wonderful pearls which encircled her neck.

Osman Mirghâni turned his dark head and looked at her. She met his gaze under half-lowered lashes.

"So, after all," he said, "my peace offering is accepted?"

She looked up at him. There were traces of recent tears in her eyes. Then, very slowly, a smile rippled upon her lips.

"It is too cold for you out here," he whispered, and put his arm about her shoulders. "Let us go in. . . ."

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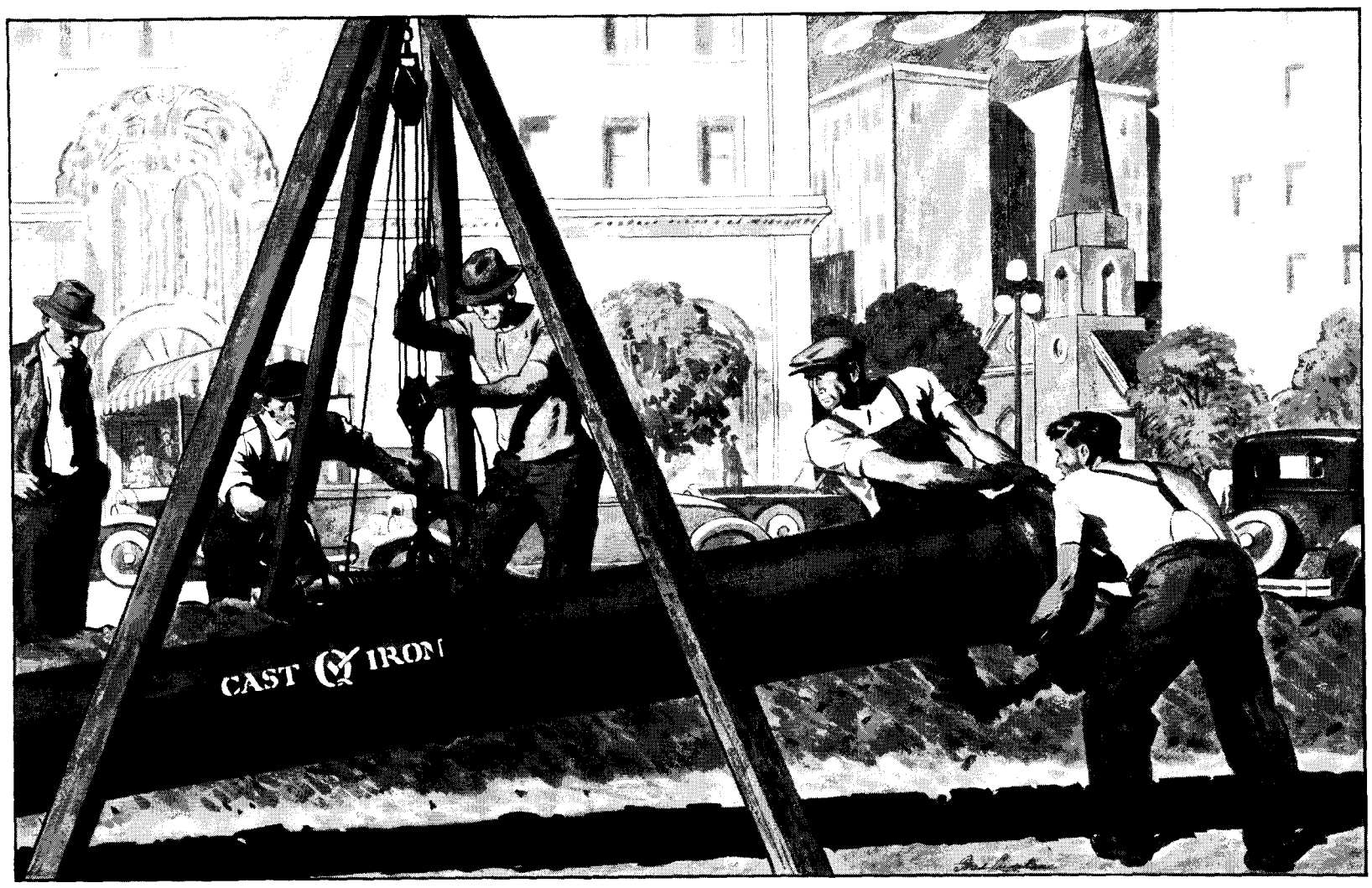
For Lower Taxes lay Mains NOW



Your city can now install needed CAST IRON mains at LESS COST than two years ago..

Larger water mains are needed in many crowded, apartment-house sections that were private-dwelling neighborhoods a generation ago. Mains that were of ample carrying capacity at that time are now inadequate. Your city can make part of your tax dollar go further by installing larger size mains now. For, according to the American Water Works Association,* water works improvements can now be made at substantial savings over what they would have cost two years ago.

Necessary water works improvements cannot be put off for long. Public health and fire protection require an adequate water supply. Your city should replace inadequate mains now while costs of material and labor are abnormally depressed—and while labor is in desperate need of employment. Apart from humanitarian considerations, to take advantage of temporary low costs for necessary permanent construction is a sound program for lowering taxes.

Cast iron pipe plays an important part in water supply and distribution. Engineers regard it as the most enduring and economical pipe practicable for underground mains. In America's oldest cities the *original* cast iron mains are still in service, in some instances after a century or more of constant use. Cast iron pipe's long life has saved the public millions of dollars in taxes, assessments or rates.

The reason for the long life of cast iron pipe is its effective resistance to rust. Cast iron pipe is the one ferrous metal for water and gas mains, and for sewer construction, that will not disintegrate from rust. This characteristic makes cast iron pipe the most practicable for underground mains since rust will not destroy it.

Taxpayers, city officials and engineers are invited to write us for further information regarding cast iron pipe for water, gas and sewer mains. Address The Cast Iron Pipe Research Association, Thomas F. Wolfe, Research Engineer, 122 So. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

*Based on announcement made in December issue of the "Journal of the American Water Works Association."

Look for the "Q-check" symbol as shown above. It is the registered trademark of The Cast Iron Pipe Research Association.

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CAST IRON PIPE

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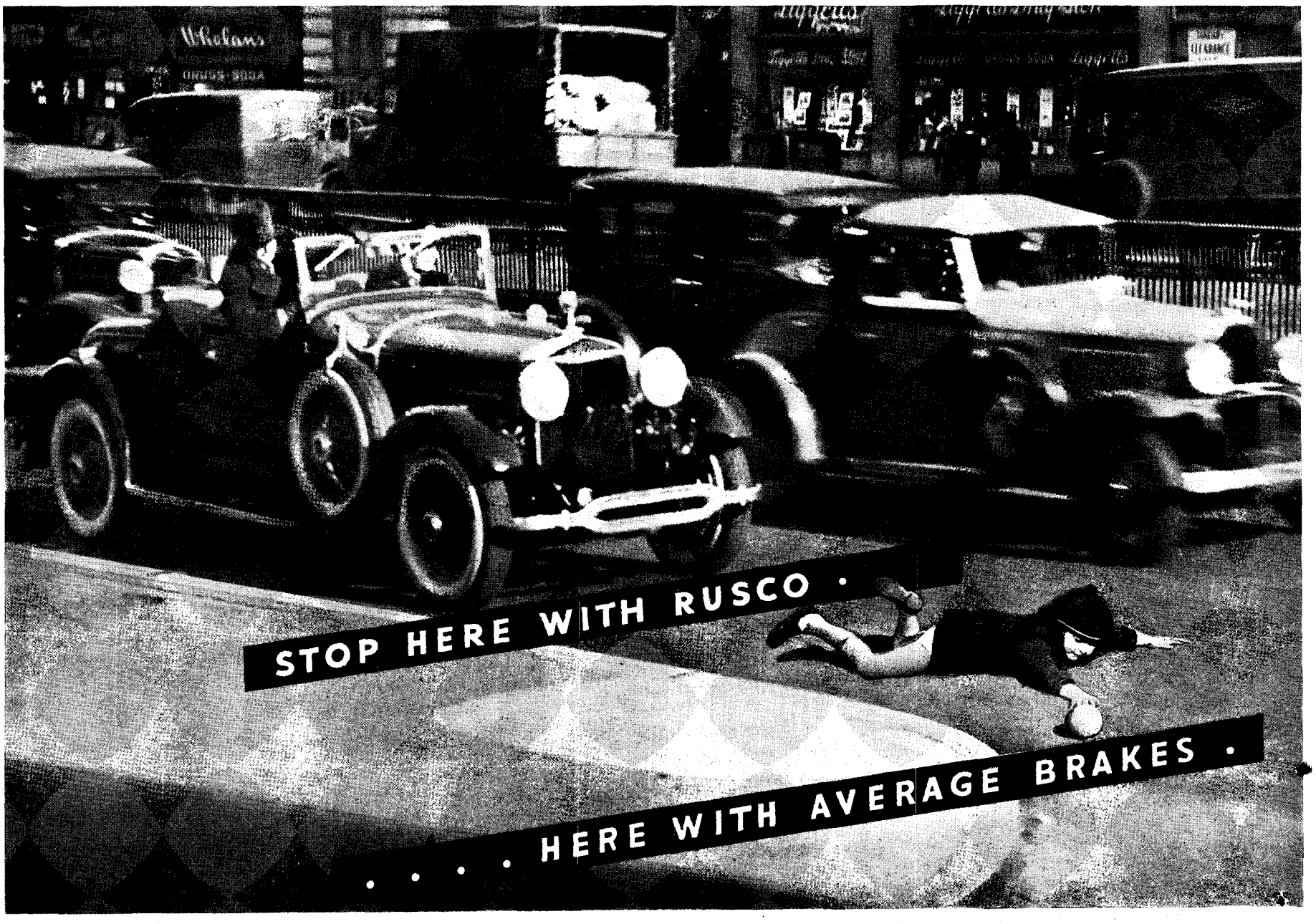
NOW *reline with Rusco and*

YOU needn't be afraid of not stopping in time when your brakes are equipped with Rusco Brake Linings. Actual tests on numerous cars show that Rusco Brake Lining Service makes possible over 9 feet quicker stopping than you are now getting (when driving at a speed of 20 miles an hour or faster).

Think how much this quicker stopping increases your safety. You can make emergency stops in traffic—stops that would often mean a broken headlight or a crumpled fender—without even touching the car ahead. Where you would usually "scrape paint," Rusco allows a safety margin of seven, eight, nine or more feet.

Rusco provides smoother stopping as well as quicker stopping—and with 50% less pedal pressure than most linings. No need to put all your weight on the brake pedal. A 90 pound woman can stop a heavy limousine as easily and quickly as can a 200 pound man.

Regardless of what you drive, there is a Rusco Lining designed especially for it. Rusco Durak for Cadillac, Chrysler and Lincoln; Rusco woven for external passenger car brakes; Rusco-Ace (woven) for heavy duty external brakes; and Rusco Brake Blocks for busses and trucks. Consult a local Rusco Brake Service Station today on the correct lining for your car.



A darting figure... a scream... and a terror-stricken child lies helpless in the street. Suppose you were at the wheel—at which line could you stop?...

Emergencies give no warning. Every day you may face one. Every day you need the 9 feet quicker stopping Rusco Brake Lining Service provides.

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get 9 FEET quicker stopping

● *Rusco Brake Service Men Are Experts* ●

Your brakes are one of the most complicated pieces of mechanism on your car. Highly technical knowledge is required to adjust and re-line them correctly. For this reason, Rusco Brake Service Stations are carefully selected. Their mechanics are specially trained men who use the most modern mechanical equipment to test, adjust and re-line your brakes with scientific precision.

You can depend on what the Rusco Brake Service Station man tells you. If he recommends new lining, and does not give you at least 9 feet quicker stopping with Rusco than you are now getting (at a speed of 20 miles or more an hour)—you needn't pay him a cent.

The Russell Manufacturing Co., Middletown, Conn. (In Canada, St. Johns, P. Q.) Branches at New York, Chicago, Detroit, Atlanta, Dallas, San Francisco and Los Angeles.

"My brakes don't need new lining" they said . . . yet Rusco gave over 9 feet quicker stopping

"Re-line my brakes?" exclaimed the twelve New Rochelle car owners who were invited by the J. Fred Franz Service Station to participate in a Rusco Brake Service clinic. "They don't need it."

Most car owners would think the same. Bear in mind that the cars tested were not old. They were cars in decidedly better-than-average mechanical condition. Average speedometer readings were only about 15,000 miles.

In each case the brakes had been re-lined or adjusted within the previous 6 months.

Yet actual tests show that after these cars were equipped with Rusco Brake Linings, they could be stopped well over 9 feet quicker.

Here is the complete record for the twelve cars tested. All tests made with Friedli Decelerometer—used by numerous police departments—and which automatically records stopping distances in terms of "over 50 ft."—"over 37 ft."—"less than 37 ft."—"less than 24 ft."—and "less than 18 ft." Stopping distances on the basis of a speed of 20 miles an hour.

	With Previous Brake Lining	*After Re-lining with Rusco*
Car 1	Over 50 feet	Less than 18 feet
Car 2	" 37 "	" " 18 "
Car 3	" 37 "	" " 24 "
Car 4	" 50 "	" " 24 "
Car 5	" 37 "	" " 18 "
Car 6	" 37 "	" " 24 "
Car 7	" 50 "	" " 18 "
Car 8	" 50 "	" " 18 "
Car 9	" 37 "	" " 24 "
Car 10	" 50 "	" " 18 "
Car 11	" 37 "	" " 24 "
Car 12	" 37 "	" " 18 "

These men think of brakes in terms of 1/1000 of an inch

A difference of 1/1000 of an inch in a brake adjustment may not seem like much—but Mr. J. Fred Franz of New Rochelle, N. Y., and his staff of brake experts know it may mean the difference between safety and an accident.

Expert workmanship—prompt service—and fair rates are outstanding characteristics of the 40,000 Rusco Brake Service stations located throughout the United States and Canada. Look for the Rusco sign.

Guaranteed brake lining recommendations

Car	*Year*	*Lining*
Auburn	1929, '30, '31	Rusco Durak
Buick	1929	Rusco Ace
Buick	1930, '31	Rusco Ben-Lock
Cadillac	1929, '30, '31	Rusco Durak
Chevrolet	1929	Int. F. Rusco Kontak / Ext. R. Rusco
Chevrolet	1930, '31	Rusco Kontak
Chrysler	1929, '30, '31	Rusco Durak
De Soto	1929, '30, '31	Rusco Durak
Dodge	1929, '30, '31	Rusco Durak
Ford	1929, '30, '31	Rusco Special
Franklin	1929, '30, '31	Rusco Durak
Graham	1929, '30, '31	Rusco Durak
Hudson-Essex	1929, '30, '31	Rusco Durak
Hupmobile	1929, '30, '31	Rusco Kontak
LaSalle	1929, '30, '31	Rusco Durak
Lincoln	1929, '30, '31	Rusco Durak
Marmon	1929, '30, '31	Rusco Durak
Nash	1929	Int. F. Rusco Durak / Ext. R. Rusco Ace
Nash	1930, '31	Rusco Durak
Oakland-Pontiac	'29, '30, '31	Rusco Kontak
Oldsmobile	1929	Int. F. Rusco Durak / Ext. R. Rusco
Oldsmobile	1930, '31	Rusco Durak
Overland	1929, '30	Int. F. Rusco Durak / Ext. R. Rusco
Overland	1931	Rusco Durak
Packard	1929, '30, '31	Rusco Durak
Plymouth	1929, '30, '31	Rusco Durak
Reo	1929, '30, '31	Rusco Durak
Studebaker	1929, '30, '31	Rusco Durak

Rusco Durak (molded) is manufactured in many frictional qualities, according to service requirements.

● Captain Walter Kirchoff, in charge of the New Rochelle Traffic Division and Police Commissioner Edward J. Cordial witnessing a test. The Friedli brake tester shows that after relining, this 4,400 pound coupe was stopped in less than 18 feet (from a speed of 20 miles an hour).

● "The police are doing their utmost," says Captain Kirchoff, "to reduce motor car accidents. Every car owner can cooperate in the safety campaign by making sure his brakes are in good condition."

STOP STOP

RUSCO *brake service*

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MOTORISTS WISE

SIMONIZ

3 YEARS OLD *But it still* LOOKS NEW

You can't expect your car to stay beautiful long unless you Simoniz it. Look at any dulled, old looking car and you'll see what damage weather and dirt do. But Simoniz keeps destructive elements away so they can't harm the beauty.

Anyone who has used Simoniz will tell you there's nothing like it. It's hard and durable . . . made to stand constant wear and tear. It guards the finish in all weather, makes it last longer and keeps the colors from fading. You can depend on it to keep your car looking new for years.

If your car is dulled and discolored, by all means Simoniz it right away and prevent further damage. Simonizing will make it sparkle like new again. And its brilliant lustre will last month after month.

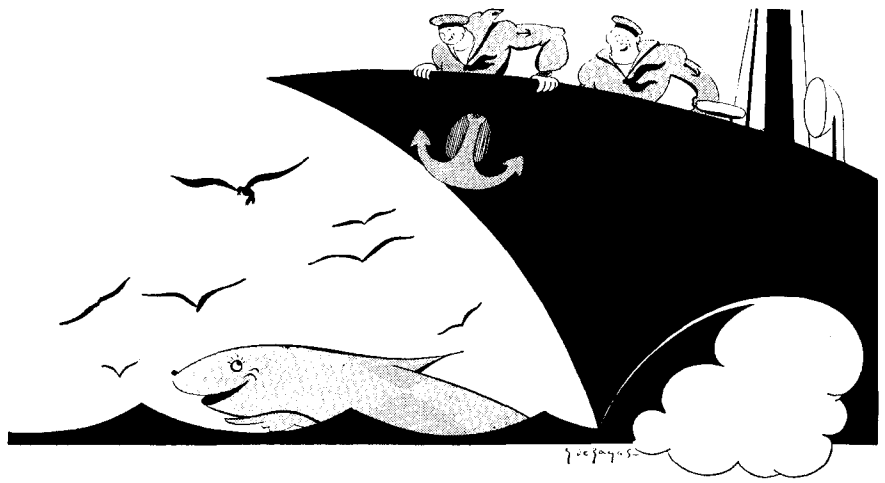
Be sure to insist on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener. Your hardware, auto accessory store or garage has them.

EASIER · QUICKER AND SAFE

• *Quickly and thoroughly removes all dullness and grime.*

• *Gives sparkling, matchless lustre and lasting protection against all injurious elements.*

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY, CHICAGO, U. S. A.



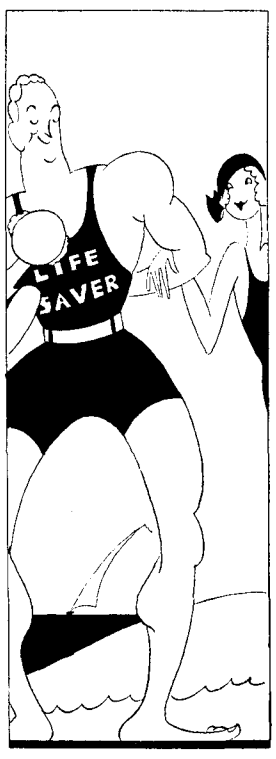
Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Probably the only individual fish in history which was protected from harm by a national law was famous "Pilot Jack," a large porpoise that for years met and accompanied all ships coming into the harbor of Wellington, New Zealand.—*By T. S. Andrews, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.*

More than 125,000 horses are slaughtered for food—under Federal meat inspection—in the United States each year. Although much of this meat is exported, American menageries and zoos consume an appreciable part of it.—*By James Connell, Ramsey, New Jersey.*

Of the 70 or more countries which border on a sea, only 15 have national life-saving services. And only four of the 15—the United States, Belgium, Denmark and Turkey—own and operate their organizations, the other 11 having given the work to voluntary institutions.



Today there are 150 world's official air records, covering airplanes, seaplanes, balloons, airships and gliders. France holds 79, United States 34, Germany 23, Italy 4, Great Britain 3, Czechoslovakia 3, and Austria, Poland, Spain and Switzerland 1 each.—*By A. P. Rivose, New York City.*

China, where silks were worn when Europe was wearing animal skins, still is greatly retarded in all building activity due to the difficulty of selecting auspicious sites. Much consideration must be given to the influences of the numerous good-luck and bad-luck "lines" running back and forth across the earth.

Ten books on a shelf can be arranged in 3,628,800 different ways—*By J. A. Schuch, East Lansing, Michigan.*

Uruguay today ranks next to Russia in government control of business. It owns and operates railroads, steamship lines, public utilities, banks, insurance companies, hotels, gas stations and even night clubs.—*By G. B. Covington 2d, New York City.*

The Cherokee Indian alphabet, despite its 86 letters, still is today one of the simplest sets of language symbols in existence. Many Cherokee children have learned this complete alphabet in one day.

In Java physical fitness, and not histrionic talent, is the most important asset of an actor. Often the performances consist of dances during which he wears a hot and heavy animal costume. Some of the dances last an hour and a half at a time, and an entire series runs from 6 A. M. to 10 P. M. *for four days in succession.*

The human brain, the seat of consciousness, is itself without sensation. Its tissue is absolutely insensitive to any feeling or pain even when cut or cauterized.

A large part of the entertainment in Asiatic countries today still is furnished by wayside performers — magicians, snake charmers, storytellers, acrobats and men with trained animals and peep boxes—who gather a crowd, give a show and take up a collection.

The pearl divers of the South Seas are not only constantly endangered by moving animals such as sharks, sea snakes and devilfish, but also by still life like the Pahua, a giant clam whose jaws lock like a vise of steel on fingers and toes which happen to touch them. Only amputation saves the victim.

Collier's will pay $1 each for unusual facts accepted for this column. Give precise source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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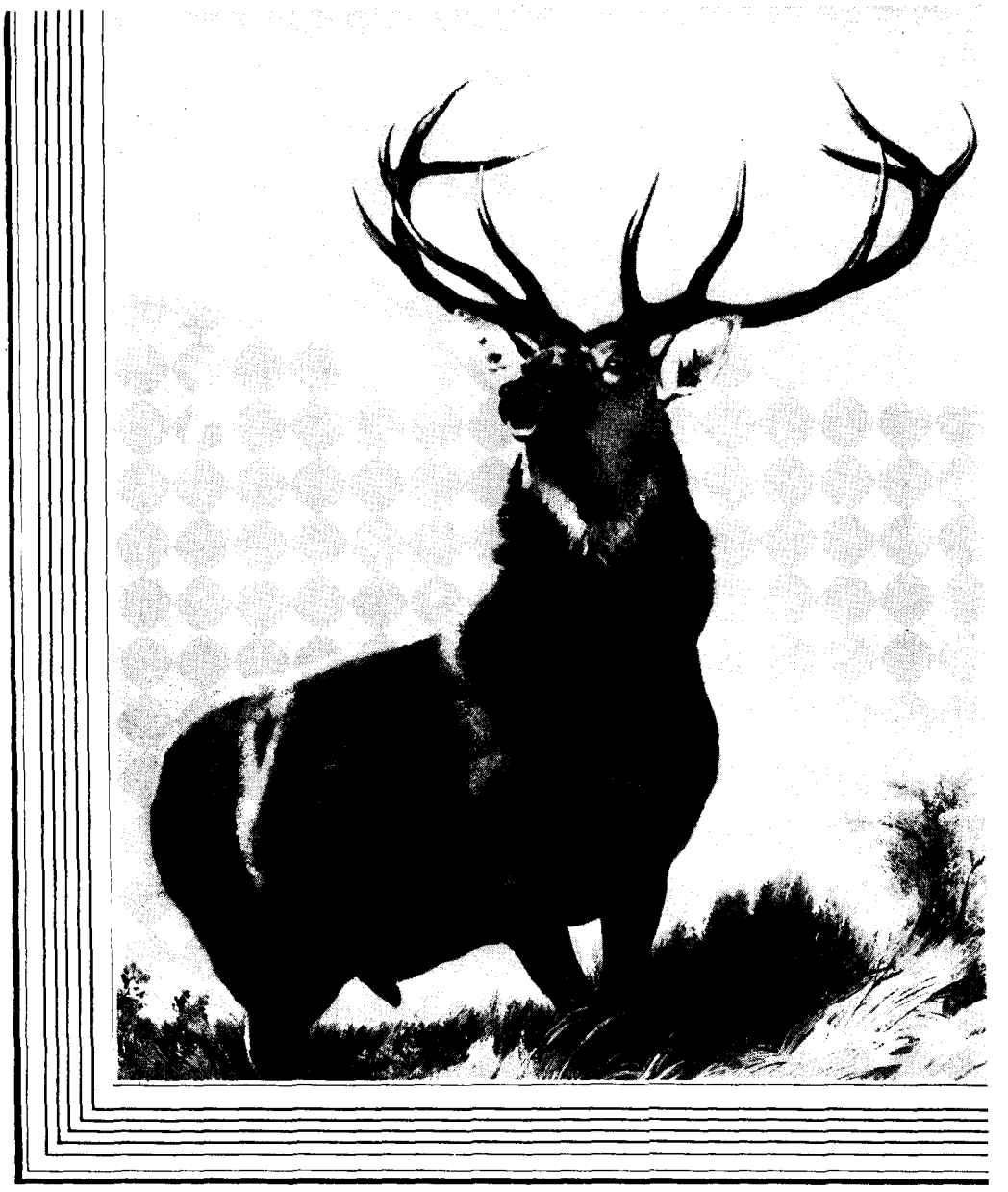
Through FIVE WARS, SEVEN PANICS and all CONFLAGRATIONS



The Hartford has been doing business honestly and successfully for more than one hundred and twenty years. It has passed through seven panics and periods of depression and five wars without having the goodness of its contracts brought into question.

The Hartford has repeatedly met the onslaught of hurricanes in Florida and in St. Louis and in Louisville and in hundreds of other localities and paid out millions to indemnify its policy-holders whose property was destroyed by those storms.

The Hartford has successfully satisfied the often enormous claims resulting from every conflagration that has occurred in the history of the United States, beginning with Augusta, Georgia, in 1829, and continuing through conflagrations at New York in 1835 and later at Portland, St. John's, Chicago, Boston, Baltimore, Jacksonville, Milwaukee, San Francisco, and dozens of other cities of smaller size.

Once in the early days when the extent of its losses in a conflagration were as yet unknown and its directors feared that they might be more than the company could pay, those directors pledged their own private fortunes in advance so that there might be no doubt but that the Hartford would pay, and it did pay and paid in full.

The New York conflagration in 1835 and again in 1845 bankrupted twenty-three out of twenty-six New York companies, **but the Hartford paid.** The Chicago conflagration bankrupted every Chicago company and more than fifty others, including seven Connecticut companies, but the Hartford paid. Its losses in San Francisco were larger than those ever incurred by one insurance company in any conflagration in the world's history, but the Hartford paid and paid in cash. No wonder the Hartford is well known! No wonder people ask for it! It has never failed to make good its contracts. It has kept the faith!

THE HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

AND THE HARTFORD ACCIDENT AND INDEMNITY CO.

WRITE PRACTICALLY EVERY FORM OF INSURANCE EXCEPT LIFE

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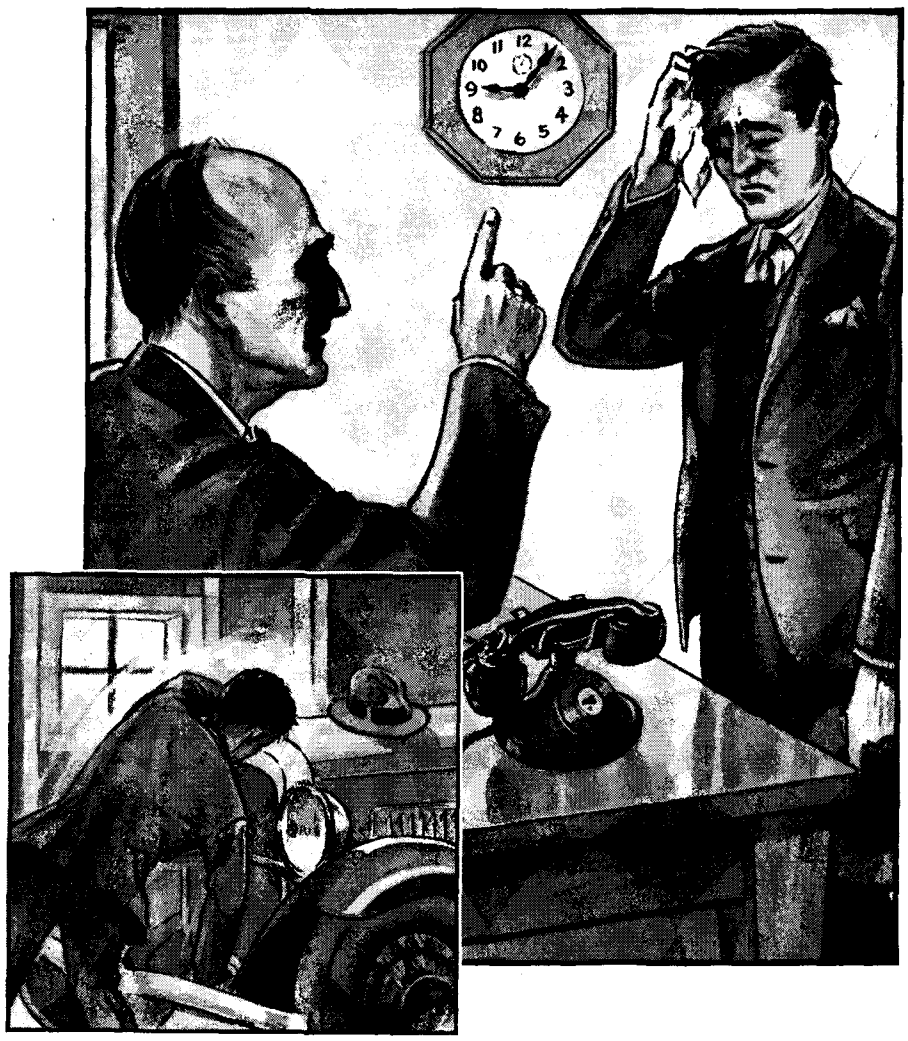


LATE AGAIN!

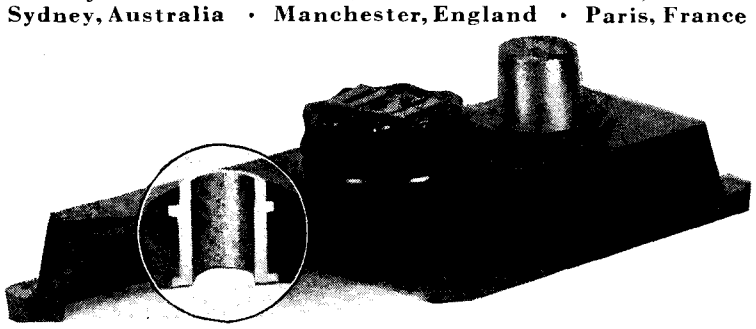
● He couldn't start his car . . . but excuses were not asked for . . . he was late again!

Later in the day a battery service man found that his car would not start because the terminals on the battery had corroded from battery acid seeping up around the terminal posts . . . a most common cause of trouble.

This cannot happen, however, with a USL because its patented cover construction positively eliminates terminal corrosion due to acid seepage around the posts. This is but one of the many reasons why USL Batteries last so long and give such dependable service.

Take advantage of present USL low prices . . . get ready *NOW for carefree battery performance this summer* and save unnecessary expense and trouble. See your nearest USL dealer today.

USL BATTERY CORPORATION · · NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.
Other factories at Oakland, California · Toronto, Canada
Sydney, Australia · Manchester, England · Paris, France



Here is a cutaway section of the lead bushing which is molded into USL Battery covers and to which the terminal posts are lead-welded. This patented USL cover construction positively and permanently prevents terminal corrosion from acid seepage around the terminal posts.

USL BATTERIES
Power to Spare

OTHER USL PRODUCTS—Storage Batteries for bus and truck; farm lighting; motor boat, cruisers and yachts; train lighting and railway signalling; electric locomotives; telephone and telegraph; sound pictures; emergency lighting; power plants; industrial trucks. USL dry batteries for radio, ignition, flashlight and telephone. USL electric arc welders.

Not the same in the Moonlight

Continued from page 15

arriving 10:17. Worked on my boat 10:19 to 11:23. Arrived here 11:47. It's a great stunt. A man gets so he doesn't like to put down any wasted time and so he doesn't waste any."

Bing looked at him curiously and got up. "You'll have to put something down for the time you wait for Sylvia."

"Even that won't be wasted," said Leroy confidently. "Deep breathing and relaxation. Even while I'm talking to you I'm relaxing, see? So you can't call that wasted time."

"You've got things down pretty fine."

"I should have. That's my profession. I'm a Success Engineer."

Bing picked up his straw hat, and made for the steps. A thought struck him, and he turned back. "This boat of yours. What's its name?"

"The Success. It's only a little runabout. Why?"

"I just wondered. In case anything happened."

"Don't worry, Mr. Rawle. Nothing can happen. I look after that boat myself."

BING nodded in an abstracted fashion and got his car out of the garage. He first drove to the yacht basin where an attendant pointed out Leroy's boat. Bing looked at it while the attendant described it and, after some further conversation, he drove to the golf club, where he found Joe Wolcott on the practice tee, driving to a caddy.

Joe looked at him without interest. "It's a fortunate thing," he remarked, "that this driving has given me a chance to work off steam. Otherwise there might be violence."

"Don't talk like that."

"Have you any more ideas to offer? If you have, please go away."

"I just want to get your story of what happened."

The rejected suitor hooked viciously into the woods. "You saw for yourself, didn't you? We ran out of gas according to schedule. After that everything went wrong. I got a bawling out for not having sense enough to check my gas. What could I say? It looked like a dumb trick at that. I then got another bawling out for not having a reserve can. It didn't seem to be the right time to propose just then. So, to be sure I'd have enough time to win her over, I let the air out of one front tire and the spare, while Sylvia took a refreshing nap. Also I threw my tire-repair kit and the pump into the bushes at the side of the road. Some time later a farmer came along and gave us some gas. That woke Sylvia up, and shortly afterwards, when the farmer had gone, I revealed to her the condition of the tires. And what a bawling out I got then!" he finished. "Where did you get that idea?"

"Out of a book."

"It's a pity you ever learned to read."

"Listen, Joe," said Bing earnestly. "Don't give up hope. I think she loves you, and in time everything will be all right."

"You ought to be a fortune-teller. How about the tall blond man that's come into her life?"

"You mean Leroy?"

"Who else? Aren't they going out in his boat?"

"They are. And that reminds me. How about coming to dinner and spending the evening? That'll give you a chance to talk to her when they come back."

"You're sure there's no idea in back of this?" Joe asked suspiciously.

"Certainly not."

"All right. I'll be there."

That night, after dinner, they went out on the lawn and walked up and down, smoking.

"I've fixed things up for you, Joe," Bing began.

"What do you mean by that?"

"I've got everything set for you to redeem yourself. I went down to the yacht basin before I saw you, and I fixed it with an attendant to take enough gas out of Leroy's boat so that he and Sylvia would be stranded on Five Mile Island. They were going to have a cold supper at the farther end of the island. On the way back he'll run out of gas close to shore. In fact, unless I miss my guess, they're stranded already. At half past eleven, you and I go down to the shore, hire or steal a boat, and go out and rescue them. Thus, at one stroke, you reestablish your position, and Leroy is disgraced forever."

Joe was already moving toward his car. "Half past eleven may be too late. I'm going out there now."

Bing followed. "Don't spoil things by being too hasty."

But his protégé was already in the driver's seat. "I'm going."

"I'll go with you." He managed to scramble into the car just as it started.

The yacht basin, when they arrived, was deserted. The moonlight poured down on the water, and on the scattering of boats riding at their moorings.

"Where's this boat?" Joe demanded.

"I thought there'd be somebody down here to rent us one," Bing explained. "There ought to be a watchman or somebody around."

At their feet a small launch rode in the water. They looked at each other, and Joe stooped to cast off the painter.

"Get in if you're going," he said between his teeth. Bing jumped into the launch and looked fearfully around the basin. No one was in sight.

"How much do you know about these things?" he asked as Joe leaped in beside him.

"There's nothing to know about them. It's just like running a car." He started the launch, and a roar burst from the engine as he swung her nose toward the inlet. "I'll run it."

OUTSIDE the basin, a long spit of land ran out on the left. To get to Five Mile Island they would have to round this point, and then run ten miles down the coast.

"I don't see anybody coming after us," said Bing, looking backward. "The place seems deserted."

"Probably belongs to somebody that's up at the club," Joe grunted. He increased the speed and the boat skipped over the water. "We ought to be down there and back in an hour and a half. He'll never miss it."

Some three minutes later, with a dull thud, the bow of their craft rose in the air and shuddered. Astern, the water boiled with the threshing of the propeller. Joe hastily cut the motor.

In the sudden silence the slapping of the waves against the side of the boat mocked them.

"We seem to have run aground," Bing observed.

"Get busy," Joe ordered, "unless you want to stay all night." He took off his shoes and socks and rolled up his trousers. "We'll shove her clear."

For ten minutes, Bing and he coöperated in a desperate attempt to float the launch. At last they climbed back into the boat.

(Continued on page 36)

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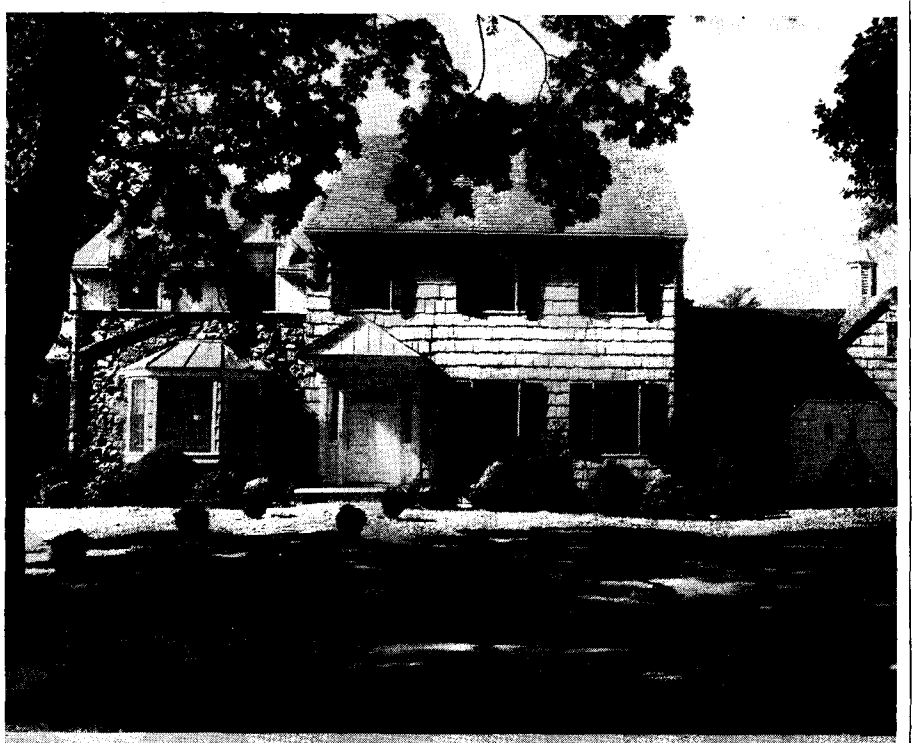

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An Equitable Policy Takes the "If" out of Life

Not the same in the Moonlight

Continued from page 34

"Well, that's that," Joe observed. "Another one of your ideas that went sour."

"Wait a minute, wait a minute; this was no part of my idea."

"You started it, didn't you? Anyhow, what are we going to do now?"

"Considering the lateness of the hour, and the improbability of any boat passing, I should say we're going to spend the night here."

"We might swim ashore."

"And then what? You'll have a three-mile walk back to the club, in your underwear. There's plenty of mosquitoes on that point. After that, you can explain to the owner back there. He's probably waiting for you."

Joe scanned the horizon. "There might be a boat along; you never can tell. What's that down the coast?"

"Nothing probably but your imagination," Bing remarked. He had stretched out again with a fresh cigar. "I refuse to look."

JOE peered intently over the water. "Well, listen, then! Do you hear anything?"

A distinct throbbing came through the moonlight.

"By George! It is a boat."

"He'll help us out," Joe exulted. "We're all set now. He's coming fast."

"Take your shirt off and wave it," Bing suggested from the cushions.

Fifteen minutes later a motorboat hove to, fifty yards away, and a man shouted through a megaphone, "Ahoy!"

"Ahoy!" Joe answered. "Can you pull us off?"

"Can't come in that close. Swim over and I'll take you in."

"We'll have to swim over," Joe explained to Bing.

"So I heard," said Bing wearily. He began to strip to shirt and trousers, as Joe did likewise. "All set?"

"All set."

"Here goes, then." They dived in together and began to swim over to the rescue boat. Somebody aboard her giggled.

"Suppose they think it's funny," Joe panted.

"Maybe they're right."

"We'll climb up over the stern," Joe directed. In a few moments they were under the overhang of the stern. Clear against the white paint, Bing saw its name: Success.

"Are you sure you want to go aboard?" he gasped. "Maybe another boat will come along."

"Don't be an ass." Joe swung himself aboard and reached for Bing's arms and pulled him up over the stern. Then he turned and faced Leroy.

Bing straightened up. "Hello, Mansell." Beyond Leroy he could dimly distinguish Sylvia. "Hello, there, Sylvia!" His tone was casual.

"Thanks for picking us up," said Joe.

Sylvia spoke from her place forward. "When did you two go in for boating?"

"Ask your uncle," said Joe. He sat down beside her and began to talk in a concentrated way.

Leroy was opening the throttle, and they began to move. "I can't understand," he observed to Bing, "how you managed to run her aground."

"Nothing like that ever happened to you, eh?" Bing remarked.

"No, of course not. But here's a curious thing. I'm sure I checked my gas this morning when I was working on the boat."

"You might have forgotten."

"Oh, no, I have the notation in my book. I checked that. Here, look!"

"That's all right. I'll take your word for it."

"When we got down to the island," Leroy continued, "the tank was almost dry, and the reserve cans were missing. Some petty thief, I suppose. Naturally, it only caused a slight inconvenience. I always carry signal rockets, and there's a coast-guard station not far away. They brought me enough gas to get home on."

"Suppose they'd stolen the rockets? You'd have been in a fix."

"They wouldn't be likely to do that," Leroy remarked, swinging the nose of his boat toward the entrance of the yacht basin. "But even if they had, you can always make a fire and signal that way, you know."

"If you had matches."

"Matches? What for? Two sticks of dry wood and there you are."

The rest of the voyage was accomplished in a depressing silence. Depressing for Bing, at least. Leroy seemed all right, and Joe and Sylvia were talking in low tones.

When they were ashore again, Leroy looked at his watch and made an entry in his notebook. He frowned, and addressed Sylvia: "I wonder if you'd mind if I didn't take you home. I mean, since your uncle's here. I find that I lost twenty minutes out there, and I make it a rule to be in bed by twelve, after half an hour of inspirational reading."

"Certainly not."

"It's one of the secrets of success," said Leroy, taking his departure.

"He certainly knows a lot of secrets," said Bing admiringly. "How about it, Joe? We can all get in your car."

Sylvia drew her uncle aside. "You'd better take a taxi," she said.

IT WAS considerably later when he got home. Before a taxi could come over from the club, the owner of the stolen boat had appeared, and words had passed.

He found Sylvia alone in the living-room, poking at a wood fire.

"Where's Joe?"

"I sent him home. I was afraid he'd catch cold."

"How about me?" her uncle demanded. "I was just as wet as he was, and you made me wait round for a taxi."

"I never knew it was so hard to burn a book," Sylvia remarked, turning the embers over.

"Do you mean to tell me you turned down the Perfect Man? Or didn't you get a chance?"

"Of course I had a chance," she informed him haughtily. "At least, I could have had a seven-year option. He says that a man who wants to do big things oughtn't to marry until he's thirty-five. Meanwhile he gave me an outline of the qualities that I ought to have as the wife of a successful man. I gathered that in seven years I could acquire most of them."

"And a very sensible idea," her uncle declared. "Right in line with Doctor Galloway's theories."

"I never thought of them as applying to me," she said coldly. "Joe thinks I'm perfect just as I am."

"Well, so you are, darling, but—"

With a vicious dig of the poker she sent a last stream of sparks up the chimney. "I never knew it was so hard to burn a book," she remarked.

"Don't tell me that's Choosing a Lifemate!"

She nodded. "It sounded altogether different in the moonlight."

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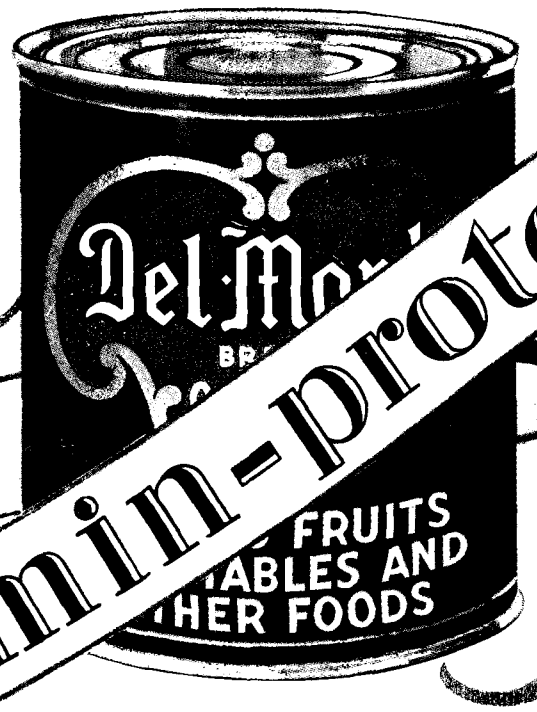
A New Landmark in Canned Food Values

ANNOUNCING

Del Monte vitamin-protected Foods



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Science says you need these health-essentials. Why not be sure you get them when they cost you nothing extra?

During the past few years, food authorities have given us a brand new reason for including fruits and vegetables in our diet. Vitamins!—those mysterious, elusive elements that are so essential in promoting growth and guarding health.

But science also offers a warning. A tremendously important warning when it comes to vitamins. *Be sure you get them!*

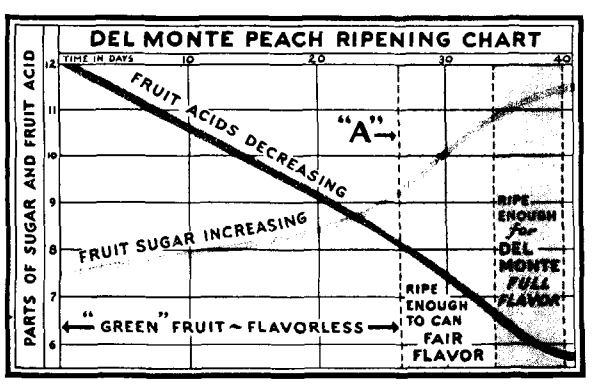
For vitamins are *not* fixed, stable elements—like proteins, fats or carbohydrates. They are as variable as flavor itself. Nature develops them slowly—and unless properly protected, they are easily lost.

Because of these facts, DEL MONTE offers you an entirely new standard for your judgment of food values—DEL MONTE "vitamin-protected" Foods. A promise—and a safeguard—that makes it more important than ever to insist on the DEL MONTE label.

Read what this guarantee means

Oxygen is the foe of vitamins, just as it is of flavor. When you cook raw foods at home, even in a covered container, the oxygen of air is always present. Certain vitamins are lost.[1]

Before DEL MONTE Fruits and Vegetables are cooked, the air is drawn or exhausted from the can.



DEL MONTE "vitamin-protection" goes hand-in-hand with finer flavor—If you want to be sure of the greatest value in the fruits and vegetables you buy, DEL MONTE's extra care in selecting only raw foods at the peak of perfection, is especially important. Under ordinary canning methods, fruit may be canned when it reaches the point marked "A" on the chart. DEL MONTE demands still further ripening *on the tree*—an added assurance of finest flavor and maximum vitamin content, under this brand.

QUICK FACTS ABOUT VITAMINS
and their importance in your diet

The term "vitamins" designates a group of substances distinct in their functions from proteins, carbohydrates, fats and mineral salts.

They have no food value in themselves, they do not in themselves supply energy or build tissue. Yet they are absolutely essential for growth and health. Without them, our bodies cannot properly assimilate or use the foods we eat. Vitamins are the "vital spark" which keeps the human engine running smoothly.

While vitamins are widely distributed in Nature—that is, in properly matured, perfectly fresh natural (raw) foods—they are not always present, in full strength, in these same foods as they reach your table. Premature harvesting, storage or transportation over long distances to market, and cooking in the presence of air (as on your kitchen stove), all impair the vitamin content of foods.

The best way to make sure that your diet contains an adequate supply of vitamins is:

First, eat a wide variety of fruits, vegetables, fish, milk, and other foods known to be good vitamin sources;

Second, assure yourself that every possible and practical precaution has been taken to bring these foods to your table "vitamin-protected".

The can is sealed air-tight. It has been scientifically established that such methods, impossible in your own kitchen, effectively prevent most of the vitamin loss which occurs in cooking at home.[2, 3]

But there are still other dangers of vitamin loss just as important to guard against—and even more difficult to overcome.

Experiments have shown, for instance, that vitamin values may vary as much as 100% *between different brands of the same canned product.*[4] What makes this difference?

Here are some of the conclusions drawn from actual feeding tests:

First—The vitamin content of fruits is highest at the point of perfect ripeness. The vitamin content of vegetables is highest while these foods are young and tender. *Unless fruits and vegetables are harvested at just these points, it is impossible to be sure of all the health-promoting values these foods should have.*[5]

Second—Fruits and vegetables start to lose vitamins as soon as they are picked. *Even the matter of hours between harvesting and canning therefore makes a difference in vitamin content. Speed in canning is essential.*

To pick each variety at the moment of perfection—and to can it so quickly—calls for far greater skill and far greater care than ordinary canning methods. But it *does* bring you extra "vitamin-protection".

It calls for greater resources, too—resources enjoyed by few canners. With 87 canneries, packing establishments, ranches and farms in California, Oregon and Washington, and 30 others scattered from Florida to Hawaii, DEL MONTE is able to bring you *special assurance of vitamin protection before each product is picked—special assurance that vitamin loss from slow or careless handling after picking has been eliminated as far as skill and care can go.*

Why accept less?

In times like these, you certainly want the most for your money. Right now is the season, too, when your menus ought to have every bit of the value Nature puts into her foods.

Serve plenty of fruits and vegetables—be sure you get DEL MONTE!

There's no new mark to look for. *All DEL MONTE Foods in which vitamins are naturally present are "vitamin-protected".*

Best of all, they're extremely low in cost. Many of them at prices which have not been equalled in years. Enjoy all the variety you want. And with it, the wonderful assurance that you are getting the fine, healthful properties Nature intended your everyday foods to have—protected at every step from field and orchard to your table.

[1] *Biochem. J., 17, 410 (1923).* [2] *Ind. Eng. Chem., 20, 202 (1928).* [3] *Ind. Eng. Chem., 23, 1064 (1931).* [4] *J. Agr. Research, 41, 51 (1930).* [5] *"The Vitamins", Sherman & Smith, p. 195 (1931).*

The vitamins most important in your diet—and some of their common food sources, "vitamin-protected" under the DEL MONTE label

VITAMIN A

Promotes growth; strengthens resistance to colds and similar infections.

Asparagus, Carrots, Cherries, Peas, Prunes, Pumpkin, Salmon, Sauerkraut, Spinach, Strawberries, String Beans, Sweet Potatoes, Tomatoes, Tomato Juice

VITAMIN B*

Promotes nerve health and aids appetite.

Apples, Asparagus, Beets, Carrots, Cherries, Corn, Grapefruit, Lima Beans, Peaches, Peas, Pineapple, Prunes, Raisins, Salmon, Sauerkraut, Spinach, Strawberries, String Beans, Sweet Potatoes, Tomatoes, Tomato Juice

VITAMIN C

Prevents scurvy; most easily destroyed of all vitamins.

Apples, Carrots, Corn, Grapefruit, Lima Beans, Peaches, Pears, Peas, Pineapple, Pumpkin, Raspberries, Sauerkraut, Spinach, Strawberries, String Beans, Sweet Potatoes, Tomatoes, Tomato Juice

**Vitamin B is probably more affected by heat than the other vitamins. DEL MONTE methods of selection and process reduce this loss to a minimum.*

VITAMIN D—*Aids bone growth; prevents rickets. Especially important in child feeding. Particularly good sources of this vitamin are:* DEL MONTE Canned Fish, Salmon, Sardines and Tuna.

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Send the coupon for the free books today. (If you wish *another* beautiful book, "Southern California through the Camera," include 10 cents in stamps.)

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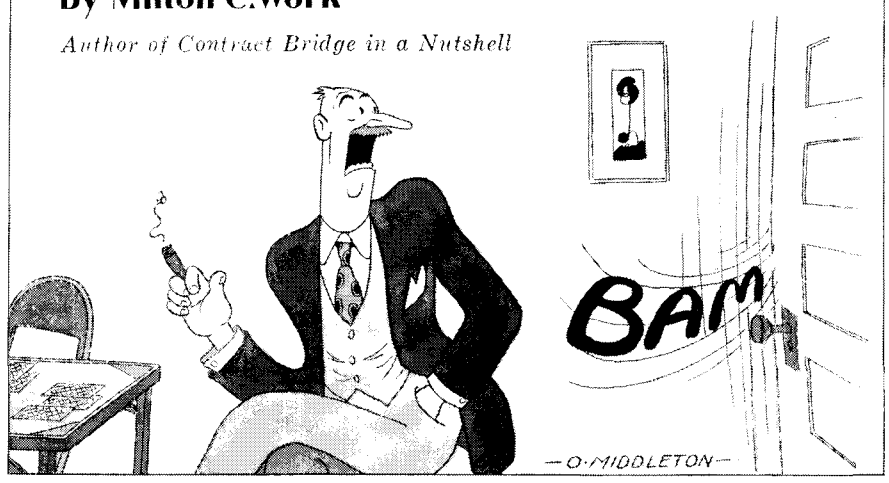
How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge in a Nutshell



"Well, why the heck didn't you marry Milton C. Work?"

	North	
	S. 9-6-4	
	H. 9-7-3	
	D. J-8-6-2	
	C. 7-4-2	
West		*East*
S. A		S. Q-10-7-5-2
H. K-J-8-6-4-2		H. A-Q-10-5
D. 10-7-3		D. A-5
C. Q-5-3		C. A-6
	South (Dealer)	
	S. K-J-8-3	
	H. None	
	D. K-Q-9-4	
	C. K-J-10-9-8	

THE above hand, which was published in last week's Collier's, was played in a Duplicate Contract game in Philadelphia and produced a great variety of bidding. Only the North players agreed at every table; they all were consistent passers. At two or three tables South (quite unsoundly) passed initially, but at the others he started with one Club; when South bid, West made a following bid of one Heart. At the two tables where South passed West passed also and the game was opened with a fourth-hand bid of one Spade by East. In those cases, South called two Clubs, West two Hearts, and East four Hearts. But when West bid one Heart on the first round, East was placed in an interesting position. He had such tremendous help for his partner's Heart declaration that neither Spades nor No Trumps could be considered after Hearts had been mentioned; but as West's one Heart was a "following" or "defensive" bid called over South's one Club, East was confronted by a difficult problem.

A following bid should not be raised as freely as an original bid, and East counted his supporting tricks as three in Hearts, three in the two minors (two for the two Aces, and one for the two doubletons combined); figuring the Spade strength only as a "plus," the hand had six supporting tricks—which was more than enough to warrant a bid of four Hearts, but hardly enough to suggest a slam by bidding five. One East stretched his jump to five Hearts, which caused West to make another stretch and bid six. At some tables East made a sound forcing "jump shift" to two Spades over West's one Heart, and after West's forced response of three Hearts there was an occasional five Hearts from East and six from West. But as a rule four Hearts was the final contract. Only five Wests found themselves contracting for the small slam; the others stopped at the game-bid.

At Auction Bridge, the bidding doubtless would be: South, one Club; West, one Heart; North and East pass; and after that South might double. If West passed the double, North would have to bid two Clubs or possibly two Diamonds which East would overcall in Hearts.

At every table North's opening lead was the Seven of Clubs; and the Declarers who had ventured the small slam bid at once realized they must plan their campaigns with great care. Where the contract was only four Hearts the Declarer knew that he was sure to make it, but naturally he was anxious to score, if possible, the hundred points for the two extra tricks.

North's lead of his top Club Seven was clearly in response to his partner's bid. At this stage of the play there was a remote chance that the Seven was a singleton, so dummy played the Ace to avoid the possibility of its being ruffed; but how should Declarer manage the hand after that? There were only two ways to be considered: One, the establishment of East's Spades if possible, the other the much more promising plan of ruffing West's losing Diamonds. The latter was the plan selected at almost every table.

East's Ace of Clubs won the first trick, and his Ace of Hearts the second. That disclosed the absence of Hearts in the South hand, and the fact that North originally had held three; but Declarer could not afford to lead two more rounds of Hearts immediately because that would leave only one in dummy, and he needed two Diamond ruffs. Consequently it became necessary to risk a ruff of Clubs by North. To trick 3 East led a small Club which was won by South's King, then South tried the King of Diamonds which was taken by East's Ace. On the next trick West was put in the lead with a Spade and he cashed the Queen of Clubs for the third round of that suit; both adversaries followed and East discarded a Diamond.

The next step was to ruff with the East hand a Diamond led by West, and then West was put in by ruffing a second round of Spades to give East the chance to ruff another Diamond and thus dispose of West's last losing card. The stage was now set for East to lead the Queen of trumps. Whether West won with the King and led the Jack or played small on the King and ruffed the next trick with an honor was immaterial; as soon as West got in he drew North's last trump, the party was over and the Declarer had fulfilled a none too conservative small-slam contract.

Next Week's Hand

North	*East*
S. 9-5	S. K-10-8-2
H. Q-J-10-6-5	H. None
D. Q-8-7-6-3	D. J-10-4-2
C. 7	C. K-J-5-3-2
West	*South (Dealer)*
S. A-7-6-4-3	S. Q-J
H. 9-7-4	H. A-K-8-3-2
D. A	D. K-9-5
C. Q-8-6-4	C. A-10-9

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It takes weeks to make Hires Root Beer from natural juices!

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That's the secret of Hires Root Beer—its delicious flavor—its satisfying effect. This famous beverage contains the pure, natural juices of 16 roots, barks, herbs and berries, blended and reblended by a costly process.

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Get your daily Hires Root Beer these 3 ways:

1. At Fountains
2. In Bottles
3. Make It At Home

Don't just ask for "root beer"—
Say *Hires Root Beer* to get the Genuine.

Which will *you* have?

THE GENUINE!
Nature's taste-thrill in Hires Root Beer comes from its natural juices. It quenches your thirst and delights your palate.

or

THE IMITATION!
With only flavoring oils and often artificial foam, chemists fail to duplicate the natural juice flavor and wholesomeness of Hires Root Beer.

DEPENDABLE FOUNTAINS GLADLY PAY MORE FOR HIRES ROOT BEER — YET *YOU* PAY NO MORE THAN FOR AN IMITATION

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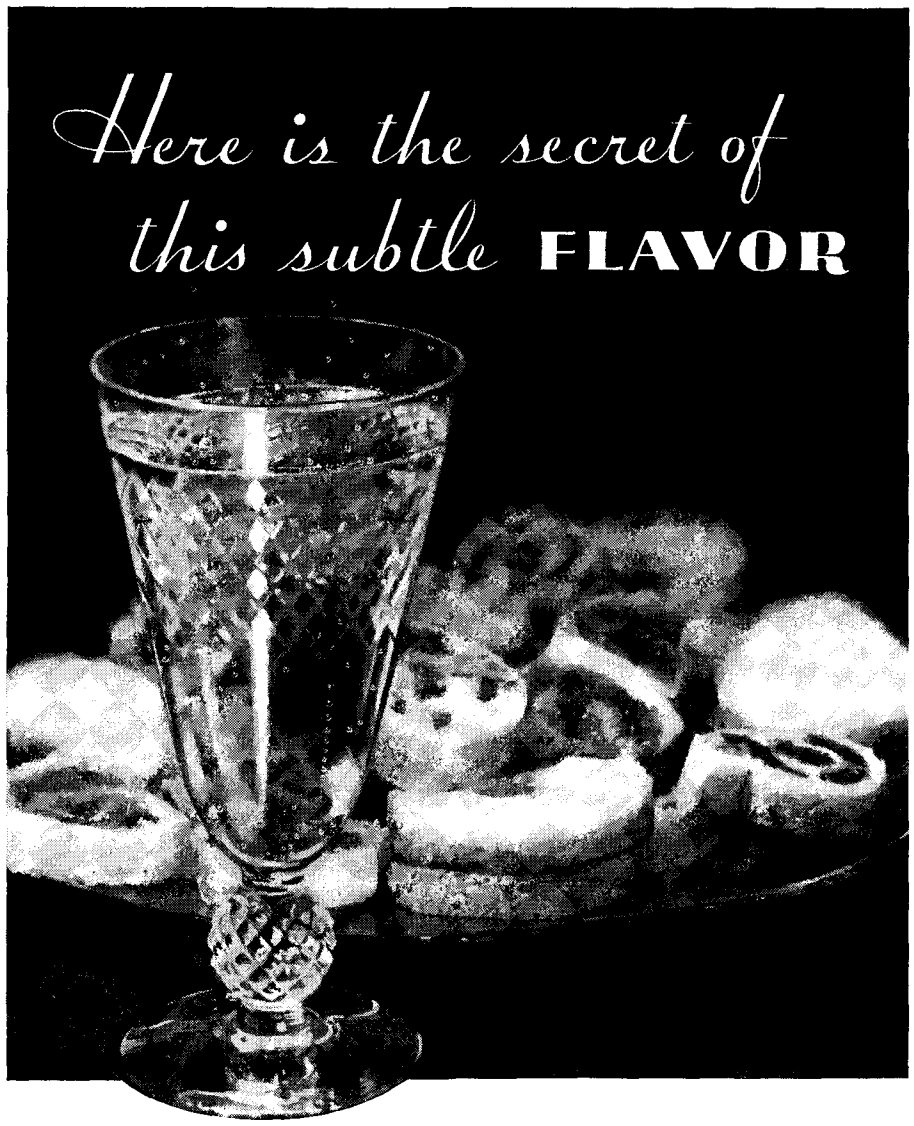

THE delightful mellowness that lies within the glass is *that EXTRA something* for which Clicquot Club is famous. It takes months of careful blending to create it. The choicest of ingredients are *AGED 6 MONTHS* to fully ripen and mature. Then, *and only then,* are added pure cane sugar and crystal-clear Clicquot water to give life and zest to the blend. Thus Clicquot achieves the taste that is all its own. You'll enjoy this *ripened* flavor that for more than half a century has delighted millions of Americans.

That EXTRA Something: *Finest of real fruit flavorings. True Jamaica ginger. Mellowed and ripened by Time. Pure Cuban cane sugar. Sparkling Clicquot water. Bottled, for sanitary reasons, in brand-new bottles never used a second time.*

CLICQUOT CLUB
GINGER ALE

Three delicious blends PALE DRY · GOLDEN · SEC

Water, Water, Nearly Everywhere

Continued from page 25

five years; sometimes, as if in a fit of temperament, it will slash away a hundred feet, a hundred thousand tons, of rock at once. It did so last winter. Water is the commonest solvent known. If you were to come back after a thousand years to that hillside meadow where, in vacation time, you and your best girl sit on a boulder and hold hands, you'd have a difficult time recognizing the old rock — it would have shrunk so.

"Water is the greatest artist, too. It paints the sunset skies and the rainbow. It gives the earth a mantle of green, and the flowers their bright colors. It is the sweetest poet, as you know if ever you've walked beside a brook. It is the greatest musician—any waterfall tells that.

"But to the scientist water is a subject for more than rhapsody. It is a chemical compound of two gases and it may appear as a liquid, a solid or a gas. The familiar formula, H_2O, means that in each molecule there are two atoms of hydrogen to one atom of oxygen. By actual weight, however, the oxygen predominates—88.89 per cent, to 11.11 of hydrogen. Hydrogen is the lightest gas known, and if the weight values of hydrogen and oxygen in water were reversed we might have a difficult time keeping our feet on the ground!—since nearly four fifths of each human body is composed of water.

The World's Biggest Day

"Someone has written that the greatest day in the history of the world was that day upon which a living organism first crawled out of the waters and took up life upon the land. But to my mind an even greater day was that upon which the first rains fell, for that was the day when life on earth became conceivable. Water had its origin in this manner: the gases which once composed the earth began to congeal in spots into a thin crust of floating rock, frightfully hot. This process caused great clouds of vapor to rise, and in the vapor were the gases that form water. The heat fused the gases, the comparatively cooler temperatures of the upper altitudes condensed them, and rain fell. Not the cool, refreshing rain we know, but sheets of boiling water. The partly molten rocks were too hot to hold the rain, which turned to steam as it struck. There was bedlam; thunder, lightning, the deafening explosions of gases and ruptions of rocks, and above all the overtone of hissing steam. The birth of water was quite a show!

"The ceaseless rainfall hastened the earth's cooling. The surface temperature finally dropped to a point at which rain water was able to collect in the lowest places on the now almost wholly solid rock crust. Thus the primeval oceans were formed. So enormous was the rainfall that for a time the entire surface of the earth was water. Even today more than three fourths of it remains water; and if its solid skin were smoothed down and humps like the Rocky Mountains ironed away, water from the oceans would spread out over the entire globe to a depth of nearly three miles.

One Liquid Mile in Sixty

"By the way, that which we call dry land—the part of the globe upon which its two billion human inhabitants live—isn't really dry land at all, but a great sponge, permeated with underground, or invisible, water and covered with visible water in the shapes of lakes and rivers. The firm land area of the United States is about three million square miles; its water area, not counting the Great Lakes, amounts to more than 50,000 square miles—better than one mile of surface you'd have to swim across for every sixty you could walk over. Some of our states have far more water area than Delaware or Rhode Island has land area. The District of Columbia has one square mile of water for every eight of land. Connecticut has nearly a hundred thousand acres of water to beautify its three million of land. Minnesota, with two and a half million acres of water, leads all the states in water area, while if you count the 40,000 square miles of Great Lakes surface over which Michigan claims sovereignty she has almost as much water as land area. We are only interested now, however, in Nature's manufacture and distribution of water for our daily use.

"Water is the life blood of the world, through which it flows and is renewed and returned, just as is the blood in our bodies—the blood which is, as you may not know, ninety per cent water. If

(Continued on page 42)

"What time is it?"
"Three bells, sir."
"What time is three bells?"

Richard Decker

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(APRIL 15 to MAY 1)

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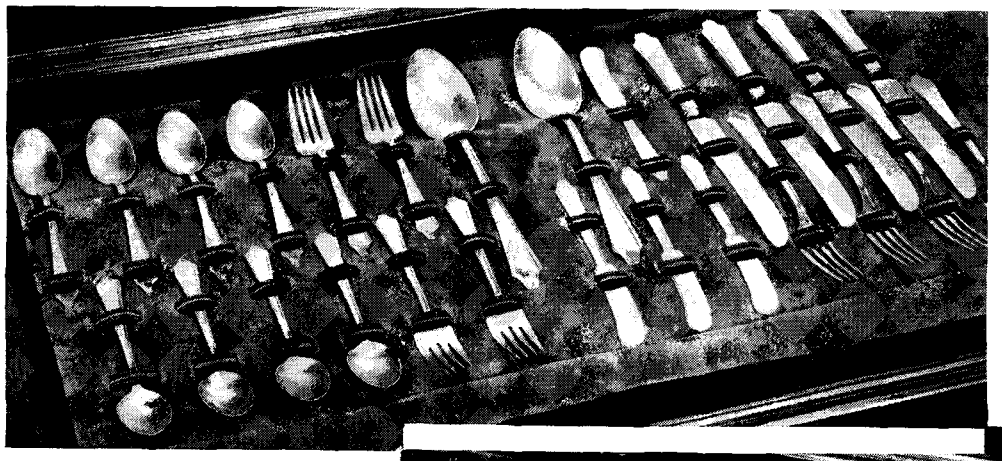


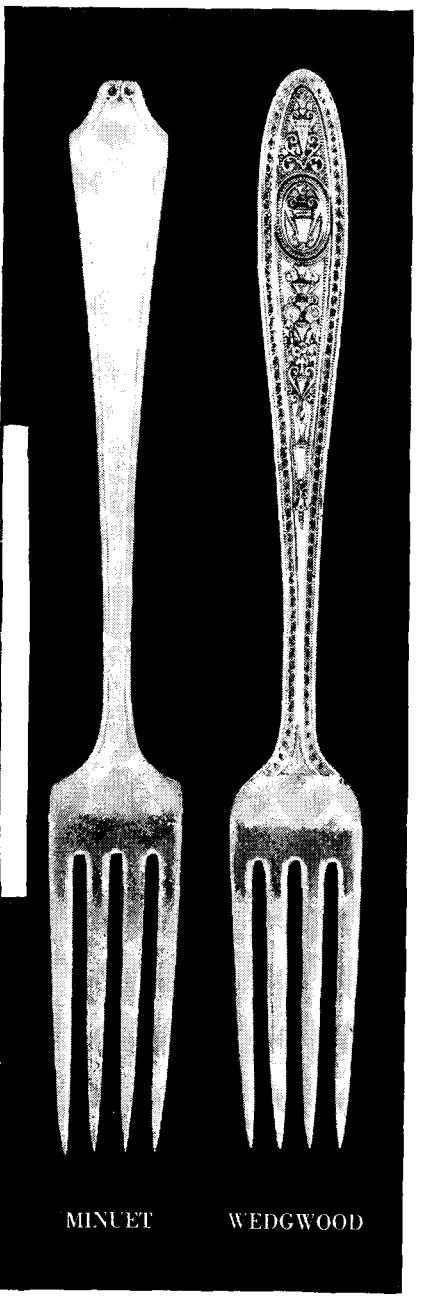
26-PIECE SET **39.75**

THE REGULAR PRICE

MINUET 58.70

WEDGWOOD . . 64.00

Set at left includes: 8 Tea Spoons—4 Dessert Forks—4 Dessert Knives 4 Butter Spreaders—4 Salad Forks—2 Table Spoons. Velvet-lined Tuck-a-way Roll extra—$2.00.



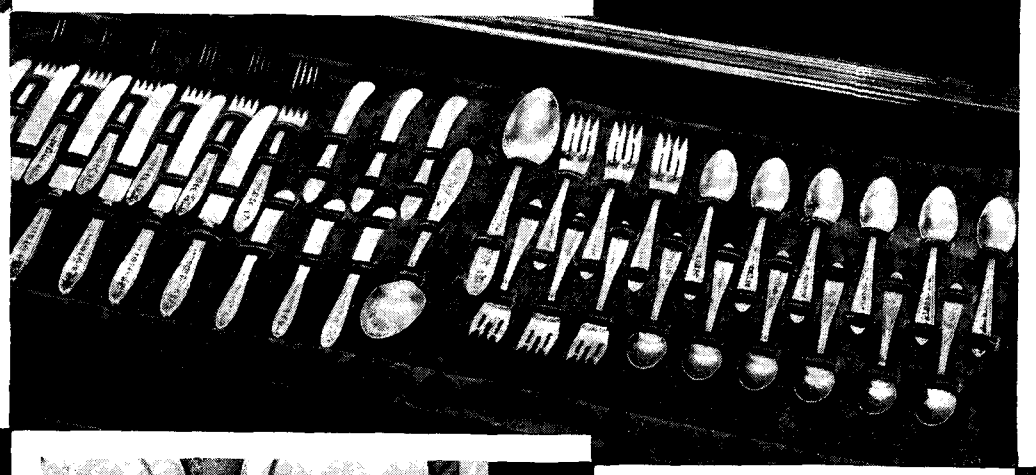
38-PIECE SET **54.50**

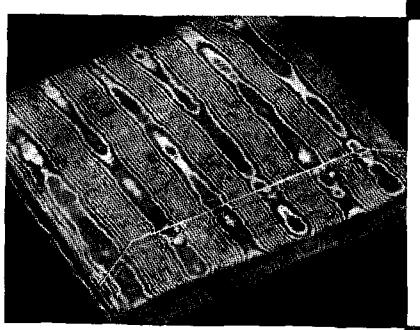
THE REGULAR PRICE

MINUET 80.50

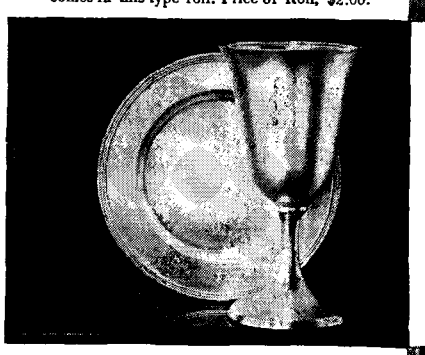
WEDGWOOD . . 87.50

Set at right includes: 12 Tea Spoons—6 Dessert Forks—6 Dessert Knives—6 Salad Forks—6 Butter Spreaders—2 Table Spoons. Velvet-lined Tuck-a-way Roll extra—$2.00.

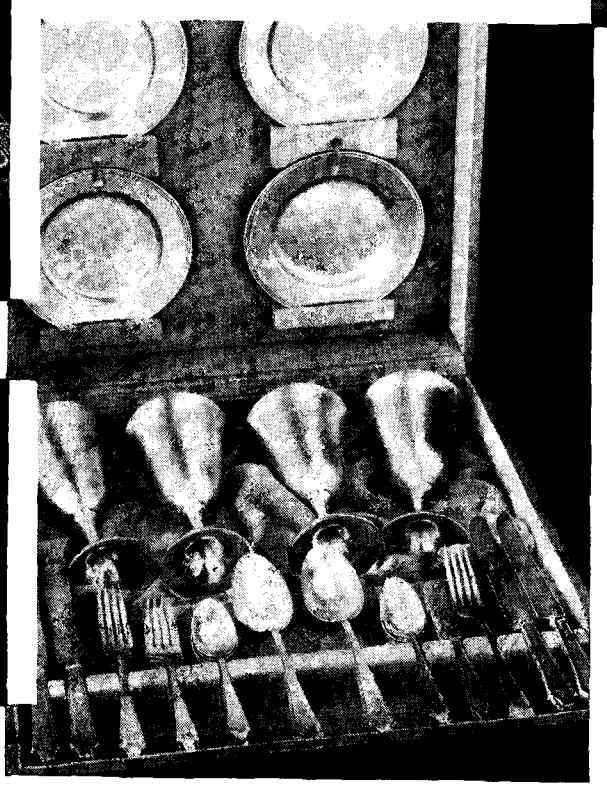




This attractive velvet-lined Tuck-a-way Roll holds the 26-Piece Set. The 38-Piece Set also comes in this type roll. Price of Roll, $2.00.



Sterling Goblets and Sterling Plates in 34-Piece Set! Shown at right.



34-PIECE SET **69.75**

THE REGULAR PRICE

MINUET 88.70

WEDGWOOD . . 94.00

Set at left includes: 8 Tea Spoons—4 Dessert Forks—4 Dessert Knives—4 Butter Spreaders—4 Individual Salad Forks—2 Table Spoons—4 Goblets—4 Bread and Butter Plates. Case extra.

A great sale! A sale you may never see again! *Now*—you can start your collection of fine Sterling Silver. *Now*—you can really own the table appointments you've longed for.

But you must hurry! This sale is limited to two weeks—April 15 to May 1. It is a special sale to make a million new friends for International Sterling! A sale that gives you a grand opportunity to take advantage of the price of silver bullion while it is still low. So, go see these lovely Sterling Silver patterns—two of the finest and most popular patterns we make. And buy! Buy to start your own collection! Buy for gifts! You may never have another opportunity like this! Visit the Sterling Silver Department of your favorite store *today!* Note—*every* piece in these sets is stamped with the full name "International Sterling" and is a product of the International Silver Company, largest manufacturers of silverware in the world.

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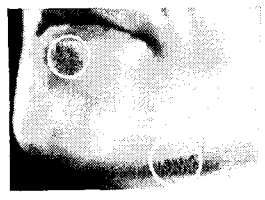
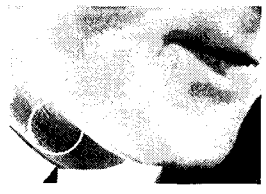
MAN..IT'S A *telling test*, THAT *Girl's-eye View*

Pimples and Blackheads—*The deep cleansing action of Mennen lather helps to correct such disturbances.*



Unshaved Patches—*due to incomplete beard softening . . . Mennen's special beard softening ingredient (tristearin) corrects this.*



Rough, Raw Skin—*due to razor pull and scrape. This condition invites skin infections. Mennen eliminates razor pull.*

THAT quick—sharp—close-up look a girl gives your face *places* you! . . . "Attractive" or "careless" . . . the Girl's-Eye-View decides!

What does she see when she looks at *your* face? Signs of a shaving battle? Nicks—cuts—bits of left-over stubble? Or—what's worse—unsightly pimples, blackheads and red spots which so often come from faulty shaving?

If these troubles trouble you, then change to Mennen. It's the shaving cream that does *double duty*. A cleaner, more comfortable shave?—yes! But it also gives you a cleaner, healthier skin. For the Mennen shave is actually a *skin health treatment*.

Mennen lather acts like a fine skin cleanser. It loosens the pore-imbedded dirt and grease deposits which so often cause pimples and blackheads. As you rinse off the lather you flush out the pores. You leave your skin really CLEAN.

And CLEAR! No sore spots. No red blotches. For Mennen's special softening ingredient (tristearin) wilts even the toughest stubble *completely*. Therefore, the blade cuts all the hair easily—*without skin irritations!* For proof—send coupon!

Free 10 MENNEN SHAVES!

Send for a free 10-day tube of Mennen Shaving Cream . . . Original—Menthol-iced—(Check which). Also demonstrator bottle of the new after-shave lotion—Mennen Skin Bracer. Mail coupon to Mennen Co., Newark, N. J., Dept. C-4.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

Water, Water, Nearly Everywhere

Continued from page 40

the circulation of water were to cease, every form of life on earth would die, just as we must die when our hearts stop pumping blood through our arteries. Water is perpetual motion. It is indestructible. The drink of water you just took refreshed a soldier of the Roman legions on a march in Africa more than twenty centuries ago. Heat it, turn it into steam, explode it in laboratory test tubes, put it under the heaviest pressure modern mechanics can devise, drink it, throw it away on desert sands—and water always returns to its original form and finds its way back to the ocean whence it came. It has then completed its circulation and is ready for another round trip.

Rain First Falls Up

"Let's look at it in this way: Nature maintains a huge factory in which the sun supplies the energy for the circulation of water. It has departments and processing steps, just as, say, automobile factories do. We'll take that big drop of water which splashed on your nose before you got your umbrella open the last time you were caught in a storm, and we'll trace it through the factory:

"A short time before it fell upon you that drop was an indistinguishable part of the ocean's surface. The heat of the sun's rays turned that drop, with billions of its comrades, into vapor, which, being a gaseous form of water and lighter than the surrounding air, ascended. This is called evaporation and is the initial step in the first department of the water factory. More than twenty feet are thus lifted from the surfaces of tropical oceans every year. We may say, therefore, in a manner of speaking, that rain must always fall up before it can fall down.

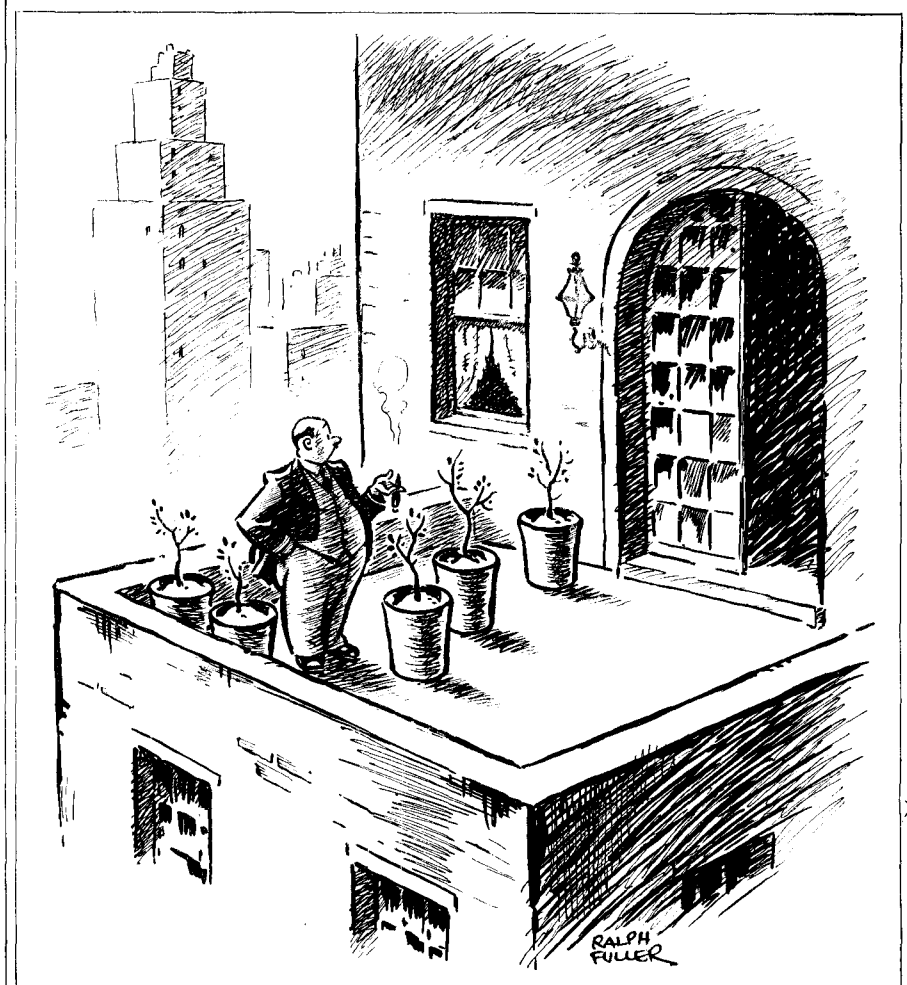
"The salt of the sea water is left behind in evaporation. All the seas were fresh water at first. They are made salt by the minerals carried from the earth, chiefly from limestone rocks, by the rivers.

"The rising water vapor meets colder air. This slows it up. Meantime, the warm up-currents bear more and more vapor to the spot, which becomes saturated. The air is always filled with dust—not, indeed, the big particles you call to your wife's attention when you run your finger over the piano, but motes scarcely visible in microscopes. These motes are important workers in the factory, because the water vapor, when the temperature has become low enough, seizes them and uses them as rafts upon which to ride through the skies. Each dust mote becomes a core around which a droplet of water collects. This is condensation, and now the vapor becomes visible to us as clouds or fog.

"The wind is the conveying belt of the factory. It carries the clouds around the earth, and excites great activity within them. The water droplets rush this way and that; often as they collide they combine. Bigger drops are formed, which are heavier than the surrounding atmosphere, and therefore fall to the earth as rain, or snow, or sleet, or hail, the form of precipitation depending upon temperatures and conditions, but in the last analysis it is water.

Large-Scale Production

"As you look through that window there isn't a cloud in sight. Nothing but broiling sun. Yet this very minute it is precipitating some place in the world; many places, in fact. An aver-



"George!"
"Yes, Myrtle dear. Here I am, out in the orchard" *Ralph Fuller*

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age of thirty-three inches of rain falls upon the earth each year, which amounts to more than a quarter of a quadrillion gallons of water every day.

"One inch of rainfall means about fifteen million gallons of water on a square mile. Knowing that, you can have a bit of fun with paper and a pencil. Find out how many square miles there are in your farm or home town or county, and multiply by fifteen million. Then multiply your result by the number of inches of rain which fall annually in your vicinity—you can get the average figure from your nearest Weather Bureau office. Figuring in that fashion, we find that Mobile, Alabama, is wet down by no less than some fifteen billion gallons of water each year, which should make plenty of work with lawn mowers for the householders.

"If this enormous amount of water falls upon just one tiny dot on the world's map, it would seem that an incredible amount must descend upon the earth at large. It does. More than a trillion tons a day. Before you decide, however, that you needn't worry about that leaky bathroom faucet, with so much water in the world, consider these figures: It takes more than one thousand tons of water to grow one ton of alfalfa to maturity in Dalhart, Texas. That pound head of cabbage which you grew in your back yard probably drank fifty gallons of water from the soil during the summer. For a country-wide average, 100 gallons is considered the daily consumption in various forms by each one of us. Multiply that by the population of the United States, and watch your safety margin shrink; especially when you remember that in drought years the precipitation may be only half of the annual average. A drought, by the way, to water scientists, is a period of fourteen consecutive rainless days; a partial drought is a period of twenty-eight consecutive days on each of which less than one inch falls. In some of the hardest-hit sections of our country in 1930 no rain fell for many weeks. We live always on a thin edge of security. Still, all might be well, perhaps, if rainfall were evenly distributed. But, whereas we are lucky to get ten inches a year here in Arizona, there's a county up in Oregon which gets 130 inches. Certain districts in Chile and Peru have had absolutely no rain for years, while several hundred inches a year fall on some places in the tropics.

The Importance of "Ground Water"

"Now, with the actual striking of rain upon the earth, we'll leave our imaginary water-production factory and come to the second major phase of the circulation of water in nature—its storage and availability for our use. What happens to all the water that falls upon the United States? Much of it runs off the land without penetrating and makes its way into the rivers; that is the water you see rushing along city gutters or washing down hillside roads after heavy thunderstorms. Other rain falls directly upon the rivers and starts at once for its home in the ocean. A great deal of rainfall soaks into the ground, however, and is immediately utilized by plant life.

"About one third of the water which falls on countries within the temperate zones, such as the United States, becomes 'ground water,' as it is called. This ground water is the most vital to human life because it forms the chief source of our daily water supply. To get a picture of its enormous extent, you must quit thinking of the ground beneath your feet as 'solid.' All ground is porous, in greater or lesser degree, and the rocks below it are honeycombed with veins and fractures and shafts so that the whole subsurface of the earth comprises a gigantic waterworks.

"It may surprise you to know that there are lakes underneath the ground, eternally invisible, which are quite as large as those on the surface in which you swim and sail. There are, no doubt, some under our country which are as yet undiscovered; but many are known, and supply water for large communities. This city of Tucson, of which we are talking, pumps its water from a vast, slow-moving river or lake underneath the desert.

"Hundreds of thousands of families in the United States get their water supply from small individual underground sources—wells or springs.

"Wells are small pools that are tapped by digging or drilling. Ordinary farm wells are dug only until bedrock is reached, and fill by seepage from the surrounding soil or from numerous small springs bubbling through the bedrock or clay. Wells driven through rock to deep pools where water is found under enough gravity pressure to cause it to rise through the opened hole are generally spoken of as artesian wells—so named after the town of Artois in France where such wells were first sunk.

Underneath Your Spring

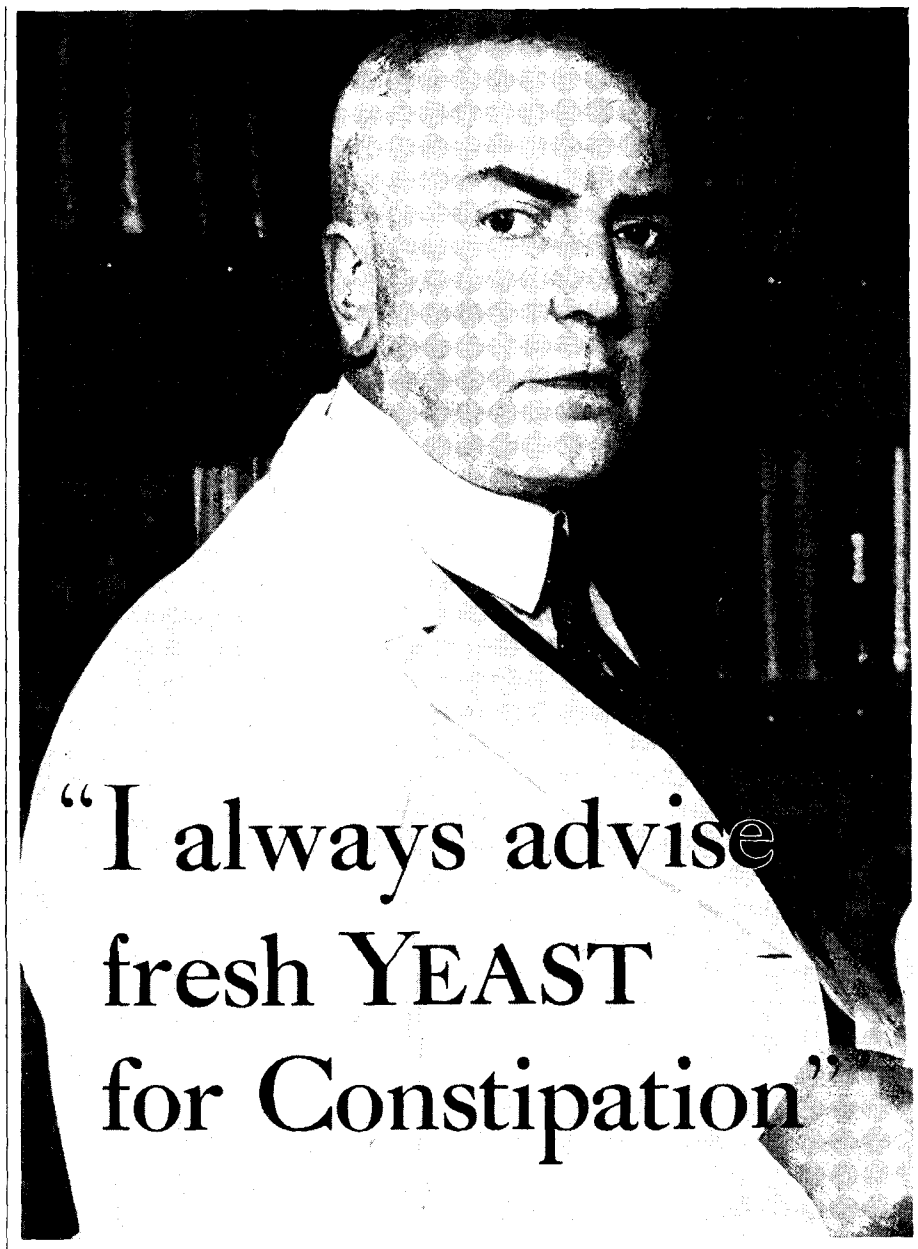
"Springs, on the other hand, are underground waters that find their way to the surface unaided by artificial holes. They are formed in this manner: rain, soaking through the ground, reaches a stratum of rock or a layer of impermeable clay. Such beds follow the downslope of hills, and the water follows this incline. Somewhere down the hill the clay or rock layer may come out upon the surface, and the water comes with it. Or it may remain many feet below the surface, and come to a blind end. In that case, if there is a fissure reaching through to the surface any place around, the water sliding down into that blind pocket will have enough pressure of following water behind it to cause it to rise through the fissure and flow out upon the surface. That is an artesian spring. There are other varieties of springs, but the principle is the same.

"Wells fed wholly by seepage will dry up quickly in times of drought. Those fed by underground springs will fare better. How quickly your surface spring will dry up depends upon the extent of the area which supplies it. If your spring is on the slope of a small hill, fed entirely by that hill's rainshed, you may have trouble in a hurry. If your spring, however, is in a low spot, and obviously receives the drainage from many surrounding hillsides, it may come from an underground pool much larger than you imagine and most likely will never dry up even under severe drought conditions.

"Most of our ground water in the United States is found within 300 feet of the surface. If you live in Connecticut, for instance, where eighty-two per cent of the wells are less than 200 feet deep, you'd better give up and shift your drills elsewhere if you don't strike water within 250 feet. Few wells drilled past 2,000 feet anywhere in this country have found water in a useful amount. One well drilled 3,000-odd feet in St. Louis and another carried to the same depth in Texas struck salt water. The deepest well in the world is at Fairmont, West Virginia—7,579 feet, and no water.

"Unfortunately, billions of gallons a year escape through springs that do not come to surface before the shore line is reached, but open into the bed of the sea. Fresh-water springs far out in the ocean are, therefore, familiar phe-

(Continued on page 44)



says DR. ENKLAAR, *of Amsterdam*

WHY do doctors so strongly recommend fresh yeast in cases of constipation, indigestion, etc.?

That was the question put to Dr. William F. Enklaar, founder and head of the world-famous "Enklaar Clinic" in Amsterdam, Holland. He said:—

"Fresh yeast gives a normal stimulation to the intestines. Constipation will disappear if yeast is conscientiously used.

"Yeast increases the flow of digestive juices . . . improves the appetite. I recommend it always for constipation."

Eaten regularly, Fleischmann's Yeast actually "tones" and strengthens intestinal muscles made weak by constipation. It attacks and softens accumulated waste masses . . . helps your body to expel these wastes easily, regularly, and *naturally*.

Begin eating Fleischmann's Yeast today—and see how quickly your general health and energy respond. Headaches vanish—eyes brighten—appetite improves. You feel better in every way when intestines function normally!

Try it—3 cakes a day, before meals, or between meals and at bedtime. Eat Fleischmann's Yeast just plain, or dissolved in a third of a glass of water.

Here's how a famous specialist, Dr. Glaessner, of Vienna, describes a typical response to yeast treatment:—

"The patient had had constipation for six years—with pains, sallowness, coated tongue. After 4 weeks' yeast treatment her headaches, dizziness, coated tongue and constipation disappeared."

Important

Fleischmann's Yeast for health comes only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It is yeast in its fresh, effective form—rich in vitamins B, G and D—the kind famous doctors recommend! At grocers, restaurants and soda fountains.

"I was cranky and touchy," *writes* Henry Vogel, Jr., *of Rochester, N. Y.* "Nothing I could find to eat agreed with me. We never accepted dinner invitations. Fortunately my wife began buying yeast for me . . . In a month I was . . . nearly well. Now I can eat anything—and all I desire of it!"

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All-expense Escorted Tours, to the Far-West, on certain dates this summer.

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(*Continued from page 43*)

nomena; we've all read of the pirates who used to refill their hogsheads in the West Indies from such springs.

"We have our water in the ground, so let's pass to another phase of its eternal circulation—its use by men, and all other living creatures and things.

"I suppose water's most important value to us is as a beverage. When we think of water as a drink we think of it in terms of purity. There is no such thing as 100-per-cent-pure water, because water has too much ability for dissolving and bearing along everything with which it comes into contact. It is purest at the moment it leaves the cloud which bore it. In falling it picks up traces of every gas which may be in the air—nitrogen, sulphuric acid, and the like. That's why the air smells fresh and sweet after a shower. Water is the laundryman of nature. That also explains why rain water isn't particularly good to drink. It might even be harmful in some localities, such as Pittsburgh, where the air is heavily charged with noxious gases. Rain water collected over the ocean would be best for drinking purposes, although all rain water has a flat taste. Spring water is the pleasantest to drink, because it has been filtered through the ground, cleared of its gases, and given a tang by the minerals it has picked up.

We All Live in Water

"Rain water is said to be 'soft' because it has no mineral content. 'Hard' water is made so by lime or magnesium salts it has picked up in the ground. Hard water makes a beneficial drink, especially for youngsters, because its saline properties aid bone formation and growth. Good teeth and no rickets throughout a neighborhood are a sign that the local water supply is hard. But if the water contains fluorine it will cause a serious malformation of the permanent teeth if children drink it while their teeth are forming.

"You may not know it, and you might protest that you cannot even swim, but you really live in water! Each of us is a sort of bend in a brook; water is flowing through us all the time, entering as food and drink, leaving in the breath and as perspiration. Each of us must take in five and a half pounds of water, more or less, depending upon our size, every day in order to make up for what we lose. If we didn't maintain this constant replenishment, we'd dry up; you see, most of your body is composed of water. If you weigh 150 pounds, 113 of them are water. Your bones are more than half water.

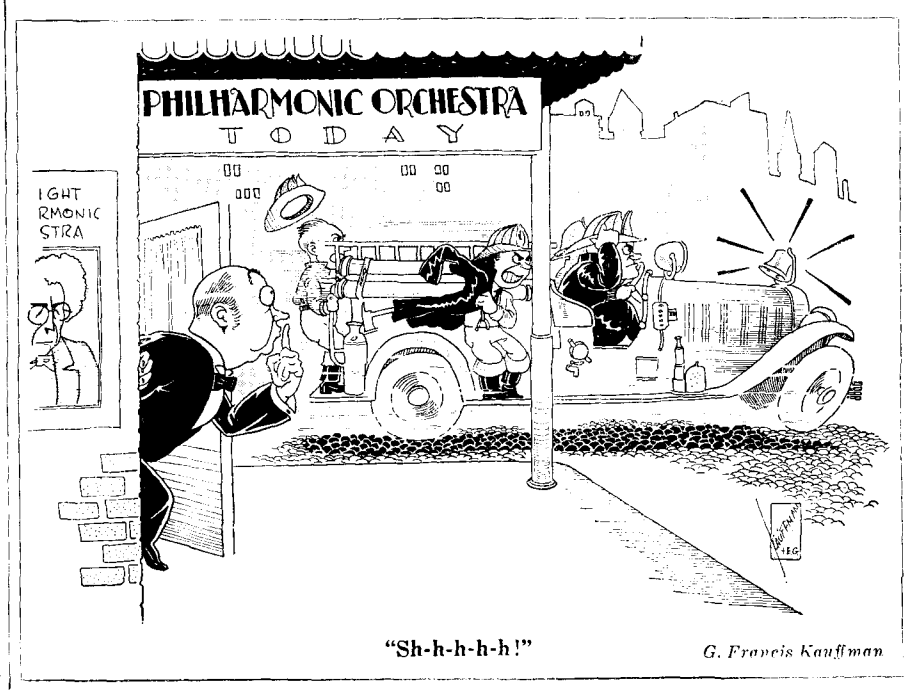
"If you haven't much taste for water as a drink, and can't bring yourself to swallow five pounds in a day, don't worry. You're getting enough of it anyway. The eggs you had for breakfast were sixty-five per cent water; that tomato and cucumber salad you had for lunch was ninety-five per cent water; and the beef and potatoes and apple pie you are going to have for supper will give you water equal to or better than three quarters of their bulk.

"Animals, of course, are as dependent as man upon water. So are plants. Trees and shrubs, flowers and vegetables are avid drinkers. Lawns and back-yard gardens can be helped over dry spells by artificial watering. But people who grow things for a livelihood are almost wholly dependent upon natural rainfall. In sections of the United States where rainfall is scanty, two things have to be done: plants must be grown at greater distances apart, and run-off water has to be captured and diverted into irrigation ditches. The extension of irrigation projects will make possible homes in the Southwest for thousands upon thousands of additional families, but we can never push the deserts very far back of their present lines. Only about five per cent of California's area is now under irrigation; a little more than five per cent of Colorado, and less than one per cent each of the lands of New Mexico, Nevada and Arizona have as yet been made fertile by impounded water.

"The perspiration of plants is called 'transpiration.' The water they suck up through their roots passes from their trunks or stalks out into their branches and escapes into the atmosphere through the pores of their leaves. That sunflower in the corner of your garden will give off as much as twenty ounces of water a day into the air. The big maple tree in your front yard will give off many gallons. All the moisture given off in any manner, by men and animals and plants, rises and joins the general process of cloud formation and precipitation. Some falls upon the ocean directly. Some falls back upon the land and may go through this restricted cycle many times before it eventually completes its whole cycle and returns to the ocean. Much of the water that oceans have lost through evaporation, however, returns to them through rivers."

Too Much and Too Little

In contemplating, under the genial guidance of Dr. Shantz, the importance to us of water, we have not, of course, touched upon a tenth of its wonders. That fact was emphasized to me in further conversation with him, and



"Sh-h-h-h-h!" *G. Francis Kauffman*

Spend less-
and have the best vacation ever!..

THRIFT SAYS—"Save a lot of dollars on your vacation this year." But Common Sense adds—"Have a great time. Relax, enjoy yourself..visit new places, see new things!" You can do *both*, going by Greyhound Bus. Fares are much lower, every day, every schedule. Coaches are parlor-type, with deeply cushioned chairs that recline to any desired angle. Clean-cut dependabledrivers.

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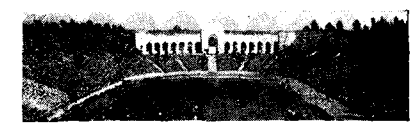
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SINCE 1848

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in talks with other experts on his faculty and with local authorities elsewhere. Water presents a score of different problems in as many sections of the country.

I encountered a sharp illustration of this soon after I had left Tucson. In Los Angeles there was worrying because the metropolitan districts of Southern California are now using each day 120,000,000 gallons of water more than nature is able to put back. In all the theaters Minute Men speakers gave a semblance of war time; only it was not against an overseas enemy, but against water wastage and against the reluctance of the citizens to have their taxes increased in the interest of extended water projects that they cried out. Water supply fixes a deadline beyond which no city can grow with health and safety, and Los Angeles knows it better than most American communities.

In Seattle, on the other hand, I found the water department officials glum because there had been so much rainfall of late that citizens were not using their lawn sprinklers and consequently were not buying as much water as the budget director had figured they should buy. There was a mounting deficit, which the imminence of a fraternal order's national convention did not promise to help. The three-day visit of 50,000 delegates meant that many gallons of liquid would be consumed, but alas, little of this would be plain water.

If Water Got Too Cold

Water power is a keen subject in the Northwest, where nature has supplied facilities for it so bountifully. The ability of water to supply energy to industry by turning wheels as it falls past them in cascades or rushes past them in river sluiceways is becoming of greater importance throughout the country each year. We now have more than 3,000 water-power plants, with a total horsepower capacity of nearly 14,000,000; and we are not yet within 65,000,000 horsepower of our potential resources, according to an estimate by the United States Geological Survey.

There is one other wonderful characteristic of water for the lack of which all the benefits we have surveyed would be nullified and life on earth would disappear. If water continued to decrease in volume as its temperature dropped, as other elements and gases do, the earth would soon become a lifeless ball of ice. But at 39 degrees Fahrenheit its shrinkage stops; and between there and 32, its freezing point, water begins to expand. It goes up in volume 1 part in 10; that is, 50 gallons of water become 55 gallons of ice. That's what breaks your milk bottles and your water pipes on cold mornings.

Water cannot become colder than its freezing point. Therefore, the water beneath the pond ice on which you skate is not so cold as the ice which protects it. If this were not so, all surface bodies of water would freeze to their bottoms; the summer sun would melt the top, but, water being a poor conductor of heat, the lower ice would remain and increase from year to year.

So great is the expansive power of water that, freezing under the Capitol in Washington, it would lift that building from the ground. The split boulders you've often seen in your cross-country rambles are further signs of water expansion. Some winter, long gone, rain water collected in fissures of those boulders, froze, and pushed them apart.

You have often groaned, as you've plunged into water for a late-season swim, that "it isn't the water that's cold, but the air." There you have hit upon another important function of water: its influence upon climate. Water is slow to absorb heat, but equally slow to give it off. The temperature of the water in any given part of mid-ocean does not differ one degree from summer to winter. This profoundly influences the climate of islands, as witness Nantucket and Bermuda, which owe their mild weather solely to the fact that they are entirely surrounded by ocean water.

The figures on how much water you and your neighbor use each day are interesting because they furnish the index upon which the engineers of your home town must base their search for more and more water unless the growth of your city is to cease. New York now uses almost a billion gallons a day. If you live there, its engineers allow 130 gallons of that total for you.

They know that you, personally, don't use 130 gallons every day; that is the per capita average, which includes factory consumption and the like. You will be surprised to learn, perhaps, that you do use about sixty-five gallons in a day, according to careful checks kept over long periods.

You flush the toilet five or six times a day, and each time six to eight gallons are used. If you take a shower, you will use from twenty to thirty gallons; ten gallons more if you use the tub. Most of you keep the tap on while you're washing; there go several gallons. If you're the sort, also, who keeps the water running while he's shaving or brushing his teeth, you're wasting water at the rate of more than a gallon a minute; twenty or more, all told, in a day. Your share of the cooking and laundry water completes the budget.

Your carelessness, bad as it is, doesn't constitute the worst headaches of the New York engineers, whose investigations prove that more than one hundred million gallons are wasted in the city every day through leaky faucets. That slow drip from the faucet in which you could put a new washer by two minutes' light work with a monkey wrench will waste 15,000 gallons this year. A dribble will waste more than 700,000 gallons. In short, a leaky faucet can do as much as a crooked politician to keep your taxes high.

Before I left the University of Arizona in Tucson I had asked Dr. Shantz to give us a picture of what would happen if the water supply of the United States were suddenly to fail—utterly. He grew serious.

Not a Pleasant Picture

"If the supply of just one city, or section, were to be cut off," he said, "perhaps some relief could be extended. It would have to go forward at once. Trains and ships, airplanes and motor trucks, taxis and wagons, every conceivable form of transportation would be commandeered to carry water into the stricken area in every conceivable form of container. By these means, promptly applied, perhaps half the population could be temporarily sustained; the other half would have to move immediately out of the district.

"If the catastrophe were nation-wide nothing could be done. Panic would be widespread, and the roads would be clogged with people milling hopelessly about in search of water. The worst scenes of wartime refugee flights would be repeated a millionfold. Once you had left the city streets and gained the country a dreadful scene of burnt desolation would meet your eyes through the choking clouds of dust. Brown and withered grass, wilted vegetation, lifeless trees, the birds gone—and over all, dust, dust, great curtains of thick dust—and—

"Let's not go on. It's too horrible."

He stood up quickly behind his desk.

"Here," he said with a smile, "come, we'll get a drink of water!"

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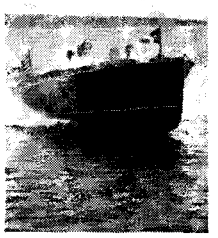
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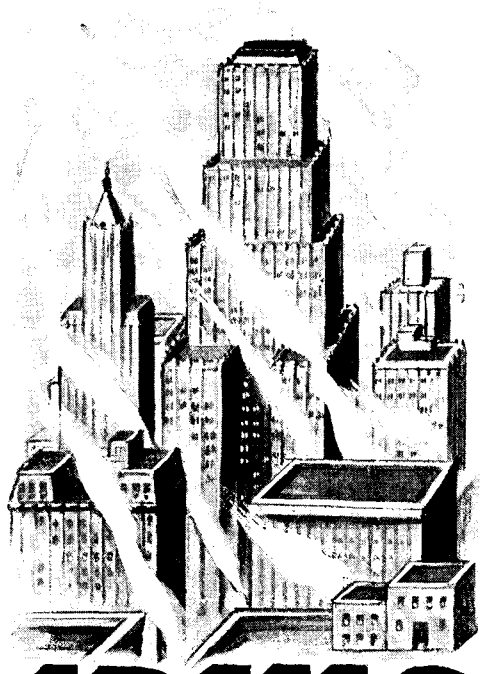
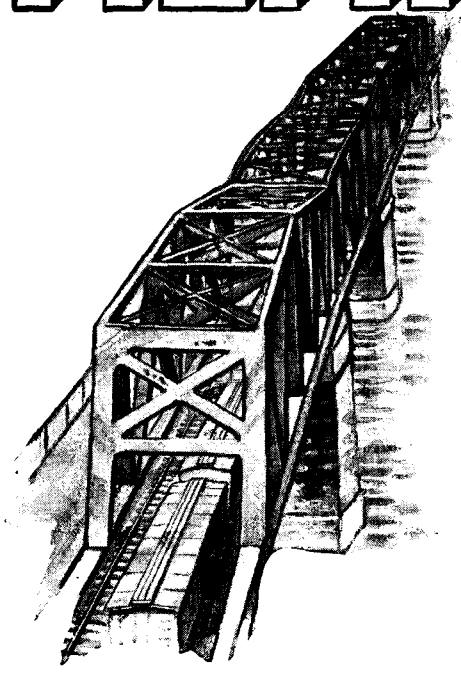


MEMPHIS



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WEST
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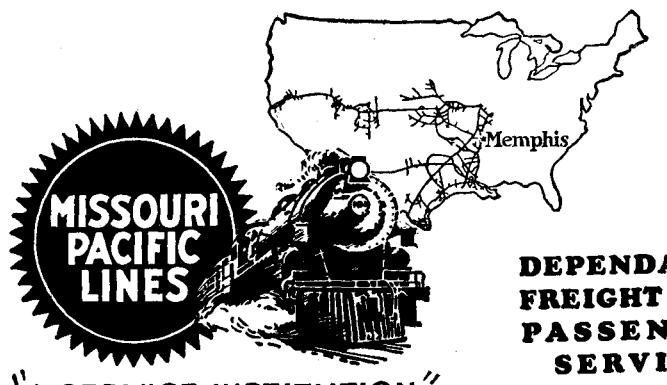
Thru the White River Valley to Kansas City, Omaha and the Northwest, and thru Kansas, Colorado and Utah to the Pacific Coast.



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Fighting Blood

Continued from page 11

and the White House. And so on and on.

But LaFollette and his Half-breeds proceeded serenely to preach their heresies—a corrupt-practices act, ad valorem taxation of railroads, regulation of public utilities and the abolition of free railroad passes, popular primary nominations and popular elections of United States senators. The Wisconsin Idea. They made a symbol of Governor Scofield's cow. This innocent beast, together with Mrs. Scofield's sewing machine, was franked free from the governor's farm to Madison by an obliging railroad. They opened public meetings with readings from the famous Doodle Book, a hitherto confidential document which revealed that state employees had the privilege of drawing their salaries far in advance and then swapping jobs with other state employees in order to draw in advance on other pay rolls. They tickled the hungry farmer mind with descriptions of the power that would revert to the common people if the LaFollette railroad curbs were law. They made war on the Eleventh Floor League, the inner government of the state, so called because its sacred membership met, plotted and disposed on the eleventh floor of a building in Milwaukee.

A Nation Takes Alarm

And in 1900 they elected Battle Bob governor. In the next five years their program became the law of Wisconsin. The country looked on with consternation. Great public men rose in public places to tell constituencies that yonder in Wisconsin there had arisen a greater menace to our free and glorious institutions than slavery ever was. Here and there the record reveals that these steaming patriots spoke of the Wisconsin Idea as "that hydra-headed monster of anarchy" and "a canker on the body politic of our fair land," to say nothing of "that leprous sore of German socialistic treachery." Preachers prayed that God might smite Wisconsin, and particularly Robert M. LaFollette—Bushwhacker Bob LaFollette—with fire and famine lest "the poison of his godless, faithless disloyalty to the creed of our Pilgrim Fathers seep out of that fetid den, poisoning the sun and shriveling the soul of our fair land." Such, at least, was the unbuttoned rhetoric of one Chicago divine. The situation, as you can see, was pretty bad. In Congress, a gentleman from California significantly read a chapter of the cleansing exploits of that commonwealth's vigilantes. Even the Honorable Chauncey Depew of New York lost his sense of humor and spoke of "a possible necessity of a call to arms" if LaFolletteism seeped beyond the borders of doomed Wisconsin.

You would think that all this would have warned Wisconsin of its peril and shame. But no. Wisconsin reëlected Bob to the governorship. And repeated. Then, as if satisfied it was washed of evil, it gave Battle Bob to the nation. He appeared in the United States Senate on April 19, 1906.

Until 1925 without interruption he represented Wisconsin and the Wisconsin Idea in the Senate and ruled his state with the uncompromising dictatorship of the ruthless boss that he was. In those years he kicked enough holes in the government fabric to admit nearly thirty new ideas, an astonishing feat when one realizes that the United States hadn't recognized a new idea since the Emancipation Proclamation. Every four years he crashed the Republican National Convention with his progressive platform. And every convention threw it out. Yet, oddly enough, administration after administration, seeking to save its face, went to the LaFollette library and selected one or more of his advanced ideas and jammed them through, using the hole that Bob had made for it. Let's look.

In 1908 he offered the Republican convention a platform of thirteen planks. All were rejected. Before he died twelve had been made law, nine of them by Republican Congresses. In 1912 he submitted eighteen propositions to the winded reactionaries who nominated the unhappy Mr. Taft. All were waved aside, Boies Penrose of Pennsylvania observing that Mr. Taft would be defeated without their assistance. Fourteen of them were new. Within the next ten years fifteen had become law. In 1916 he offered Mr. Hughes seventeen ideas, fifteen of which had to do with the conduct of the war. Mr. Hughes and his management scorned them. But LaFollette again was being called traitor and pro-German and the country had no need of new ideas then anyway, booting all the old ones all over the lot.

In 1920 Bob was tired. He had about run his course. The Wisconsin Idea had won national recognition and, for a large part, adoption. Nevertheless, he plunged ahead with a platform on which he was to run on a third-party ticket in 1924: government ownership of stockyards, packing plants and all natural resources in which there is inherent natural monopoly. Revision of tax schedules to place greater exactions on wealth. Popular election of all Federal judges. Initiative and referendum in national legislation. Recall for senators and representatives. A deep waterway from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico.

Make a note of those projects. And wait a while.

That one of his sons should take his seat in the Senate was not only his desire but his definite plan. But the son was to be Philip, not Bob junior. The younger Bob, born in 1895, had been his father's secretary and clerk for the Senate Committee on Manufactures. Phil, two years younger, was following more directly the old man's course. Shortly after being graduated from the University of Wisconsin he was elected district attorney of Dane County, achieving in that office something of his father's aggressive celebrity.

Bob? Oh, He's Just Bob

Young Bob, a sufficient but not brilliant student in college, shared the family's ambition to gird Phil to carry the old senator's banner. His own ambition was toward commerce, not politics. At the time of his father's death, in 1925, young Bob had made but one public speech in his life and that one had in no sense been remarkable. Neither had Bob the social flair of his younger brother. In Madison they assure you that Phil was socially the most popular student in the university as well as being the brightest by far in the law school. Bob, they tell you, was more like his mother—a trifle shy, desirous of being left to his own devices and entirely willing to yield the spotlight to anyone eager for it. He was, his acquaintances say, a trifle more loquacious and apparently more comfortable in the company of a few well-chosen taxi chauffeurs and cops than at a univer-

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sity tea. Phil was distinctly the high-brow, the steeple-head; Bob—oh, Bob was just Bob.

To be a United States senator one must be at least thirty years old. And in 1925, Phil wasn't. Perhaps it was just as well for the dynasty. You gather in Wisconsin, outside of Madison, that there it is somewhat short of certain that Phil would have held the Senate seat in the following elections. For one thing he was not as popularly known in the state as the easy-going Bob was. Furthermore, there was a rather general feeling that the late Representative Henry Allen Cooper, the veteran from Racine, who for many years had humbly done the LaFollette chores in the lower house of Congress and sacrificed all personal ambition to his leader's will, deserved the honor.

A New Senator LaFollette

Maybe then it was just as well for the name of LaFollette that there was another Bob—a Bob junior who was known and who already handled the reins that had gone slack in the tired hands of the old warrior. Young Bob was literally catapulted into the vacant chair. His election came as a matter of course, not merely because his name was Bob LaFollette but because he was capable, stanch, painstaking and loyal to the Wisconsin Idea. The brilliance is Phil's; whether the substance also is his may be decided later on. One gathers that Bob would not hesitate to step aside for his younger brother; but the conviction grows, as you get farther away from Madison, that Bob would have quite a time of it convincing the farmers that he should.

Yet Phil, who continued in his father's footsteps by stepping from the office of district attorney into the governorship (except that the way was cleared for him and the old man had had to fight every inch of the road and largely single-handed), is the son that arouses the imagination. He can't occupy the governor's chair indefinitely and, although all his training has been toward a career of politics, it is not likely that Wisconsin will send two LaFollettes to the Senate. So what is Wisconsin to do with him—unless his brother retires? It is not easy to visualize Phil settling down to a law practice in Madison.

But whichever of the sons survives the early ravages of politics, the quickest appeal to the imagination is now Phil's. A call upon him in the somber executive mansion will repay anybody who has met many governors in many states and come to the inevitable and understandable conclusion that they are wont to be as alike as rivets or radio announcers.

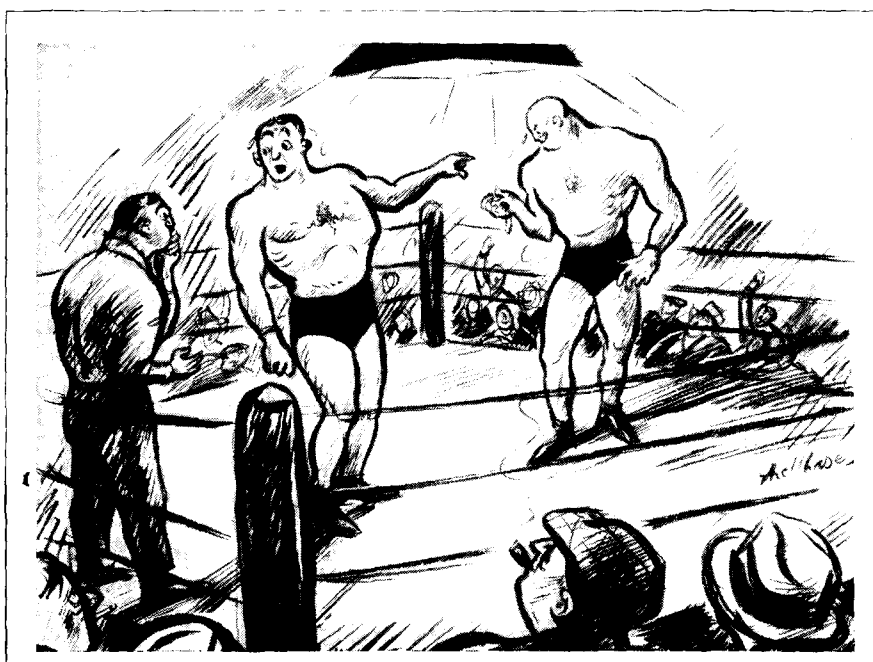
He sits in a huge chair, which might contain two men of his slenderness, at the modernized end of the President Grant period library. Under the influence of his enthusiasm, his surprising youth, his untempered idealism, he fidgets (but not nervously) in his seat. He suggests an eager young college instructor or the boyishly radical editor of an undergraduate journal of opinion. Yet there is nothing callow about this shining youthfulness. Just inexperience—a healthy, sparkling inexperience. Almost all of his explorations have been intellectual.

As you talk to him you understand the grins of those who tell you how, when he was district attorney of Dane County—his father's first political job—he helped clean out The Bush. The Bush is Madison's less idealistic sector, the source of its gin and corn supply. The Bush had been the scene of quite a bit of revelry by the university students. Several murders had enlivened its nights, two or three cops taking their places among the victims. One Tony Musso, who was never heard to deny the flattering description of being one of Al Capone's boys, was the big shot of The Bush. The young district attorney was given to understand that he could have $35,000 if he would permit none but Musso stills to operate and leave Mr. Musso to see to it that no others would be tolerated. There may be quite an element of light romance about that proposal; anyway, Phil LaFollette did not see the money nor was he called upon to make a flat refusal.

Ready for Advancement

What he did was to notify the police department that he would accompany it to The Bush and give that jocund neighborhood a thorough going-over. He did just that and they still talk of the impressive picture the lad made in his trench coat with a prodigious pistol strapped to his lean flanks. Mr. Musso was not arrested because he had departed in plenty of time, having been told that it might be just as well for him to return to Chicago. Of course you may still buy a drink in The Bush (and elsewhere in Madison) but if you have any delicacy at all you won't enjoy it. Besides, Wisconsin isn't particular whether you drink or abstain. She has repealed her dry law and is politically unsympathetic toward prohibition.

(Continued on page 48)



"Make him give me back my good-luck piece!" *George Shellhase*

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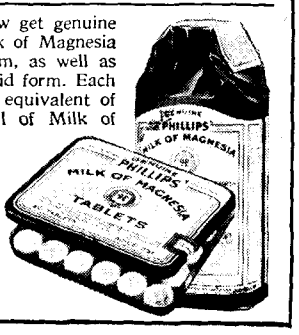

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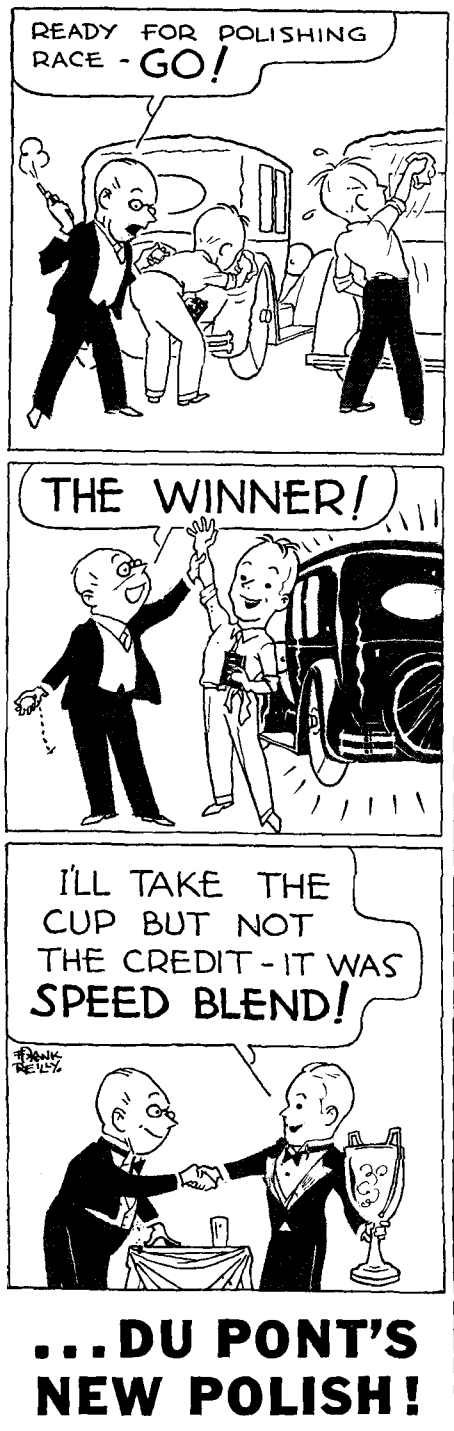

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(Continued from page 47)

Thus, anyway, did Phil fetch himself to the eyes of the general populace which enjoys the dramatic in him as it did in his father. When it was decided by the so-called Madison Ring that Phil was ready for advancement, a ruggedly honest business man who had been far too busy creating a bathroom- and plumbing-supply business (to say nothing of an ideal village for his workers at Kohler, Wisconsin) to have learned much about practical politics, was governor of the state. His name is Walter J. Kohler.

Search as you may, you will not be rewarded with anything resembling proof that Mr. Kohler was not a desirable occupant of the office now occupied by the young LaFollette. But, as I have said, he was a business man and believed that his post should be operated on the same principles that had made his own business a success and his employees content. He was no handshaker. He had no time for greeting callers whose sole excuse for their presence was their political influence in their home town. And he was a firm disciplinarian, with an old-fashioned theory that even those who held public office should work hard.

"Treating" the Voters

One day early in 1930, young Phil and the powerful LaFollette machine decided it would be a good thing for their political fortunes if Mr. Kohler (who is not of the Madison Ring) should be discredited and thereby removed as a menace in the November elections when he proposed to run to succeed himself. But discrediting Mr. Kohler was not a simple matter. The man's record in office and out was flawless. One might not agree with his political procedure and taxation schedules, but it was silly to accuse him of selfishness, corruption or inefficiency.

Now, any conventional-minded politician would advise you that to try to outlaw a man of the Kohler integrity would be worse than idle. It would have boomerang effects and make more certain his continuation in office. But Phil went into court anyway, charging that Mr. Kohler had violated one of the sturdiest of Wisconsin's LaFollette-born statutes—the corrupt-practices act. There was general surprise, Mr. Kohler participating therein. Yet there was the specific charge in perfect legal verbiage: Mr. Kohler had violated that section of the act which prohibits "treating."

If you seek office in Wisconsin you may not buy a voter a drink or give him a cigar. And yet here was ample evidence that frequently, while Mr. Kohler was running for governor, he had entertained ladies and gentlemen at his estate, giving them coffee, sandwiches and crullers. And at least once there was a salad! This, you can see, was clearly outrageous and Phil and his backers demanded that Mr. Kohler be ejected from office. Mr. Kohler had been "treating" the voters.

In a highly dramatic trial, lasting twenty-three days, Mr. Kohler defended himself nobly, overwhelming the jury with the story of his eventful life, which came to its climax in his determination to give his employees "not only bread but roses too." And the jury promptly declared him innocent of flouting the state's law. It was a complete vindication for the governor and throughout Wisconsin were heard the titters which so frequently are fatal to the young political aspirant.

Yet Phil declared for governor and in an amazing primary campaign in a period of business depression, which must be a handicap to all office-holders, he defeated Kohler. And another LaFollette had come over the horizon.

Phil, much like his father, had come upon the scene, magic name and all, at an opportune time. He came assailing chain banks, Wall Street and the Federal administration. He came demanding increased taxation of the rich and championing a new banking system and an exceedingly liberal treatment of unemployment.

As I say, Phil assails your imagination, grasps it and holds on. He did that with the Wisconsin electorate. His oratorical treatment of old problems was sometimes naïve, sometimes bizarre and almost always original. For example, there was his scheme to mobilize the unmarried unemployed men of the state. He would put them into uniforms, concentrate them in armories, barracks and so forth. He would pay them a certain wage—say fifteen dollars a month—out of public funds and subject them to vocational training. When presently the winter should wane and spring soften the austere interior and northern counties where the state owned hundreds of thousands of acres which it hoped to reforest and convert into game preserves, he would turn these trained uniformed men loose upon such lands where they would effect the great transformation.

His advisers pleaded with him. He was laying the foundation of the dole system. And consider the social awkwardnesses of mobilizations! Think too of the opportunity he was creating for the demagogue who might persuade such a ready-made army into a Red Menace. Yet he clung to his dream with the fervor of the incurable idealist.

And yet, for all of these visions, Phil is not at all above a warm admiration for a political machine which his advisers now propose and which would have given even his father pause. The elder LaFollette was the complete dictator, but his personality, his great force and his demigod hold on the imaginations and affections of his people made county chairmen, district leaders, precinct captains unnecessary, in fact. In this more cynical day young Phil recognizes the necessity of stern organization, Tammany-like entrenchments against the incursions of bolters and dissenters. He is building just such a machine.

Leaders of the New Order

Like his father he reads enormously. But old Bob's tastes were molded by expediency. He had no time to fritter away on light stuff. Phil will have a go at almost any book he overtakes or which overtakes him. He may drop it as quickly as he took it up; but he will give it a chance. And he is conventional politician enough to choke his motor car to an ostentatious stop at a street intersection and wave a woman and her baby-carriage across.

Not everybody in Wisconsin is predicting a great future for Phil—a future which includes the Presidency on a platform of which doubtless his father dreamed. But a considerable number of them are. They put it quite simply! Out of our current stagnation will come a new political line-up, abolishing the old stupidities which have rendered existing political parties callous and insensible. Phil and Bob LaFollette, they assure you, will be seen in the lead of the new order. Their youth, their freedom from moth-eaten precept and the fact that they have not exposed themselves to the ossification of partisanship make them eligible. At least so they say in Wisconsin.

Yet even these optimists agree that these two sons of the most useful of our wild jackasses might today be unknown had Mr. McCullough been a little more tolerant.

Or old Bob a few inches taller.

SOME ERASER!

Recently a Scotchman sharpened his Velvet Pencil so short that he found himself writing two pages of a letter with the front end of the eraser.

HERE'S A $5 WINNER

Venus Pencils

They bear the name
Of a famous dame
Whose statue made a hit.
It's understood
They must be good
For Venus sure had "it."

(Submitted by Victor Elconin, of Cleveland, Ohio. Congratulations, Vic., and thanks for the sentiment.)

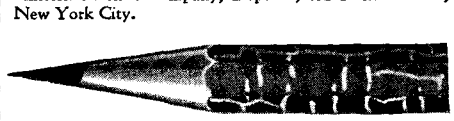
ANOTHER WINNER

Dear Sir:

I paid five cents apiece for two pencils which are worth more than their weight in *platinum*, because accompanying two small notebooks they repose under the pillows of my two kiddies, aged 4 and 6, and when they awaken early in the mornings, they sit up and draw pictures and scribble, and allow the household to sleep peacefully. I consider these two *Velvet* Pencils the most necessary part of my morning bed-making! . . . (Submitted by Mrs. Ione Davis, Riverside, Calif. Smart idea, Mrs. Davis.)

* * *

Who else has a suggestion? Send it in. Things to do with pencils, poems, ideas, jokes about pencils. "What an Idea" offers a shiny new $5 gold piece for every one we print. American Pencil Company, Dept. A, 212 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



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"COLLOIDAL PROCESS

What's that a new name for?"

WELL, gentle reader, Colloidal Process is the thing that makes the lead in every Venus Pencil smooth, even, and strong.

You see (look out now, we're going technical!) the ordinary method of making lead is to grind clay and graphite together. The result is a relatively gritty lead with unevenly distributed particles of clay and graphite.

Now for Venus Pencils, by the Colloidal Process, we obtain exceedingly minute particles of clay and graphite and a perfectly homogeneous mixture, neither of which is possible by any other process.

Of course the important thing to *you* is the fact that you have a choice of 17 Venus shades of black—all equally smooth, strong, and uniform.

17 SHADES OF BLACK

VENUS Pencils 10c

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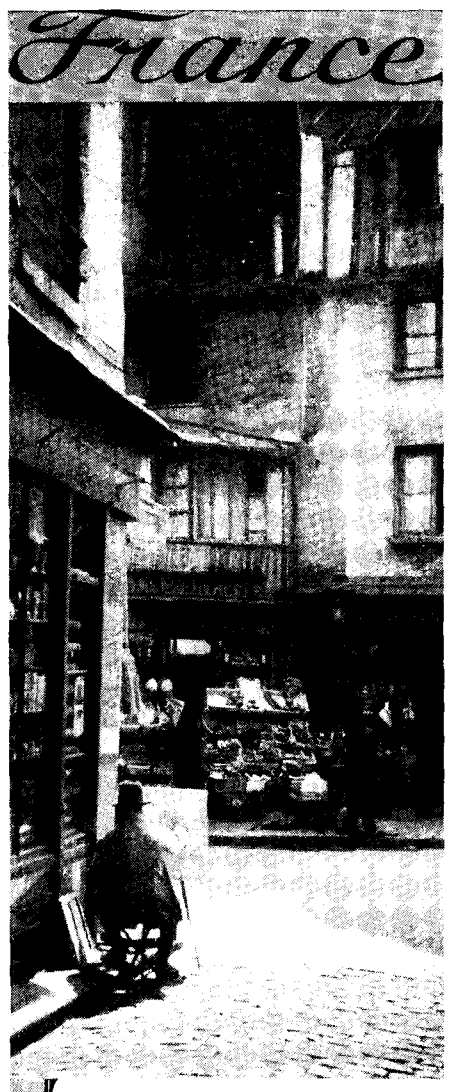

AREN'T you a bit tired of your cottage at the beach . . . your camp in the mountains . . . why not rent and go to France this summer? ▲ Transportation in France has progressed remarkably of late years...more trains, faster trains...cheaper tariffs . . . miraculously comfortable motor buses on all the most picturesque highways . . . a vacation you have always wanted with your dollars stretching farther than staying at home ▲ Mont St. Michel, where the Ages carry you back and back to the dawn of everything...Lisieux with its famous shrine . . . Chinon where Jeanne D'Arc met her king ▲ Tranquil days along the Loire where feudal castles loom like giant watch dogs over sleeping villages . . . Deauville for the races . . . lovely Biarritz, playground of European aristocracy . . . little Basque towns in the Pyrenees ▲ Arles with its old theatre where Venus de Milo was found . . . the whole Riviera with the fragrance of a million roses . . . through the routes-des-Alps to Chamonix . . . Vittel and Contrexeville nestling in the Vosges with their famous thermal springs . . . LeTouquet and LaBaule provide week-ends with gay Parisians ▲ Your travel agency will supply itinerary.

RAILWAYS OF FRANCE
1 East 57th Street, New York

Big Ben

Continued from page 22

and though he wasted yards and threw away speed with reckless abandon he won as he pleased in close to record figures. He also ran the anchor lap in the relay against Victor Williams of Southern California, the national 440-yard champion of 1930, starting out ahead and finishing that way.

The cry at once went up for a match race between Eastman and Williams. This was exactly what Dink Templeton most desired. Many people on the West coast, though admitting that Dink had another find, could not bring themselves to believe that any inexperienced youngster could trim the great Williams, so when they met in the Pacific Coast Intercollegiates at Los Angeles, May 16, 1931, there was a record crowd on hand.

None who saw that race will ever forget it. It was run in lanes for the first 220 yards, with Ben Eastman on the pole and Vic Williams in the second position. Before the start, these two presented the greatest possible contrast. The pale, young Eastman was awkwardly walking up and down his lane, occasionally peering at Williams through his horn-rimmed spectacles, but not showing a trace of nervousness. The national champion, a well-built, rugged veteran, was just as cool.

Getting His Stride

At the pistol flash Eastman was out running like a frightened gazelle, and with a beautiful rhythm which was as smooth and steady as clockwork. His long legs ate up the yards like a locomotive gone mad and he finished the first half a good ten yards in front of the fast-moving Williams. Eastman had the track all to himself and he continued to burn it up in almost effortless fashion.

Williams still lay back. It was his race to come from behind, but he was so far in the rear it seemed impossible that he could make up the distance. On the last turn he started his great drive and closed the gap with a dazzling burst of speed. Now he was at Eastman's shoulder and the tape was still fifty yards away. The Los Angeles crowd, Williams' crowd, came to its feet with a mighty roar. The champion was coming through!

The step which was to send Williams out in front never materialized. Eastman, seemingly without effort, applied more pressure. His long, even strides became longer still and he gradually drew away from the veteran to win by five feet. Eastman's steady, clocklike rhythm had never faltered. The time for the race was 47⅖ seconds, equaling the world's record for a one-turn track established by Ted Meredith many years before. And in making it, Eastman had seemingly run "under wraps."

The speed of the man was phenomenal, unbelievable. He not only had run what many critics that day termed the fastest quarter in history, but he had beaten one of the finest 440 men who ever pulled on a shoe.

Eastman has not been running long enough to understand pace, to protect himself against sharp elbows or to trust himself to the hazards of a dog-eat-dog duel. At Philadelphia a fast-starting quarter-miler, Horace Steele of Pennsylvania, got in front of him in the first few yards of the race and Eastman found himself in one box after another, hemmed in at every turn. Williams was taking it easy, waiting his moment. Big Ben was frantic because he could not get a clear field. He was also a trifle worn from his heat in the half-mile the day before, something which Williams had not gone through. Yet despite these handicaps he was timed in 47⅗ seconds and then came back to win the half-mile, again running thirty yards out of his way. He would have broken the world's record in this event that day if he had known how to run.

This same handicap manifested itself several weeks later when Big Ben and Vic Williams faced each other in a pre-Olympic night meet held at Los Angeles. Neither man was in the best of shape. It was not until the last minute that they had agreed to run. The feature of this June 19th program was "The Race of a Lifetime" over the 100-yard distance, between Frank Wykoff of Southern California, Emmett Toppino of New Orleans, Cy Leland of Fort Worth, and the Olympic champion, Percy Williams of Canada, which ended in a walk-away for Wykoff. The addition of the Eastman-Williams duel had helped to bring out a crowd of more than forty thousand, most of whom were looking forward to a new world's record in the 440.

The race was run in lanes, with Williams on the pole, Eastman in the second position and Ray Alf of the Los Angeles Athletic Club running on the outside. Williams was away fast while Eastman seemed to hesitate in the first few yards, being slow to find himself. The pair were shoulder to shoulder at the end of the first 220, and then Big Ben swung into his full stride around the curve, gaining on his rugged rival. He hit the home stretch three yards to the good.

A shoulder brushing mine quivered and a hand gripped the ledge of the press box convulsively. I knew without taking my eyes from the race that Ben Eastman's father was running with his boy. Then the hand relaxed and the shoulder pressed against mine turned away. Poor judgment of timing and pace had cost Eastman the "rubber race" in 48⅖ seconds, almost slow time for these champions.

"A great battle!" smiled Sam Eastman, the father. "I'm just a father, awfully proud of my boy. Next year he'll make me even more proud. He's a runner—and what a runner Vic Williams is!"

"All heart," replied Coach Templeton, who had been quietly watching the race from the same press box. "But you have seen Big Ben lose his last start. Just wait until he acquires a sense of timing and learns pace!"

Templeton will teach him these before the Olympic games roll around. Having commenced his track career so recently, there is little danger of Big Ben's burning out. Undoubtedly he will be greater than ever this summer.

In the Old Days

There have been some great quarter-milers. No event in sports boasts a more brilliant array, beginning with Lonnie Myers of the old Manhattan Athletic Club of New York, back in the late seventies and the early eighties. Lon won the 440-yard national championship no less than six times and also finished the first in the 100 yards twice, first in the 220 four times, and first in the 880 three times.

The boys seemed to be more versatile in those days, and of course the competition was not so trying. Tom Keane, present Syracuse track coach, won our national quarter-mile championship before he turned professional,

(Continued on page 50)

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Here, in this great sunland of fresh pine-laden, tonic breezes, are all the outdoor activities you desire. Here are no mere dozen . . . or hundred . . . but 10,000 crystal-clear, grass-and-tree-bordered lakes to make your vacation one of zestful play or quiet rest . . . a real investment in health and recreation.

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Tonight!
Eat what you like at your evening meal and drink your favorite coffee —real coffee. After your meal or at bedtime, munch three or four Tums. See how Tums prevent and relieve that fussy stomach—acid indigestion—and allow you a night of refreshing sleep.

If Coffee Keeps You Awake

Just Eat a Few Delicious "TUMS"

MOST sleepless nights are caused by fussy stomachs—acid indigestion. Many times you are not even aware of this condition, but pressure on vital organs, gassy fullness and uneasiness torment the nerves, keeping you awake and restless. Awakening at frequent intervals, dreaming, tossing in bed are often the results of this condition. It is so easy to prevent and relieve these conditions quickly and pleasantly—just eat three or four Tums.

Tums—a delightful new antacid mint—counteract acid, dispel gas. You will be surprised how much better you sleep by eating them after your evening meal. If you are like many other people you will find you can drink real coffee with no bad after-effects.

If you suffer with acid indigestion, heartburn, sour stomach or gas at any time, you will find quick relief in Tums. Eat three or four of them just like candy—after meals or whenever you are distressed. They come in rolls, handy and convenient to carry in pocket or purse. Learn how you can eat the foods you like best, smoke as you like, drink coffee or tea without an upset stomach. Get a roll of Tums at any drug store today—only 10 cents.

Even if you have a FUSSY STOMACH

You can now eat a real meal without suffering with *Acid Indigestion, Heartburn, Gas*—just eat a few "TUMS"—Quick, Sure relief—only 10 cents.

GET 2 ROLLS FREE

Thousands of people are buying Tums in the convenient $1.00 box containing twelve rolls, thus getting two rolls free

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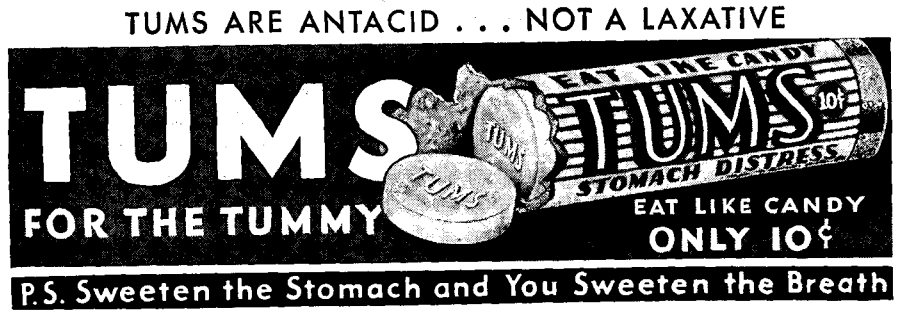

P.S. Sweeten the Stomach and You Sweeten the Breath

(*Continued from page 49*)

and was an ideal man for this race, but in later years, while running for big stakes, he cut down his distance because the sprint prizes were more lucrative.

Then there was another Tom who will not soon be forgotten—our first Olympic 400-yard and 100-meter champion, Tommy Burke of Boston. Burke was national title-holder for three straight years and as great a competitor as the old days knew.

Mel Sheppard is another one of the old-time immortal middle-distance stars. Though he never won an Olympic or national title in the 440 yards, he turned in some grand races and for many years was the kingpin of them all in distances ranging from 500 yards to 1,500 meters.

Johnny Morrison of Stanford, George Schiller of Southern California, Vic Williams of the same university, as well as Oxy Hendrixon of California, who twice crossed the continent to win the I. C. 4-A quarter-mile title, will always remain as great Western 440 men.

Possibly the fastest of all these was Frank Sloman, a high school boy who once ran 47 seconds to win the Junior National championship at San Francisco with the wind at his back. He was a brilliant prospect who was burned out before he ever reached college. Other great competitors include Bevil Rudd of South Africa, Olympic champion of 1920, Cecil Cooke of Syracuse and Pete Bowen of Pittsburgh, national champions who were the class of their time.

Speed Quartet

I have not mentioned four quarter-milers whose achievements outrank the record which Eastman has established so far.

The first is Maxey Long of the New York Athletic Club, who won national championships in the 100-, 220- and 440-yard distances and the Olympic 400-meter title. He thus proved himself as a competitor, beating the best sprinters and quarter-milers of his time. His chief claim to fame was his ability to break records, three of which still stand after an assault of more than thirty years.

Twelve years after Long was at his best, a prep-school sensation made the Stockholm Olympic team from Mercersburg Academy. He was a heavy-set, powerful youngster who had never known any form of dissipation and possessed a reserve supply of speed, strength and stamina which carried him to rather an odd victory in the Olympic 800 meters. Mel Sheppard had been favored to beat Braun of Germany, a very good runner. Ted Meredith, the youngster from Mercersburg, was instructed to take Sheppard out and to run on the outside all of the way so as to give the favored veterans a chance to make points for the United States. Meredith obeyed instructions. He set pace for Sheppard and ran on the outside of everybody, but when the boys came into the home stretch with less than 100 meters to go, with Sheppard in front, the champions weakened and the steel-limbed, strong-hearted Meredith went on to win the Olympic title and set a record of 1:51:9. He also placed in the finals of the Olympic 400 meters.

Meredith attended Pennsylvania University. It was not until his senior year that he really displayed his true ability. Facing strong opposition in both the quarter- and the half-mile in the Intercollegiate championships, he proceeded to win them both, establishing a record for the 880 of 1 minute 52⅕ seconds and for the 440 of 47⅖ seconds.

During this same year another collegian was running wild in Chicago. He was a Negro boy named Binga Dismond, the son of a wealthy father who was recognized as the boss of the Black Belt. Binga was a modest, silent fellow and a splendid student. As a member of the University of Chicago track team he won the respect of all those who came in contact with him and established a dazzling record of speed.

Several times he had the opportunity of equaling or lowering Meredith's new mark, but on each occasion forces over which he had no control rose up as insurmountable handicaps. Once it was illness and several times the condition of the track and the weather kept him from a record. His white opponents, who were good-enough sportsmen in competition against one another, thought it perfectly fair to take advantage of him and tried to do so at every opportunity.

Game as they come, Binga Dismond refused to fight back or stir up racial feeling. And there is no record that he ever expressed his disappointment at the treatment he received. To avoid friction he made it a point to run on the outside of everybody, which meant that he generally covered from six to ten yards more ground during a race than his opponents. Yet even with this handicap he was once timed in 47⅖ seconds and, from the records which he made and the men whom he beat, Binga Dismond deserves recognition in the same breath with Maxey Long and Ted Meredith.

The last of the quartet was a little Scotch minister, Eric Liddell, 400-meter Olympic champion in 1924, and Olympic record-holder for the distance with a mark of 47⅗ seconds. No clock, however, could accurately judge the spirit of Eric Liddell, while no athlete ever came closer to being inspired while in competition.

The best sprinter in all England, Liddell withdrew from the 100 meters at Paris when he found that the heats were to be held on Sunday. He felt that it was sacrilege to run on the Sabbath and no force under heaven could persuade him otherwise. After taking third in the finals of the 200 meters, Liddell was not given a chance to reach the finals in the longer race. His running form was atrocious. He threw his head so far back that one could stand behind him and watch his face clear down the stretch and, instead of starting out at a respectable gait, he came from his holes wildly sprinting and kept it up until he reached the string. The critics said it was impossible for anybody to run that way; that is, they said so until after they had seen Liddell spread-eagle his field in the Olympic finals.

From Track to Pulpit

A few weeks later in London, Liddell made up forty yards against H. M. Fitch of the United States, who had taken second to him at Paris in the most phenomenal quarter anybody ever saw. Running the last leg of a relay race, the little Scotchman went out after the American, who had already reached the first turn, and when he caught him on the last curve he proceeded to go gloriously mad and outsprint him to the tape, while his native bagpipes screeched and Englishmen and Americans alike went crazy. Yet the little Scotch minister had enough wind left the next morning to preach a long sermon in a London church.

Whether Ben Eastman has this same kind of fighting heart under fire and is able to rise to such emotional heights remains to be seen. To date he has never had to. Everything has been new and strange to him. He is just beginning to find himself. By the time the Olympics come to Los Angeles in July, Big Ben may be able to surpass himself while fighting for his country and turn in two American victories such as Paul Pilgrim did in the dim and distant past.

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The Gracious Lady

Continued from page 13

impenetrably locked. There were peepholes through which we could observe the rest of the world, in a limited sort of fashion. But we didn't really know ourselves, and so we could hardly hope really to know other people.

Alone, groping, we thought we established contacts. Because we so needed decency and fineness, we were ready to believe that another possessed those qualities. Those qualities made the imprisoned loneliness less hard to endure. And then the person to whom we had granted those qualities proved not to have them. The spiritual escape from our bony prisons was somehow denied us. We shrank back into our cells, miserable, afraid.

Rita had betrayed him. His loneliness had come back upon him. If Rita, the loveliest of her sex, was faithless, then upon whom could he rely? Could he ever go adventuring in the spirit again, trying to find someone to alleviate his loneliness? For that was what love was—a cure for solitude.

Man discovers that his communication, so far as making himself completely understood, is highly limited. He uses words, but they mean nothing unless interpreted with love. So he seeks love, that he will feel companioned. And Rita no longer companioned Dean Resolve.

Oh, well, he would forget her. And so, brave in this resolution, he finally turned toward home.

Petersen, anxiety in his eyes, lurked in the front hall, and opened the door at sound of Dean's steps on the stoop. His keen nostrils caught the odor of whisky, and his anxiety turned to instant fear.

"There's a bite of sandwich and some soda in your room, sir," he ventured.

"Any Scotch, Petersen?" Dean asked.

"No—no, sir," hesitated the servant.

"Well, put a full bottle there. Petersen," said Dean, "I want it there just so I can laugh at it. For I'm through with it. And I guess I must be a trifle overboard, Petersen, or I'd never be telling you—or anyone else—that I was through for life."

"No, sir," said the servant. "Yes, sir," he corrected himself.

"Well, which is it?" laughed Dean. "Have my father and mother gone to bed?"

"Some time ago, sir," was the reply.

"Okay," said Dean. "Good night, Petersen."

"Good night, sir."

DEAN climbed the stairs.

He reached his room, and sat heavily down in a chair. He noticed, as he always noticed upon entrance to the room, Rita's photograph on a dressing-table. From across the room he surveyed it. Then he rose and walked over to it, returning to the chair with the picture in his hand.

God, she was lovely. She had that extraordinary effect of purity without priggishness, innocence without ignorance. One knew that here were sophistication and experience, and that the pair had not soiled their owner.

Even in the picture, the calm brown eyes revealed that frankness which was almost bold, and which was one of her most attractive traits. It was as though she looked upon life unashamed, understanding, unafraid, and yet with sweet reluctance.

And this woman, the woman who had posed for this picture, was the woman who had shown him no consideration in the past fifteen days, and who tonight had coolly confessed to him that her late husband's money meant more to her than Dean Resolve's love.

His fingers tightened upon the frame, as though to bend it, as though to destroy the picture within. Then the harshness left his expression, and his shoulders drooped. He replaced the photograph on the table and began undressing.

A knock sounded gently on the door. He called and Petersen entered. He placed the Scotch upon the table beside the photograph and silently departed. Dean grinned. Dear old literal-minded Petersen.

He wished he could be literal-minded. To be able to take things as they came; to expect nothing and therefore, as the cynics had it, never to be disappointed; to know that people, in the great stresses, would react selfishly. . . .

But Jinny Carpenter wasn't that kind. His lips curled. To think that the Gracious Lady must suffer by comparison with any other woman in the world!

He felt a sudden anger at Jinny. Why had her lips been so utterly unresponsive to his kiss? After all, she was a woman and he was a man. Then, sneering at himself, he went to bed.

THE jangling telephone called him from dreamless slumber. He sat up gingerly, then grinned as he found that no headache was roused into fury by movement. He reached for the telephone.

Jinny's voice attacked him gayly.

"Lazy lad! It's nearly eleven! How dare you sleep so long?"

"Alcohol induces slumber," he replied.

"Oh, Dean," she said, a flatness in her tone.

"I know, Jinny-my-love," he laughed. "Promises meant little to me last night. But—I didn't drink too much, and—Jinny, do you like me?"

"You should know," she answered.

"I think I do," he said. "Some day, when I can do it without being maudlin, I want to tell you what a corker you've been. Well, would you like me to promise you that I'll never take a drink again?"

"Not if it's hard to promise, Dean."

"It's absurdly easy," he said. "I learned that last night. Don't ask me how. I couldn't answer. I just know that—I'm through forever this time."

"Anyone would think you'd been a terrible drunkard," she protested.

"I could have been. I was on my way last night. But I'm not any longer. Now, isn't that a splendid present in return for all you've done for me?"

"Don't deprecate it, Dean," she said. "I'm—pleased. And, Dean, I telephoned—Dean, women are funny creatures."

"So I've learned," he sardonically agreed.

"Don't be like that," she scolded. I mean—I've been thinking all night why Rita should behave so. Dean, I know what made her. I know the reason."

"So do I," he jeered. "Twelve million of them."

"Dean! Don't be—beastly. Rita—there's been scandal. She—might not want to involve you further—"

"That is rot," he derided. His mood changed. "Only a sweetheart like you, Jinny, would bother thinking up a defense for her."

"You should have been thinking up defenses yourself," she charged. "And, Dean—you know where she is—how to get in touch with her. Dean, don't throw away happiness. Phone her—go to see her—"

(Continued on page 52)

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Please send me your large, generous sample of Lavoris. I enclose 10c for cost of packing and mailing.

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43

(Continued from page 51)

"She said the last word last night," he interrupted.

"That is absurd," cried Jinny. "Dean, don't be—don't be a wicked fool."

He was silent so long that she thought the line had been disconnected.

"Dean—did you hear me?"

"Yes, I heard you, Jinny," he said.

"Then you'll see her?"

"Yes, I'll see her," he said.

She murmured something inarticulate, and hung up. Instantly Dean looked up the number of Curry Reynolds and was connected with the attorney.

"Dean Resolve speaking," he said. "Would you mind telling me where Mrs. Clayborne is stopping?"

His pride revolted at having to ask the question. That Rita should let him remain in ignorance of her residence!

"At the Ardmore, Mr. Resolve," said the lawyer. "Unless she's left. Her boat sails at three."

"Boat!" Dean gasped the word.

Into Curry Reynolds' voice, despite his effort to hide it, crept a touch of pity, pity that galled Resolve.

"She's sailing on the Majestic."

DEAN hung up instantly, not even stopping to utter the conventional "Thanks." He got the Ardmore on the phone at once, and in a moment was connected with Rita.

"This is Dean, Rita. Reynolds tells me you're sailing this afternoon."

His statement was a challenge, and she responded to it.

"Well?"

"Good Lord, Rita, how can you say 'Well'? You know you can't leave me like this. You know that—"

"Dean, it was all said last night."

"It wasn't all said last night. Why, Rita," and his voice softened, "only incredible things were said. Only unbelievable, dreadful things were said. That you were accepting Clayborne's money. That you were not marrying me."

"There were things said by you, too," she reminded him.

"Not by me, any more than things were said by you, Rita. Neither you nor I could have said those dreadful things. Why, Rita, my love, you are my Gracious Lady, who can do no wrong. And I am your lover, who can, unfortunately, do wrong, but not with intention. Rita, we love each other. I still have our marriage license. Rita, we were mad last night. We were insane. You can't sail."

"But I am," she said.

"But don't you see, darling, that you're sailing away from happiness, from love? And that you're taking love and happiness from me? Rita, it's impossible. I'll come to see you, and—"

"I won't receive you," she cut in.

He stared at the black mouthpiece of the telephone, as though the inanimate material had been transformed into something grinningly and evilly alive.

"Won't receive me? *Rita!* You can't mean that."

"But I do mean it," she said.

"But if you mean this—why, then, you could never have meant all the things that you told me in the past. Are you telling me, Rita, that your love for me—your intention to marry me—that all these things weren't meant?"

"What difference does it make what I meant then?" she demanded.

"Why," he said slowly, "no difference at all, I guess."

He hung up the receiver, looked at the bottle of Scotch still where Petersen had placed it last night, shrugged and smiled. He rang for his breakfast, then walked, with the stiff, uncertain steps of one who has received an injury, into the bathroom. The fingers that took up shaving utensils trembled strangely.

He had dried himself from the shower, and was contemplating, disinterestedly, breakfast, when the phone rang again. His hope that Rita had reconsidered died at once. It was Jinny.

"I couldn't wait to hear from you, Dean. Have you called her up?"

"And been told that she is sailing today, that she doesn't wish to see me—"

"Sailing? Where is she?"

"At the Ardmore," he listlessly replied. "Why? Don't telephone her, Jinny. I—I couldn't bear it if anyone pleaded with her for me. Promise me—you won't phone her."

"I promise," said Jinny.

But her promise, she assured herself, was not binding on more than the very letter. The spirit she would violate without hesitation. She rode to the Ardmore and bent her most lovely smile—and it could be very lovely—upon the clerk at the desk.

"Mrs. Clayborne is expecting me," she said. "Don't announce me. I'll go right up."

"Apartment six-twenty-three," said the clerk graciously.

Two minutes later Jinny knocked upon the door of the apartment. A maid opened the door, and Jinny brushed by her.

"Rita," she called.

From the bedroom adjoining this living-room in which Jinny found herself a frightened voice answered:

"Who is it? What—don't come in."

But Jinny parted the curtains and stepped into the bedroom. Disorder marked the room. Suitcases, packages in various stages of wrapping—and above this disorder, a disorder in the lovely, frightened eyes that met hers.

"Why do you come?" cried Rita. "I don't want anyone—"

There were dark circles beneath the eyes, and the sweet placidity of her brow was troubled by furrows.

Jinny, with a little cry of pity, ran to her and embraced her.

"Rita, my dear, you mustn't do it. You can't do it. You don't mean it."

For a moment the figure that she clasped trembled in a sob. Then it hardened. The arms that pushed Jinny away were like steel.

"Would you mind leaving me?"

Jinny sank upon a chair.

"Rita, Rita *dear*. You aren't like this. I won't let you be like this. Do you know that Dean is out of his mind? His heart will break—"

"And I suppose yours will, too, if I don't marry him?" Rita's voice, unbelievably, was almost sneering.

"WHAT have I to do with it?" asked Jinny, bewilderedly.

"Well, I'm not quite sure," said Rita. "But you barge in here, and make a scene, and beg me to marry the man you love—"

"The man I love?" Jinny's face was white. "How dare you say that?"

"Why daren't I? It's true, isn't it? Why, you silly little thing, if I go away, you can get him, and—why, my departure practically gives him to you."

"I don't want him given to me," said Jinny. Her voice was toneless.

"It's the only way you could get him," said Rita brutally.

Jinny stared at her.

"The—only—way? Why, Rita, how dare you—" She rose swiftly to her feet. "You're an incredible person," she said. "I—come to plead with you—for Dean. And you—prove yourself to be—vulgar. Only way—now stay—stay—don't sail. And I'll *take* Dean from you. I—all right, I *do* love him. I always have loved him. And because he loved you, I stepped aside. Because I loved him so much that I wanted his happiness before mine. I wanted him to marry you. Can you understand that? Wanted him to marry another woman if he loved her.

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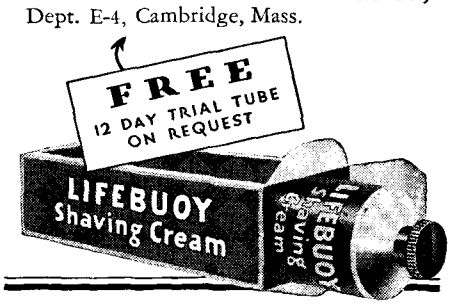

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"But now—marry him today, Rita, if you ever want to. Because now—now—I'm going to take him. You—you aren't worthy of him. You—you're not at all the sort of person that he believed you to be, that I believed you were, that everyone thought you were. You're hard, mercenary—"

"And I'm not too tolerant," Rita's voice cut in. "Don't you think I've listened to enough?"

"I think perhaps you have," said Jinny quietly.

Silently she left the room, and by the time she reached the elevator she showed no trace of the recent storm of emotion she had undergone, save for a tightening of the corners of her mouth.

Rita had thrown Dean over. Rita had shown herself to be an entirely different person from the woman whom Jinny had liked and admired, and whom Dean had worshiped.

And hearts were caught upon the rebound. And she, Jinny Carpenter, was not without sex attraction. Many men had found her desirable. Toward Dean she had always preserved the attitude of sisterly good fellowship. Even last night, when her lips ached to return his kiss, she had kept them cool and indifferent. But let him ever kiss her again! Let him ever touch so much as the finger of her hand! And she would not wait for accident to bring about such contact. She would so contrive it that this very day Dean would see—not the Jinny whom he had always known, a good friend, but an alluring Jinny, a Jinny who knew as many tricks as any other woman and would use them. For, dear God, how she loved him, and how she pitied him, and how she hated Rita Clayborne for her self-revelation.

The maid entered Rita's bedroom.

"Madame. I could not 'elp it. The young lady, she push' by me—"

"It doesn't matter," said Rita dully. "Please—leave me for a few minutes."

Jinny would take him, eh? Well, Jinny was one of the most charming girls in New York. And Jinny had more than charm; she had character. Not namby-pamby goodness, but a blazing righteousness of soul that would make her battle for decency, that would make her go the limit in self-sacrifice. But when that limit was reached . . .

HER hand strayed for the telephone. Dean's number was burned on her heart. One word—and he would come to her. But not in another few hours. He would find it more difficult, with each passing moment, to credit Rita with fineness of intention. He believed now that she preferred money to himself. If she told him—*now*—that she had professed the preference to kill his love, that she wanted it killed, because she foresaw that a man of his traditions would inevitably be miserable if people looked, ever so slightly, askance at his wife, at his children, he would believe her.

But if she waited long, after what she had made him undergo the past dozen hours, the past fifteen days, he would believe that she had really dallied with the thought of Clayborne's money, and had gained strength of character only at the last minute. The idol would have been robbed of its ultimate perfection. Its feet would be of clay. The fine rapture of his love would be vanished forever.

But if she telephoned now, told him that she had been testing him, told him that she cared so much that she was willing even to see him hurt if having her meant hurt for him—he would believe. He didn't know himself. He didn't know that he would shrink, the more forgotten scandal became, from its recrudescence. And, dear God, she loved him.

Her hand reached for the telephone.

(To be concluded next week)

Song of the Sea

Continued from page 19

The wind was coming in heavy squalls. Between these squalls was that strange, cosmic lack of noise, which was the relativity of the gale as registered by men's eardrums.

"They used to fasten a lantern on a cow's head, years ago—the *wreckers*—right on Tresco, where I was born. And the cow walked about and nodded the lantern, and lured ships to destruction. Those were hard days for sailors," said Prideau. . . . "Ah! Listen! Hear that, mister?"

"Yes, sir!" the mate almost screamed.

"BELL buoy on the lee bow!" a dozen sailors yelled.

A bell on a rusty, red buoy, solemnly tolling as the buoy rolled among the waves. The bell buoy, tolling danger.

"My Lord," shouted Prideau. "We're home—if we escape hell. Hard down the helm. It is hard down. Stand by that anchor on the forecastle. I know the lay of the land here. If we can't put her about . . . it's . . . God help us!"

"Breakers on both bows, sir!" shouted the harried man on the lookout.

"Breakers ahead—an' close, sir!"

"Ready about," yelled Prideau. "We'll have to try to club-haul!"

Like a chorus, sung backstage in a tragedy, came the thunder and hiss of heavy waves breaking on a rock-bound coast. And, intermingling, like a voice shouting a warning—the bell buoy.

The old barque rocked as if afraid, as the heavy seas broke over her. The snow kissed her Judas-wise.

The helm was down. The Kenyon gallantly tried to obey that helm, but she could not. To help her in her extremity the hawser had been bent to the port anchor.

"Let go!" shouted Captain Prideau.

The port anchor plunged.

"Heave away!"

And all hands strained at the main-deck capstan—trying to pull the stern of the Kenyon toward the anchor by heaving in the hawser: club-hauling. Trying to get her about on the other tack by pulling her stern around while her head fell away. They strained at the capstan—all hands and the cook. The two lower topsails blew away. The barque shivered under bare poles, and her decks filled with the icy water of the English Channel. The while the thunder of the breakers grew louder, and a horrible death came closer; and the bell buoy, like a lost soul in the fog of snow, wailed its direful warning.

They heaved at the capstan. It turned sulkily; it seemed to fight the efforts of the men. The carpenter stood at the hawse pipe with his axe, ready to cut the ship free when her head came around.

They heaved. Up to their necks in water, blinded by the cutting snow. But they could get no more. Despite their straining, united efforts they could not budge an inch on the capstan, could not gain a pawl. The vessel they were trying to save fought them—like a hysterical woman given ten times her normal strength by her hysteria.

"Heave, men, heave!" screamed the

(Continued on page 51)

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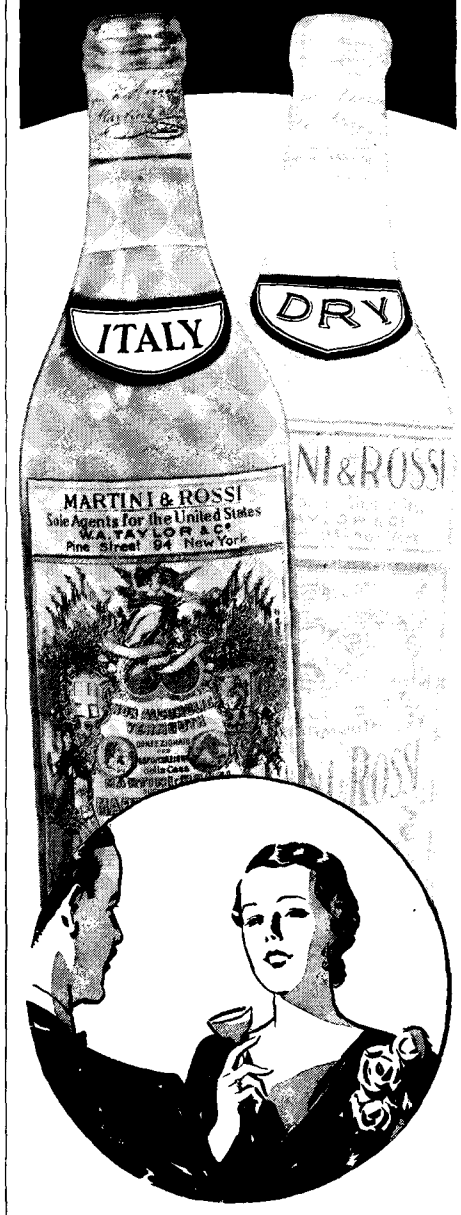
Amy votes DRY
Phil wants ITALY



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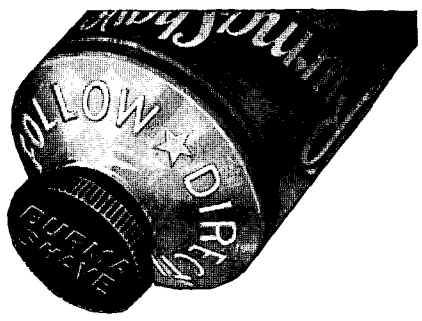

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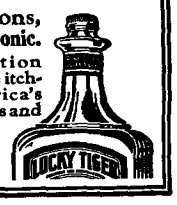


(*Continued from page 53*)

mate, throwing his weight on a capstan bar.

"Heave, bullies, heave!" yelled the second mate, doing likewise.

They fought, did those sailors. The mates shouted. The wind and the sea mocked their voices. But they could not gain an inch on the capstan. The hawser stuck out from the hawse pipe like a great iron bar, at which the Kenyon tugged. She seemed doomed. The panting seamen wondered if it were any use trying further. If they had to die . . . well.

THEN, suddenly, a voice rose grandly—as it had often done before. Out of the many chanteys he knew he might have chosen any other, but his sheer genius made him sing the right one, the best one, the grandest of all chanteys—of all the songs of the sea the one which best of all could rouse men like some grand old wine and put new strength into them. Above the gale came the great old song, Rolling Home:

"And five thousand miles behind us, and five thousand miles before; ancient ocean swells to lift us to that well-remembered shore!"

And the other men at the capstan, weak and worn and ready to give up, took new hold of life as they lifted their voices in the answering chorus:

"Rolling Home! Rolling Home! Rolling home across the ocean, rolling home, dear land, to thee!"

As they sang the men threw themselves against the capstan bar. It moved, did the capstan—ever so slightly, but it turned.

"We're making it! We're making it!" shouted the captain.

And Jones, the chantey man, sent his voice defiantly out toward the ravening rocks that craved the bones of all of them:

"For the girls have caught our towrope in their gentle, loving hands, and they're hauling us toward them from the distant, foreign lands!"

Again the chorus. And with it the sailors threw themselves against the capstan bars, like football players bucking a line.

"Rolling home! Rolling home!"

They gained a pawl. Another!

"Come on! Come on!" screamed the mate. "Another couple of fathoms and we'll make it!"

The men gasped for breath. And the solemn bell buoy warned them. And to all of it the chantey man sent out his voice in splendid answer:

"There's a mother there a-waitin' for her loved and only son, who will kiss her aging features when his year-long voyage is done!"

Crude words, maybe, but filled with the pathos and hope so dear to the hearts of sailors. Again they swept into the chorus, and again the capstan moved.

"Rolling home, dear land, to thee!"

"Stand by to cut, carpenter," yelled Prideau. "Another fathom, men! Another fathom!"

The old captain leaned over the poop rail, his white beard whipped by the wind, his face a mask of snow. Again the chantey man lifted his voice. He felt very tired. It was touch and go—but as the chorus rose to the word *home*, in the screaming of the gale, they made it.

"Cut!" screamed Prideau.

The axe sheered through the straining hawser. It curled like a snake. The carpenter jumped clear. The hawser slipped through the hawse pipe, overboard to join the anchor which would stay there, fathoms deep, until the sea gave up its dead.

"The lights! The lights ashore!" a dozen men shouted. "The snow's lifting!"

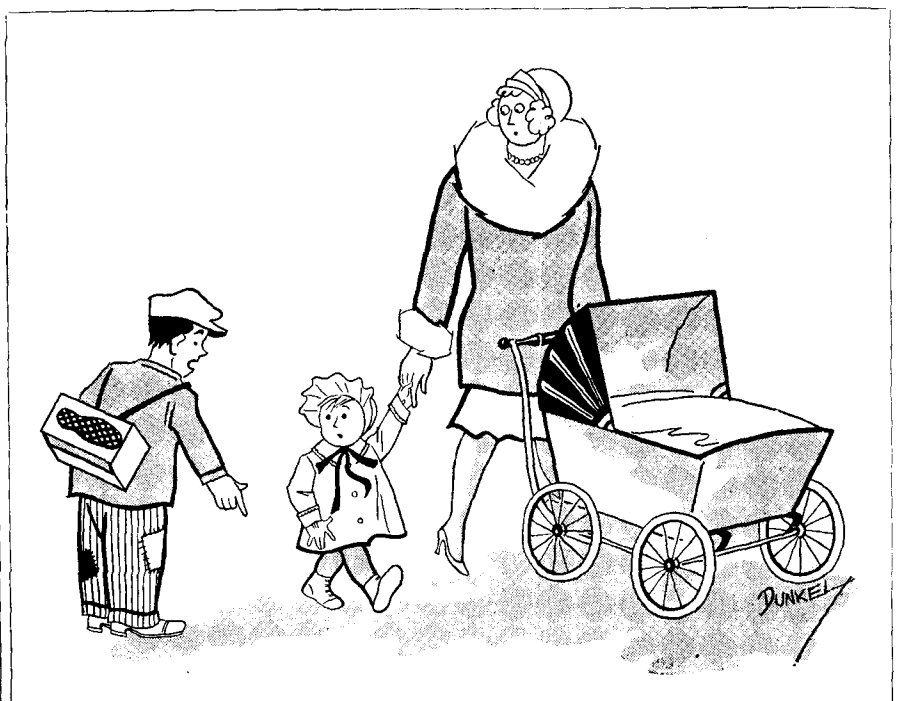
The Kenyon, safe on a clear tack, had gathered steerage way, spite her bare pole, so stout was the wind.

"Steer north by west!" shouted the captain. "I know those lights! It's Tresco on the Scilly Islands. . . . Stand by the other anchor, Mr. Mate! . . . We're home! . . . We'll bring her to anchor under the cliffs, sheltered from this gale, safe in ten fathoms."

He danced like a happy boy. His lips trembled till he was near to tears. After all that strain and danger he was anchoring his ship, as it were, in his own back yard—in the harbor where he had been born. "Let go!"

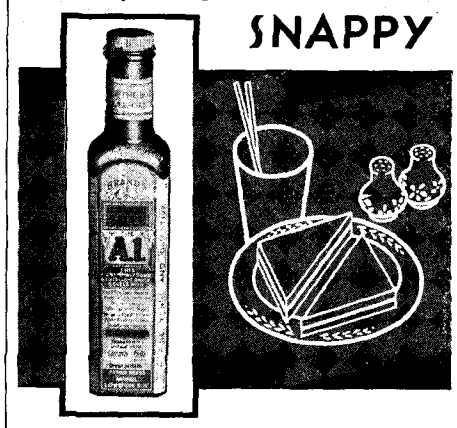
The anchor and cable rattled from the forecastle. The voyage was ended, the danger past. . . .

THE chantey man leaned wearily against the rail. He was quite unaware of having done anything extraordinary. That the sheer genius of his voice had saved the ship and all hands would never enter his head. Neither would anyone else think of it. It was all in the day's work. He leaned tiredly against the rail. All in the day's work. But he could not stand there, loafing. The second mate would catch him doing nothing, and raise hell. . . . So the chantey man turned away from the rail and began to coil up the ropes around the mainmast.



"Shine, buddy?" *Courtney Dunkel*

MAKE IT SNAPPY



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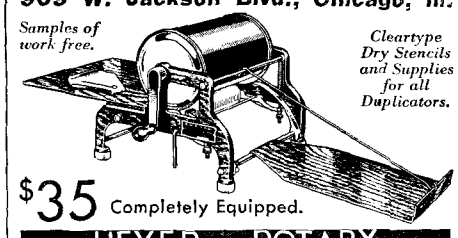

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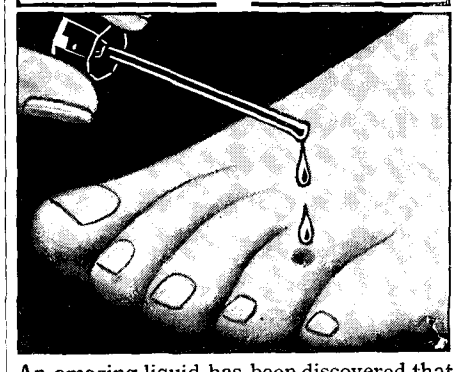

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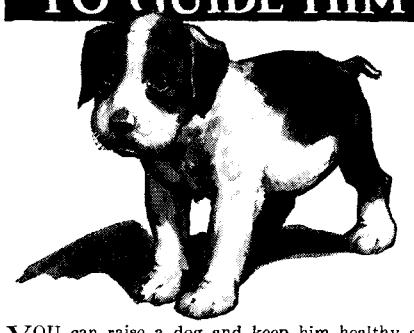
"NO MOTHER TO GUIDE HIM"



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The Unguarded Queen

Continued from page 21

It was not until he had located Shepard's room over the Turk's Head and, in the absence of its tenant, had usurped the cleaner-looking of the two beds there that the full significance of Marko's death, so far as he himself might be concerned, began to dawn upon him. The Princess Stephanie, or Helen Stevens, whichever she was, would now be free to marry someone else.

Stephanie was awakened shortly after daylight on Wednesday morning by the cries of the news venders. Her curiosity aroused, she sent Draga out to buy a copy of Glas Ilirye to see if any unusual event had occurred. She was awaiting the girl's return when Ilta announced Brent, who had been assigned a small office in the palace on the ground floor.

"Something very terrible has happened," he said, maintaining his customary formality. "Prince Marko Stephanovitch has been assassinated."

Stephanie experienced a momentary sense of weakness. She was terrified at the swiftness with which the threat had been carried out. Much as she had come to loathe Marko, this sudden announcement of his death appalled her.

"Have they caught the murderer?" she gasped.

"There is no evidence as to who is guilty. The affair was undoubtedly engineered by Milan. The body was found at the Hotel l'Orient in the room of our agent Sloat, who has been arrested and put in the guardhouse. That fellow on the bandstand out there is demanding his release."

"Why does he keep pointing over here?"

"Because in order to further Marko's interests Sloat has been inciting the populace against you as well as Milan."

THE orator on the bandstand had unfolded a red flag and now, having leaped from the steps, was starting to lead the mob of yelling fanatics through the street that led beneath the window to the parade ground. There was a tinkle of glass as a pebble came through one of the upper panes. Brent led Stephanie from the window as Drintyre came in.

"Good morning, Your Royal Highness," he said in his usual businesslike tone; then, turning to Brent: "These fellows want to have Sloat released. If we should keep him, we might have to slaughter a couple of dozen of the rascals. I suggest that we telephone the captain of the guard to let him go."

"Speaking for myself," replied Brent, "if they want Sloat, they can have him, and welcome."

ALL day Wednesday, at intervals, the remaining detachments of the Second, Fifth and Sixth Tsernagorans marched into the citadel and bivouacked on the parade ground. Nothing had been heard further of the disaffected First Line Regiment, whose men were said to be trickling back to their home towns and villages. The murder of Prince Marko had aroused tremendous excitement among the populace, and much disorder prevailed throughout the lower town, particularly in the Moslem and poorer quarters.

Such was the situation when, at three in the afternoon, a motor bearing the royal arms rolled up to the gate of the palace, and Crown Prince Milan in full uniform ascended the steps. Shouldering his way past the overawed sentries, he presented himself at the door of the royal suite, where a detail of Tsernagorans were on guard, and demanded to see the King. Here his progress was barred by the captain.

"I regret, Your Royal Highness, that General Kosovo has issued positive orders to allow no one to enter."

"Such orders have no application to me," returned the heir apparent. "I am an exception. The general cannot prevent the Crown Prince of Illyria from having access to the King! Stand aside!"

The captain did not move. Milan's neck swelled.

"This is treason!" he shouted as his hand dropped to the pistol at his side. At that moment Dr. Obilitch stepped across the threshold, at once closing the door behind him.

"Good afternoon, Your Royal Highness. Can I be of any assistance?"

"I insist on being permitted to see my father at once!"

"I am most reluctant to tell you that it is quite impossible."

(Continued on page 56)

"Wash yer ears—you look like a truck driver" *Sydney Hoff*

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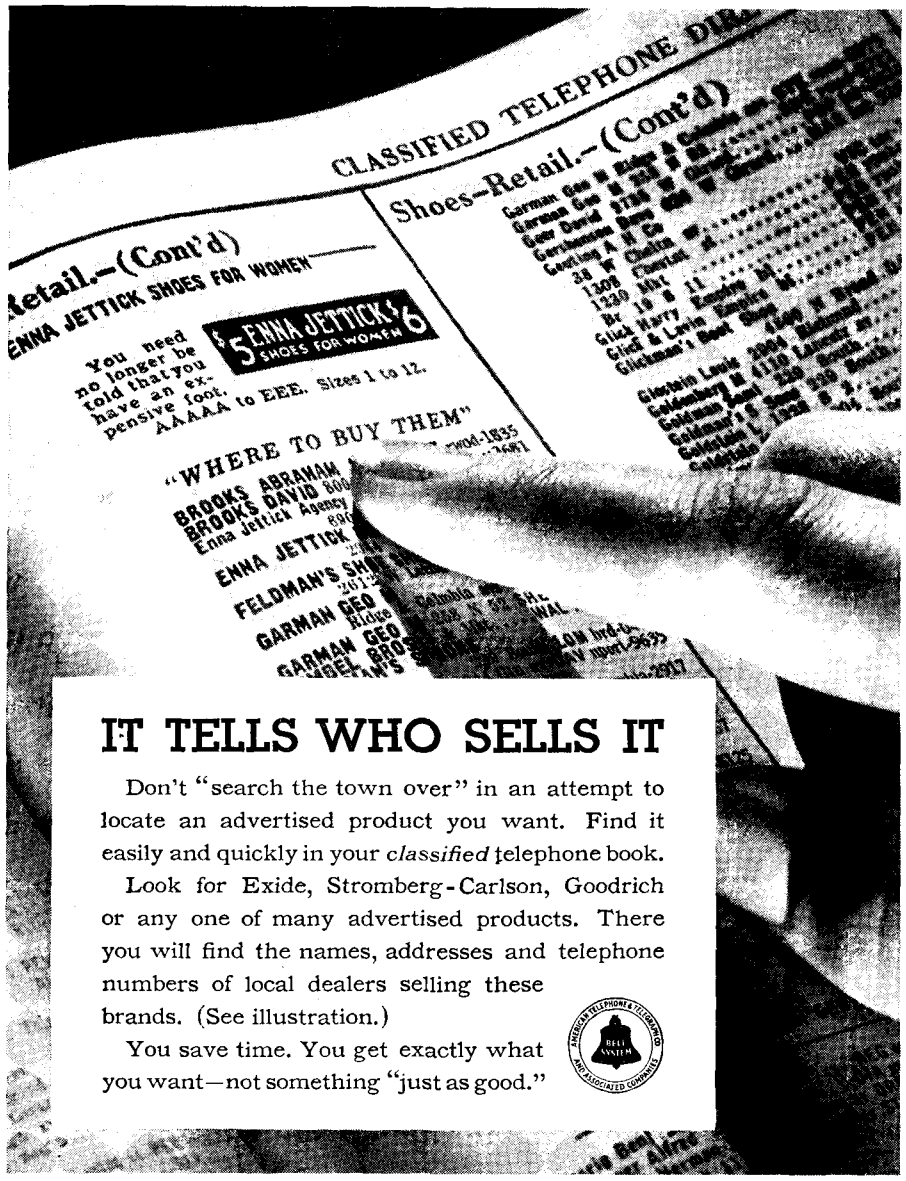
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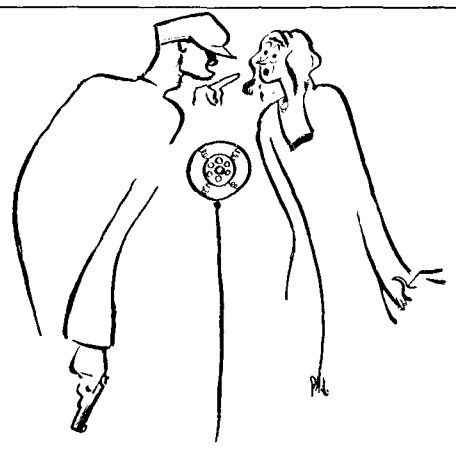

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Collier's Radio Hour

Every Sunday Evening

(Continued from page 55)

"Why?"

"Such are the orders."

"Whose orders?"

"The King's," answered Obilitch, eye to eye with him. "I received them from His Majesty less than ten minutes ago."

There were hurried steps on the other side of the door, which suddenly opened inward. Stephanie grasped the doctor's arm.

"Dr. Obilitch! Come quickly! The King—"

OBILITCH stepped inside the door and the eight Tsernagorans assembled beside it.

A grin overspread Milan's face. Obviously the Crown Prince's wishes were a matter of indifference to them. Milan looked at the door a moment, a smile that was half a sneer upon his lips.

"Ah! So, he is, is he!" he remarked, then wheeled and stalked out.

The four men, now in effect constituting Kosovo's staff—Brent, Drintyre, Trinovitch and Lazar—assembled as usual in the general's office at nine o'clock that evening to compare notes. The King had suffered a relapse during the afternoon and his pulse had sunk so low as to become almost imperceptible. He had, however, reacted favorably to restoratives and had been given some nourishment at the usual hour. Prince Milan had made no further demonstration. The tables of the cafés in the piazza were all occupied, no further handbills had appeared and the lower town was comparatively quiet.

"The calm before the storm!" hazarded Drintyre. "Anyhow, only a full division with high explosive artillery could capture Zeta now."

Just then the telephone clicked and Kosovo took up the receiver.

"Damn them!" he exploded. "What will they do next!" He turned to the others with the instrument at his ear. "A regular Italian officer on furlough, temporarily employed by King Zogu to drill the Albanian constabulary, after being lured across the river in some way has been shot and killed on Illyrian soil, half a mile north of Dravitzona!"

"What a diabolical trick!" ejaculated Brent. "It shows how far Milan will go. He must have deliberately brought about the murder of this officer in order to give Italy an excuse for intervention."

"Which she'll take, of course!" nodded Trinovitch.

"If Italy should actually embark troops at Bari and start her cruisers across the Adriatic, why don't we appeal to the League of Nations?" asked Brent. "That is what it is for, isn't it?"

"That bunch of stuffed parrots!" ejaculated Trinovitch. "It would take 'em a month to find out what it was all about, and—at that—they'd never agree!"

"They called Mussolini's bluff at Corfu," commented Drintyre. "He may not want to try the same thing a second time."

GENERAL KOSOVO sat scowling silently at the smoke of his cigarette. Presently he got up.

"Good night, gentlemen," he said. "I, for one, am going to bed. Whatever your ideas concerning the League of Nations may be, an appeal to Geneva may be our one hope of saving the country. Milan certainly means business! Who knows but this may be the only chance we shall have for some time to get a good night's sleep."

Shepard awoke Brent next morning with a radiogram in his hand.

"Well," said Old Bill, "the party has begun! I've just had a flash from our Rome office that there's a big movement of troops at Bari."

Brent sprang into his clothes and hurried to the War Office.

"It's quite true," said Drintyre. "The Italian troops began embarking about an hour ago. I understand there are three cruisers and two transports, besides the battleship Principe Umberto. They are sending three brigades of Bersaglieri, two of Alpini, and a couple of regular regiments. If they start promptly they will be off Tokar in time to land before sunset."

"It's inconceivable that they will resort to open hostilities without negotiation," growled Kosovo. "If they do, the French will launch an attack along the whole Italian frontier within twelve hours."

"There is no use waiting for them here!" said Trinovitch. "We must meet them at the coast. We should send at least two regiments to reënforce the garrison at Kravnac, station four more along the foothills on the Illyrian side of the valley, and use the mountain batteries to cover the fords."

"And leave Zeta unprotected?" demanded Brent.

"The Italians will outnumber us two to one, as it is," answered the general. "Our other troops will surely arrive in time to garrison the citadel. Of course, the palace guard will remain in Zeta in any event."

Word arrived before noon that, the embarkation at Bari having been completed, the fleet had left the harbor, moving eastward, and orders were at once issued that all six Tsernagoran regiments should proceed at once to Tokar.

BRENT, from the window of Stephan's anteroom, watched the companies come swinging out of the dust that hung like a thick mist over the parade ground.

The King had rallied somewhat. Stephanie had not left his bedside for over six hours. All her thoughts were concentrated upon her grandfather. Brent met her on her way to snatch a few minutes' sleep.

"Are you very tired?" he asked.

"Done up!" she answered, trying to smile. "But it's nothing. I always come right back."

Her look of weariness went to his heart. How simple it would be for them to slip out of the palace and step into the Fokker that was just taking off from the flying field for Vienna! A hundred miles away were peace, safety, happiness. Why should they stay where they were, to invite slander, assassination, and perhaps a civil war that would once more send the four dread horsemen galloping through the sky!

"How easy—" he began, then checked himself as Nikola came running up the stairs to say that he was wanted immediately on the telephone. Brent leaped down to his office.

"We've just had a hit of bad news," announced Drintyre cheerfully. "The Fifth Line Regiment stationed at Prosvak, of which Milan is honorary colonel, has received orders from him to report immediately at Zeta, and is on the march."

"Why doesn't Kosovo countermand Milan's instructions and order them back to their barracks?"

"The difficulty is that, should the officers refuse to obey and continue to march on the city, it would constitute open mutiny, precipitate hostilities. The general would like your opinion as to the best course to be pursued. Think it over. The day is still young!"

"What next!" thought Brent as he hung up. He leaned back in his chair. If Milan's regiment reached Zeta before the remaining Tsernagorans got there, the game was up. Milan would be in a position to declare himself

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either regent or dictator, put Kosovo under arrest, and seize the citadel. The Italians would land, the oil fields would be occupied, Kosovo and his officers court-martialed and executed, the loyal Tsernagorans put to the sword, and Stephanie—! What would become of her!

He was entirely alone and had been there but a few seconds; no one had gone in or out; neither had he heard the slightest sound; but, as he got up, he saw something which had not been in the room when he had entered it. A single sheet of white writing paper had been placed just inside the threshold. The gooseflesh crept up his back. Something uncanny was going on. He picked up the paper and took it to the window.

The message, written in a delicate, angular foreign hand, was neither addressed nor signed, and contained but six words:

"Escape while there is still time!"

At four o'clock that afternoon the commandant at Tokar telephoned that five vessels had appeared on the horizon, headed for the coast, accompanied by three squadrons of airplanes, and an hour later the Italian fleet came to anchor off Dravitzona, and a launch from the Principe Umberto streaked toward the mole. Coincidentally, His Excellency, Signor Emelio Pappinio, the Italian minister, dressed for a party as always, arrived by motor at the gate of the palace and, having been refused an audience with the King, announced himself at the State Department, where General Kosovo in his capacity of Prime Minister at once received him in the presence of his staff.

His Excellency lost no time in coming to the point. As they all knew, he explained most amiably, an officer of the regular army in the service of His Italian Majesty had been murdered on Illyrian soil. Without going into details, the circumstances were obviously such as not to allow of the customary dilatory procedure often invoked in such cases. It was a matter involving the national honor of his country. He had therefore been instructed to demand an immediate apology from the Illyrian government, together with an indemnity of ten million lire. King Stephan would be given twelve hours in which to confer with his Council of Nobles, and decide what he would do. As for himself, as they all must appreciate, he had the greatest affection for the Illyrian people and the most profound respect for the King and his ministers. He arose; they all arose. His Excellency bowed; they all bowed; and the conference ended forthwith.

"Well, gentlemen," said Kosovo, when the diplomat had departed, "the moment has come."

ONCE more the five gathered around the telephone.

"Clear the wire to Zagreb," directed the general; "this is an emergency call. Tell the operator to get Vienna and connect me with the secretary general of the League of Nations at Geneva—Sir Eric Drummond." He hung up and settled back in his chair.

From outside rose the clatter of tongues and of dishes as the white-aproned waiters from the cafés threaded their way among the tables, with their trays of drinks and ices, while from the Greek barber shop in the arcade below came the yawp of a radio.

Already the shadows were shooting across the parade ground, and the breeze that always came up at sunset was lifting the colors upon the flagpole.

At one of the near-by tables a man had tipped back his chair on its hind legs and was gazing straight up into the sky. Directly overhead, so high as to be but a speck of golden dust against the thin blue, an airplane was etching its way. There was something about it which even at that distance seemed unfamiliar—the color, perhaps.

Brent looked at his watch: 6:39. They were taking an unconscionably long time to get Geneva. Kosovo, his chin rested upon his two fists, was staring in front of him. It struck Brent that he had never before seen eyes so sad.

Suddenly the telephone galvanized them all to rigidity. Kosovo removed the receiver.

"Yes, yes; on the wire!" he said quietly. "Is this the secretary at the League of Nations? Is this Sir Eric Drummond?" He glanced whimsically from under his eyebrows at his brother officers. "This is King Stephan of Illyria speaking."

STEPHAN STEPHANOVITCH was dying. The King's pulse was now almost imperceptible, and Brent, having dressed, joined his fellow officers in Stephan's antechamber, where they sat silently awaiting the end. The Princess Stephanie, Nikola said, had gone to bed, exhausted, and it was decided not to disturb her until necessary.

The immediate procedure to be followed had been decided upon at the conference the preceding evening after Kosovo had laid the facts before Sir Eric Drummond, who had promised to telephone the president of the Council of the League of Nations, in Paris, and request permission to call a meeting at the Quai D'Orsay at the earliest possible moment.

All agreed that the King's death, when it came, must be concealed at all costs until enough loyal troops should arrive, or could be safely withdrawn from Tokar, to regarrison the citadel. Not until then must Stephanie's selection in place of Milan be announced. As yet the Crown Prince's regiment hnd not arrived, but the Household Troops, under Brent's command, would be able to hold the palace against any number of rioters. For the rest, they must proceed step by step as circumstances might determine.

Hour after hour passed. Six o'clock came—then seven—then eight, at which hour Brent directed Nikola to serve breakfast in the adjoining dining-room. Drintyre visited the War Office, returning with the news that the Secretariat of League of Nations at Geneva had telephoned that, most of the representatives of the League Council being diplomats on duty in Paris and the others easily accessible, it had been possible to get in touch with all of them and that a meeting of the Council would be held at noon.

Almost coincidentally Obilitch emerged from the sick-room.

"Gentlemen," he announced solemnly, "the King no longer lives."

Instinctively they all arose. General Kosovo closed the door and turning to the others said with deep emotion:

"Gentlemen, the King is dead!" Then, with his hand upon his sword hilt, he added: "Long live Stephanie, Queen of Illyria!"

"Long live Stephanie, Queen of Illyria!" they repeated.

"Major Trinovitch, I commit the King's body to your care. Colonel Brent and I will announce the King's death to Her Majesty."

They found Draga fast asleep outside Stephanie's bedchamber and Brent instructed her to awaken her mistress at once.

The girl was gone but a few seconds. Her face was white on her return.

"Her Royal Highness is not here!" she gasped.

(To be continued next week)

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Editor*

CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor

To Dare to Live

WHY does a man who has overcome great obstacles in life and achieved great successes, suddenly, in a moment of discouragement, take his own life over what to outside observers seems to be a very trivial difficulty?

We have read of many such tragedies during the last few years. Alfred Loewenstein, the spectacular Belgian promoter; Ivar Kreuger, the famous Swedish financier, and others of greater or less celebrity have shocked the world or their neighbors by suicide.

We doubtless tend to exaggerate the number of those driven to such acts of final desperation. Insurance actuaries tell us that in the mass we keep our heads during adversity as well as in good times, but the number of those unwilling to go on is sufficiently large. What is it that finally breaks a man's courage and persuades him to seek ultimate escape from life's problems?

Even in the cases of those bankers who add theft to imprudence there is always the chance of recovery.

Many a man has come out of prison to be a useful citizen. Certainly, those who have been merely the victims of circumstance, imprudence or too exalted expectations could retrieve their fortunes. If his full story were known, it could doubtless be proved that many times in his career Ivar Kreuger had overcome far more baffling problems than those from which he, a sick man, at last fled that dark day in his lonely Paris apartment.

The trouble may be that these spectacular men who fail at critical moments have not built up for themselves the spiritual resources necessary to enable them to face the fundamental problems of living. They may have mastered the technique of finance or of science but they have been too busy to learn the art of living. So when defeat stares at them, they have nothing upon which to lean. They take what seems to be the easier course; that it is the right course, the wise men of most faiths have always denied.

Jews, Christians, Mohammedans, think alike on this subject. The finest advice ever given on this matter was written about three hundred years ago by a young Englishman, Sir Thomas Browne, when he said:

"It is a brave act of valor to contemn death; but where life is more terrible than death, it is the truest valor to dare to live."

No wonder the book of that thirty-year-old physician has been treasured through the years. He had compressed wisdom of the ages with his own thinking.

Religious man and pagan alike have held to this faith. Socrates, wisest of the Greeks, and Epictetus, the Roman, each preached against suicide in words which have proved convincing to men of all creeds.

None of these great teachers feared death. No man in recorded history ever accepted the approach of death more calmly and reasonably than Socrates. He sat in prison while the poison cup was being prepared and gave the best of his thoughts to his friends. But he would not hasten the inevitable. He could wait without fear or impatience.

The essence of that faith has long been incorporated in Christian doctrine. To churchmen, suicide is thus a sin and in many countries, illogically enough, it is a crime.

Fear of death and uncertainty concerning the hereafter crept into Hamlet's famous speech as he debated the question of suicide:

"To die, to sleep;—
To sleep? Perchance to dream! Ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffl'd off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause."

Even the most strictly ecclesiastical now, however, are less influenced by what may happen in some other world than by what they are certain of in the very tangible world about us. So, not fear of death, nor fear of what might occur after death, but rather the ideal of courage against whatever odds moves men today. In this matter Thomas Browne rose above Shakespeare.

A man who has had triumph after triumph finds himself suddenly defeated by forces too strong to be thrust aside. If he lives, he may be in the shadow, poor, even disgraced, by acts hidden when he rode high with the tide. Is it better for such a man to escape an accounting by the quick refuge of self-destruction? Not so, said Dr. Browne; "where life is more terrible than death, it is the truest valor to dare to live."

It is tragic that so strong a man as Ivar Kreuger, the Swedish financier, could not have heard such words as he faced his anxieties and his illness alone. For, like others of his breed, Kreuger had brilliant gifts which might still have been employed in the service of millions.

A sick man is not condemned for what he does in the mental confusion of disease. It is none the less the supreme tragedy that in his hour of greatest need a man has not the friends and comradeship and spiritual fortitude which might persuade him "to dare to live."

For without friendships and resources of the spirit, no man, whatever his religion, or lack of religion, has ever fully lived. It does not matter how many millions he accumulates, or how vast a power he is able to wield, in the end happiness and satisfaction with life achievement rest on his character and his appreciation of the intangible values the world has ever held precious.

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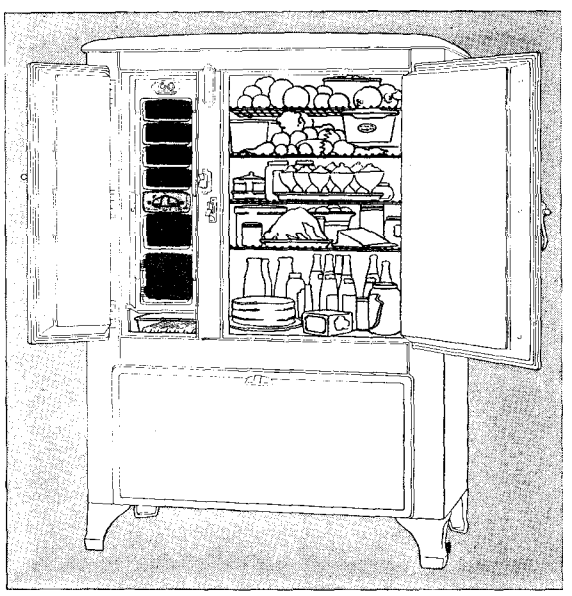

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